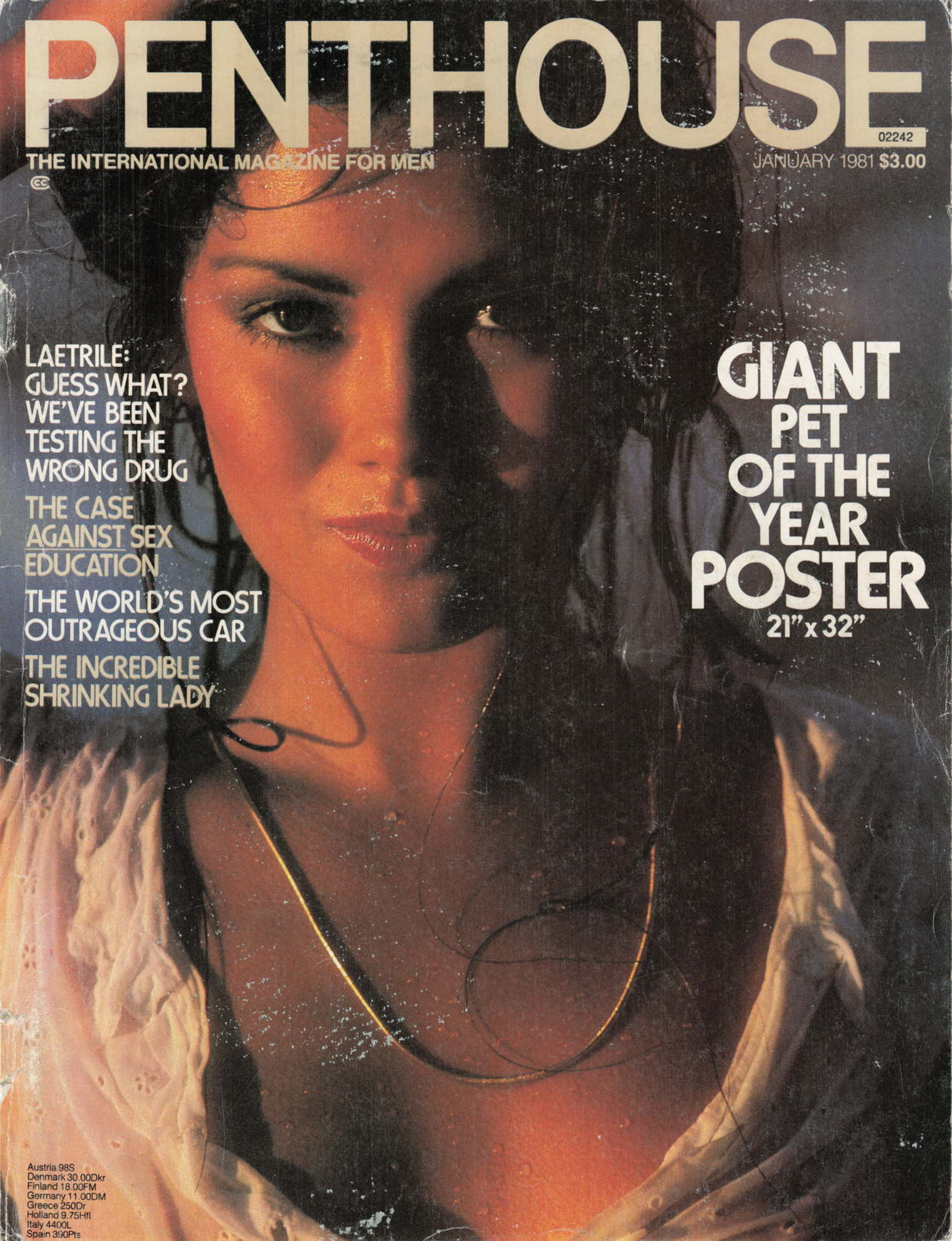
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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
JANUARY 1981 $3.00
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THE CASE AGAINST SEX EDUCATION
THE WORLD'S MOST OUTRAGEOUS CAR
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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/January 1981

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Toshiba has created a tuner, in the shape of a cassette, that fits into a portable stereo tape player and receives FM stereo.

Which portable does it fit into? You guessed it. Ours. The Toshiba KT-S2. And its FM capability isn't all that separates it from the others. Wait till you hear its extraordinary stereo separation.

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With the FM tuner, you can listen to different music all the time. And when you are listening to cassettes, the Toshiba KT-S2 has the sophistication to play metal, normal or chromium tapes.

Remember: every portable stereo cassette player can play Saturday Night Fever. But Toshiba's KT-S2 can also give you Sunday morning's temperature.

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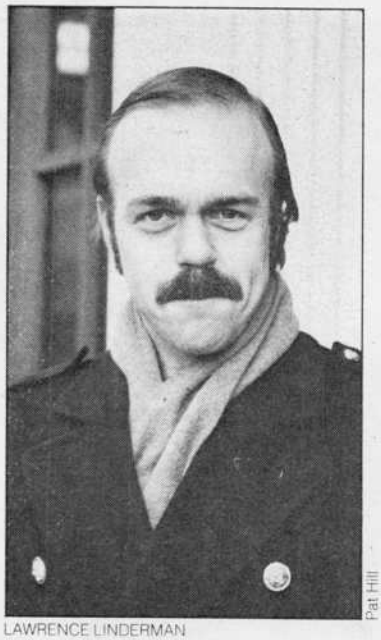

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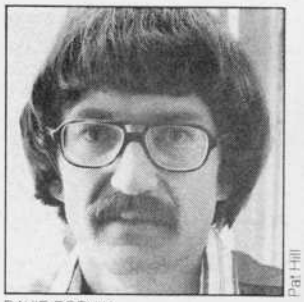

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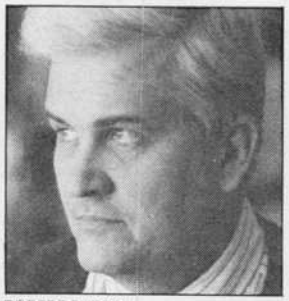

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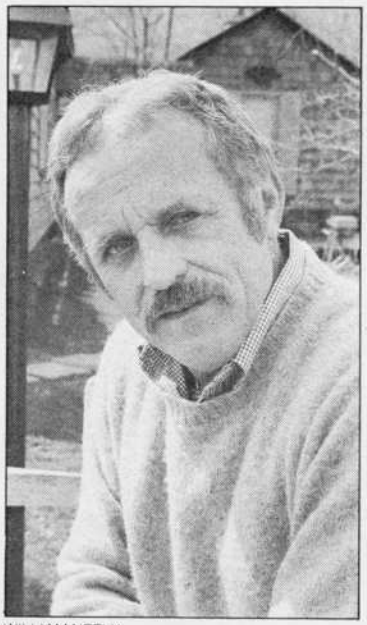

WILLIAM NEELY

HOUSECALL

No matter who is sworn in as president this month, we can be certain of one thing: he's against big government. Every candidate, every political party, says that the Washington bureaucracy is much too big and much too expensive. Everyone promises to cut the number of government employees. The problem is, no one ever does it. Ever since the Civil War, bureaucrats have multiplied like mice. At that time there was one bureaucrat for each 31,000 Americans. Today the ratio is one for each seventy-three. Can anything be done? "Yes," says prize-winning reporter **Robert Sherrill** in "The Government of the Living Dead" (page 56).

Sherrill, who has covered Washington for years and who is the author of several textbooks on government, explains in an open letter to our new president how the number of bureaucrats could be cut from three million to just 44,000, and how government efficiency would actually improve as a result. "Something as enormously complex and riddled with defects as the federal government," writes Sherrill, "cannot be successfully repaired... It's time simply to throw out most of the bungled apparatus and start over again." Sherrill explains why the new president should get rid of most of his cabinet (and thereby lose most of the bureaucracy) and how all government subsidies should be discontinued. Finally, he suggests that we relocate the national capital in a "relatively restrained and frugal city like Kansas City or Peoria." Because Sherrill is well aware that no president is likely to listen to such sensible advice, he concludes the article by suggesting how we, the people, can deal with the problem ourselves.

What do the draft and sex education have in common? According to two experts, they are both examples of the bureaucratic failure syndrome described by Sherrill. Psychiatrist-author Dr. **Thomas Szasz**, in "The Case Against Sex Education" (page 124), writes that "the ever meddling liberal social workers" have enlisted government support to force children to accept their version of sexual truth, which is, in reality, "a mass of misinformation, misrepresentation, and outright fraud." And on page 47, contributing editor **Ernest Volkman** writes that "The Draft Has Failed." Although Jimmy Carter said that draft registration was necessary because of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan last year, "historians will be hard pressed," writes Volkman, "to understand how registering—but not drafting—several million young men could possibly have forced the Soviets to evacuate Afghanistan."

The moonshiners in the backcountry hills of Virginia have always known how to deal with authority—they ignore it or, when chased, outrun it. In fact, writes **William Neely** in "Mountain War" (page 146), southern stock-car racing heroes were originally old-time wheelmen who outraced the Feds on two-lane blacktops with a cargo of 100-proof white lightning in the back. Although a federal agent told Neely that "the moonshiner of folklore does not exist," Neely's action-packed story is proof to the contrary.

A more up-to-date variety of smuggling is at the center of **Scott Sommer**'s short story "Crisscross" (page 126). Ten-year-old Chris Crosse stumbles into an elaborate cocaine scam in Key West, Fla., and decides to make enough money to visit his father in New Zealand. The results are predictably unpredictable, but we can assure you that you'll enjoy every twist of the plot. "Crisscross" will be published this spring by Random House in a collection of short stories by Sommer.

Laetrile is probably the most controversial drug in medical history. Its supporters say that establishment doctors have banned its use in treating cancer to protect their own financial interests. Most respected "experts" reply that Laetrile is a cruel hoax perpetrated on dying people. Now, in "Laetrile—The Drug That Never Was," the seventh article in our series on the politics of cancer (page 74), medical writer **David Rorvik** reports the staggering discovery that Laetrile has never existed until very recenty. Dr. David Rubin, a young Israeli researcher, examined the original 25-year-old Laetrile patents and discovered that no one had ever created a usable quantity of the drug. The substance at the heart of the controversy is really amygdalin, a natural substance that is chemically related to Laetrile but, says Rubin, is useless in fighting cancer. This misconception, according to Rubin, "has delayed the development of what may be some of the most significant anticancer substances yet conceived," and he blames both Laetrile's friends and its enemies for this tragedy.

Robert Altman has directed some of America's finest films, including *Nashville*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, and *A Wedding*. But until now his only real financial success has been the wildly popular *M*A*S*H*. In an exclusive *Penthouse* interview with **Lawrence Linderman** (page 78), Altman (whose latest film, *Popeye*, starring Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall, is about to open) discusses frankly his views on the movie business ("It's in *terrible* shape. It's at the point just before total destruction. It'll be just like Broadway, which has become a joke"), critics ("Rex Reed is not really a critic, but a gossip"), and his own work ("*Popeye* is a tacky little film, as a matter of fact. The only thing that makes it a big film... is that it's a big, presold thing").

And there's much, much more for your holiday pleasure... "Why Not the Best?" (page 192), a collection of extraordinary gifts for the last-minute shopper; *Penthouse* editor **David Grambs**'s sexual fantasia "Screwples" (page 171); "Small Is Powerful" (page 156), a look at the newest, smallest stereo equipment yet; and our extraspecial Pet of the Year Poster, to make this new year the happiest yet.

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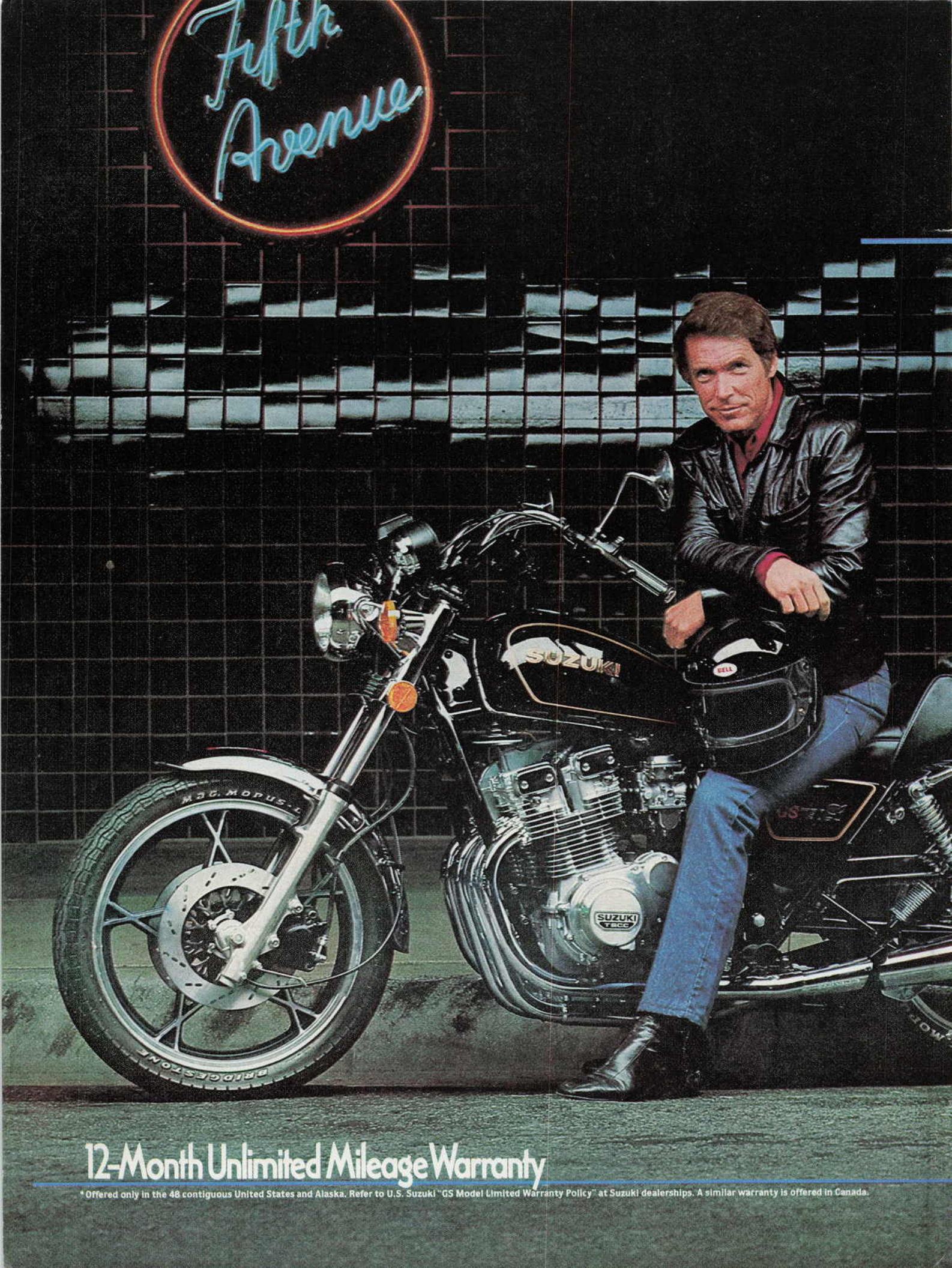

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Foreplay fever

I am an 18-year-old male and, unlike most people, have always believed that the letters in "Forum" were true. Again, unlike most people, I've always known that someday I would have a story published in "Forum."

I am living at home with parents who believe very strongly that sex is wrong unless the two people are married. So, naturally, the roof fell in when they found out I had a sex life.

One sunny day last April, I was discussing my family problems with a good friend of the family, a beautiful redhead named Emily. She's six years older than I (24 years old) and has always been like a big sister to me. When I told her that my parents were upset that I was having sex, I think it turned her on to find out that her "little brother" was not as innocent as she thought. Emily's parents were expecting me to come out and spend a week working on their farm during the summer. That May day when Emily said good-bye, she looked deep into my eyes and softly said, "I'm really looking forward to seeing you out on the farm this summer." I could've sworn I felt a mixture of love and lust beaming from her fiery eyes, but I told myself I was just imagining things.

During the next two months I spent many evenings masturbating while fantasizing about Emily. I was about to burst with sexual tension when at last that hot June day came. I was on a bus only two hours away from the girl of my fantasies. It's a good thing I didn't know what was in store for me, or I would've shot my load right there on the bus.

When I got off the bus, she was waiting for me. Her shorts revealed long, tanned legs. Her braless tits were like two doves hiding in the bushes, as her nipples poked softly but sensuously through her terry cloth shirt. We met in a warm embrace, as would a brother and sister. But my feelings were far from brotherly when I felt her firm tits pressed against my chest.

On the way home from the bus, we stopped at a park. As we lay on the green grass, Emily confided in me that she had been raped at an early age. She had led an active sex life but had never enjoyed sex. She felt that all the guys who made love to her were just using her for their own pleasure.

I told her that when I make love to a girl, I concentrate on pleasing her and that half my pleasure is seeing a girl intoxicated with ecstasy. Later that day she told me that she had always desired to have me for a lover. I told her that the feelings were mutual and tried to contain my throbbing dick in my shorts.

As soon as we got home, she suggested that she show me around. Once behind the barn, we held each other tight. As our lips met, her tongue probed my mouth. My hands caressed her body, lingering at her firm ass. I kneaded her buns, one in each hand, while I pressed her bush against my hard cock. She was driving me wild with her hand on my bare leg. As she inched her way up the leg of my shorts, I let one hand slip up her shirt. By the time my skilled hands reached her tits, she was softly stroking the head of my dick through my underpants. I longed to feel her hand on it.

My hands were making slow circles on the supple skin of her breasts, taking care not to touch her nipples yet. As the circles became faster and closer to her nipples, my desire to see her silken breasts grew stronger. I lifted her shirt to find two of the most perfectly shaped tits I had ever seen. Her erect nipples were the best part. They were like two ripe cherries just waiting to be picked. I wasted no time in sucking one of them into my mouth.

I nibbled and sucked until both nipples were as hard as they could get. Then I took off my shirt and held Emily tight so that her warm, erect nipples were pressing against my chest. Her hips were moving in circles against my throbbing cock. She began to purr like a kitten when my hand started to wander up the inside of her thigh. I slipped my hand up her shorts and let one finger slip inside her panties. My finger softly brushed her pussy hair just long enough to drive her crazy. Then, having not even touched the hot flesh of her pussy, I pulled my finger back out of her panties, which drove her even crazier.

I wanted to feel her hot cunt so bad! But knowing that Emily had never enjoyed sex with a guy before, I was going to take extra care to make sure she enjoyed it with me. So I was planning on getting her so hot and frustrated that she would beg me to put it in. If I could only wait that long, I knew she would enjoy it. So I suggested we get back home.

The next week I spent from 6:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. doing farm work. So Emily and I could barely sneak a few intimate moments together each day. But they were enough to keep us turned on 24 hours a day for the whole week.

One of the highlights was one night after dinner, when we went out and parked. As she lay in my arms, I held her tight and

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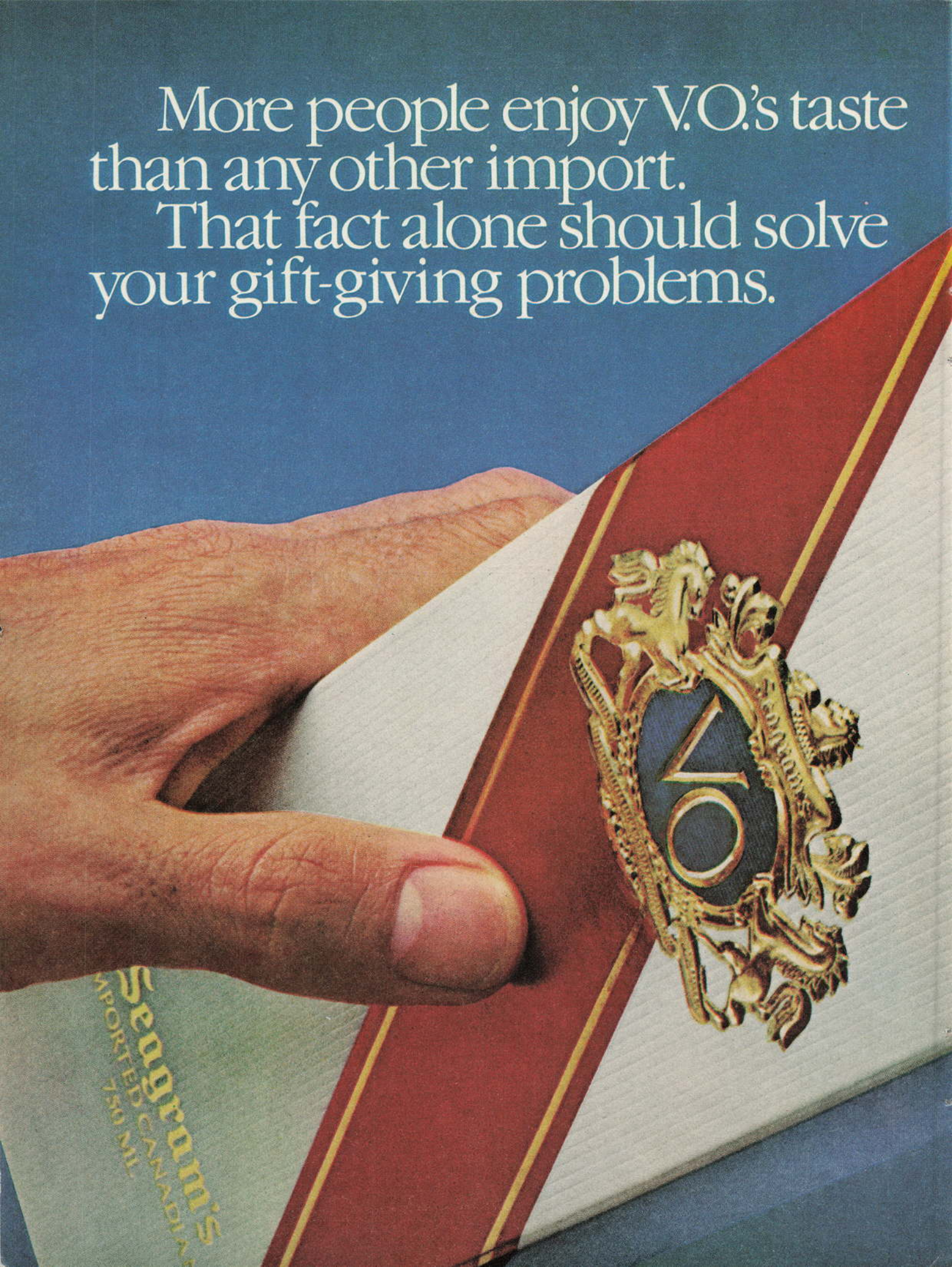
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kissed her passionately. Our breathing began to get heavy. She slowly rubbed my growing bulge while I caressed her firm mounds. Before long the windows were steamed up, and we took off our shirts. The moonlight on her erect nipples was more than I could take.

Immediately I was sucking her nipples, all the while my hand was massaging its way up the inside of her thigh. When I reached her pussy, I could feel her warm moisture through her blue jeans. I looked into her eyes and told her I wanted to eat her pussy.

She kind of nervously said, "Not now. Pull down your pants so I can suck your dick." I eagerly obeyed. My dick was straight in the air before I even got my underpants off! Once they were off, she took hold of both my buns and placed her dripping tongue softly on the tip of my dick. I breathed deep as she circled the quivering head. After what seemed like an eternity she expertly engulfed my whole organ deep within her throat. I was moaning in ecstasy, wanting to taste her juices more than ever.

I finally persuaded Emily to take down her pants for me. As she lay on her back, I straddled her mouth and tasted her honey for the first time. She was really enjoying it when all of a sudden she thought she saw headlights. She frigidly sat straight up, pulled up her pants, and put on her shirt. I softly told her that it was all right, and I held her close. I realized it was her past that made her so jumpy.

The headlights didn't even come near us, and they disappeared. I began to kiss her softly. I rubbed her stomach as I let my elbow put soft pressure on her crotch. The circular motion of my elbow soon had her so hot she took her pants down and asked me to make love to her.

I then positioned myself between her smooth, bare legs. Lying there on top of Emily, I let the head of my rock-hard cock touch the wet warmth of her pussy lips for the first time. I slowly slid my cock from her gushing love tunnel to her clit and back, each time entering her only enough to cover the purple head.

She wanted me badly and tried taking my dick in her hand, but I kept control of it. I longed to sink balls-deep into her, but I just kept teasing her until my balls began to tingle. As the gates of heaven began to open, I pointed my dick toward her stomach and shot loads of semen.

I don't know how I did it, but I made it to the day of my departure without actually making love to Emily. Needless to say, we were both overflowing with sexual energy just waiting for a release, and I had one planned! I was scheduled to leave on a bus at 3:00 P.M. and had planned to check into a motel at about 8:00 A.M. Things got fouled up, and we didn't make it to the motel until 1:00 P.M. Emily was a little nervous, so I was going to take my time even if I didn't have very much time left.

We lay on the bed, sipping wine and talking for about 20 minutes. The wine glasses eventually retired to the nightstand. I lay in between her clothed legs as we kissed and caressed tenderly. Emily's nervousness and my tenderness soon gave way to a wild and fevered passion. Her heavy breathing turned into soft moaning as my bulge rubbed the crotch of her pants.

It was then that I stripped down to my underpants, allowing my erection to stick straight out as she began to disrobe. I asked her to leave her panties on for now. Then I lay back down on top of her and began kissing and tonguing her breasts. She was driving me crazy with her bush, thrusting it against my strained underpants.

My kisses wandered off her erect, red nipples down over her stomach, passing her pussy up and ending up near her knee. I began to nibble and suck the inside of her thigh. My sucking inched its way up her leg until I was staring at the damp crotch of her panties.

With one finger I reached in the crotch of her panties just enough to grab the elastic edge. She softly moaned as I pulled the elastic across her pussy lips one at a time. My shorts were about to burst when, for the first time in daylight, I gazed upon that beautiful cunt. It seemed to be on fire, for it was softly hidden in bright strawberry-blonde pubic hair glistening with her plentiful juices.

I drew my mouth close and blew softly. Her legs quivered as my breath tickled her sensitive clit. She loved it when I let the elastic seam of her panties rest right on her clit. I then took hold of the seam in front and rubbed her pussy with it. I slid the seam back and forth until she was writhing all over the bed. Then I took the sopping-wet panties off.

I, too, took my underpants off. I straddled her face in a 69 position. I would start at her knee and nibble up the inside of her thigh. It felt like I was in heaven each time I got near her cunt. She'd take all eight inches of me deep into her throat and try to thrust her sweet-smelling lips into my face, and each time I would only blow warmly on her clit.

Before long she moaned, "Are you going to tease me forever?"

"Just until this whole room smells of your sweet juices," I replied.

With one hand on each side of her pussy, I pulled the skin next to her love pool tight. When her lips were parted so much that I could see the tender red flesh inside her pussy, I let saliva drip off my tongue onto her clit. She moaned softly as, drip by drip, it ran in between her pussy lips. At last my tongue grazed her clit with the softness of a feather as I held her lips open.

She began sucking my dick in a frenzy, and I couldn't take it any longer. I dived in, sucking, licking, and nibbling her whole cunt. When her legs began to twitch softly,

"Sorry, dear, but I came without you!"

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I knew it was time. Then I repositioned myself so I was again in the missionary position. Next I put her legs up over my shoulders. I stroked her with my near-bursting cock, alternating between her clit and her overflowing pool. After a week's worth of foreplay, I couldn't wait one more second. I came down hard, and I didn't stop until I hit bottom. As my balls bounced against her ass, I realized that the wetness and warmth were better than I had fantasized. My thrusts started slow, each one ending with a sweet caress to her stiff clit.

"If you get on top of me, I'll last longer," I moaned.

I lay on my back, and she sat on all eight inches of my manhood. She was facing me, so I reached up with one hand to stroke her slit. Her strokes became wild, as did our breathing and moaning. Before long she begged me to get back on top of her. I lay on top of her, again sinking into her steaming tunnel of love. Her face had a fiery look to it. As I pumped quicker each time, her eyes began to roll up into her head and she was lost in ecstasy. My whole body grew tense when I shot my hot and heavy load deep inside her. I nearly went through the ceiling.

As we collapsed in each other's arms, the clock told me I had ten minutes to be on my bus. I said, "To hell with the bus!" We spent all that night exploring each other. I got on that bus a changed man the next day.

She, too, was changed. She was cured of her inhibitions. We already have a three-day weekend planned together. I only hope this issue of *Penthouse* hits the newsstands before I see her so I can surprise her with it.—*Name and address withheld*

For five gallons of gas?

Many times I have read the letters in your column "Forum" and wished I had the nerve to tell about my own experience. Now that I am older and married, I can, with some encouragement from my wife.

I was only 19 years old, fresh out of high school and holding a job in a garage in northern California. My job was not very glamorous, but I got to check out a lot of the honeys who were vacationing in the mountains. I was only about 145 pounds and five feet nine inches tall, but a lot of the girls in town considered me "cute."

Well, my boss likes to go fishing on weekends, and this one weekend was no exception. I was in the garage, working on my own car, when I heard the customer service bell ring. I wiped my hands on a rag and went out to serve the customer. To my surprise there was this gorgeous brunette in a "Ford" T-shirt and the tightest blue jeans I'd ever seen on any woman, and believe me, I notice things like that! Her hair was all messed up from riding in her convertible, and she looked wild as hell! She had a nice, petite set of tits, with long, conelike nipples jutting out.

Not being a master with women, I decided not to make a pass. I just asked her if I could help her. She said to give her five dollars' worth of regular and not to bother with the oil. When I approached the pump, I noticed a blonde fox in the backseat. She seemed to be asleep. I noticed something else about her. She was bare-ass naked. My chin almost hit the ground, with my tongue right behind it. Well, she wasn't asleep. She opened her blue eyes, spread her legs a little, and said, "Fill her up." I was speechless. Nothing had ever happened to me like this or has ever happened again.

She was just sitting there when her friend, the brunette, asked me if I liked what I was staring at, and all I could say was "Yeah!" "Well, let's go into your garage and see what you have under your hood," she said into my ear. The brunette pulled the car into the garage, and they both stared at the bulge in my jeans. It was like being in a dreamworld. Once inside, the blonde practically ripped my jeans off like some sex-starved animal. When they saw my hard six inches, they didn't laugh or giggle. I always thought you had to have at least ten inches to satisfy a real woman. They just began to lick my thighs and stomach. Man, it felt so good I thought I was going to pass out. Both tongues were so soft and warm. They were being very gentle, like a mother cat is with kittens. The blonde looked up and said, "My name's Gina." I looked her in the eye and told her mine was Tim. "Tricia's mine," said the brunette between breaths. Slowly they began licking up and down my shaft and balls. I was going to come any moment by now, and they knew just when to quit.

Tricia stood up and took me in her arms and gave me the most sensuous soul kiss I'd ever received and then asked if there was a more comfortable place than the cold concrete floor of the garage. "Sure," I said, lovingly, "we can go into the office." I pulled the shades and put out the *closed* sign. We were at it again. Only this time the women were on the floor in a 69 position, and I was enjoying the show. Tricia was gently licking Gina's love button and vice versa. Suddenly Gina started to buck and heave off the floor. Her back arched up to meet Tricia's eager tongue as she moaned with the most violent orgasm I'd ever witnessed.

By this time my cock was ready to burst, and Tricia let Gina rest. She laid me down on the carpet and slid her juicy, molten, hot love tunnel over my eager, throbbing cock. She was so wet and warm and wonderful! As she rode me, I couldn't help reaching up and pulling her sensuous lips to mine once more. Her breasts pressed hard against my chest, and her cunt was humping my cock to a fast, burning climax. It was such a turn-on to Gina that she positioned her lovely pink cunt over my mouth. The smell of her dripping juices filled my nostrils. My tongue parted her cunt lips to expose her hard clit.

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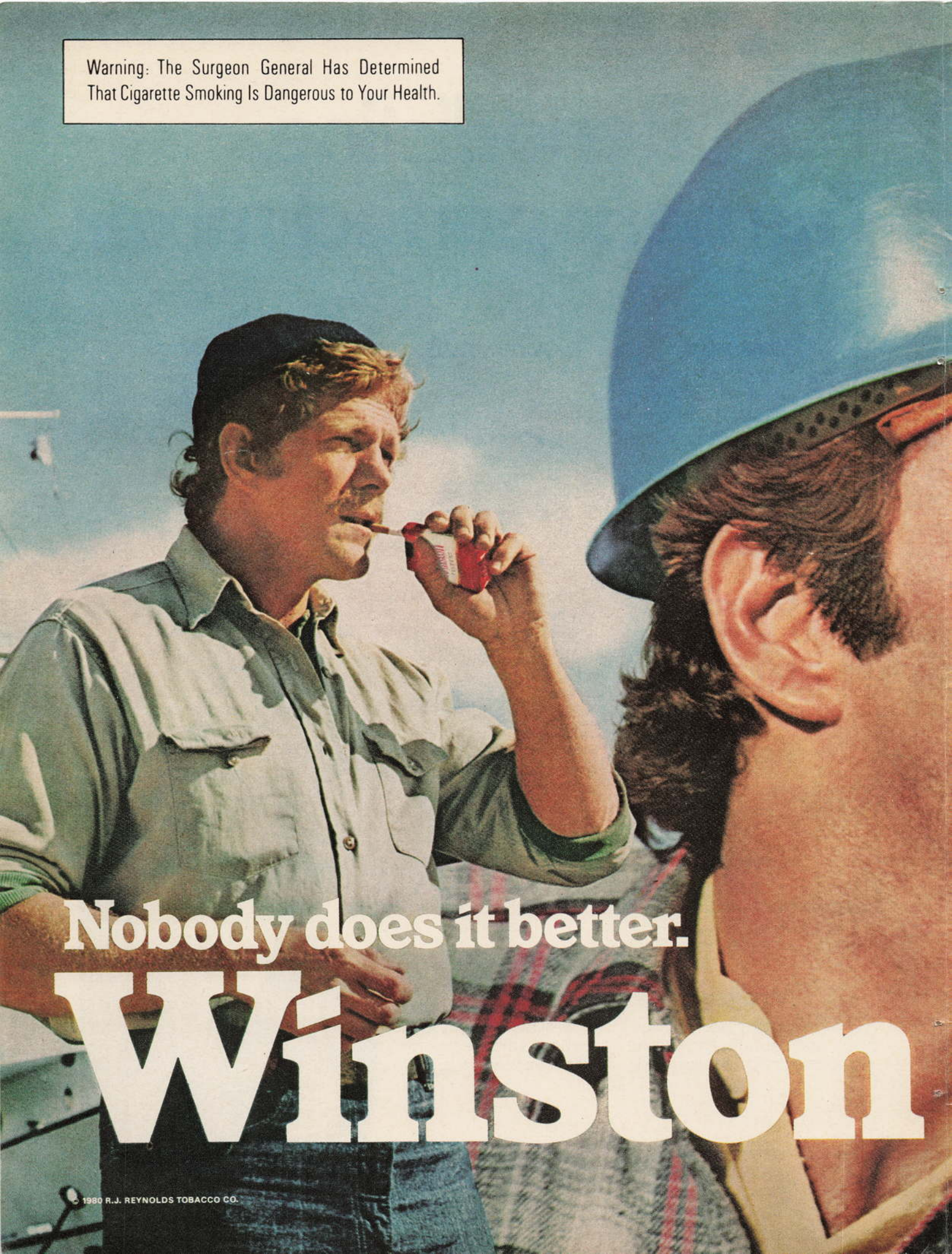
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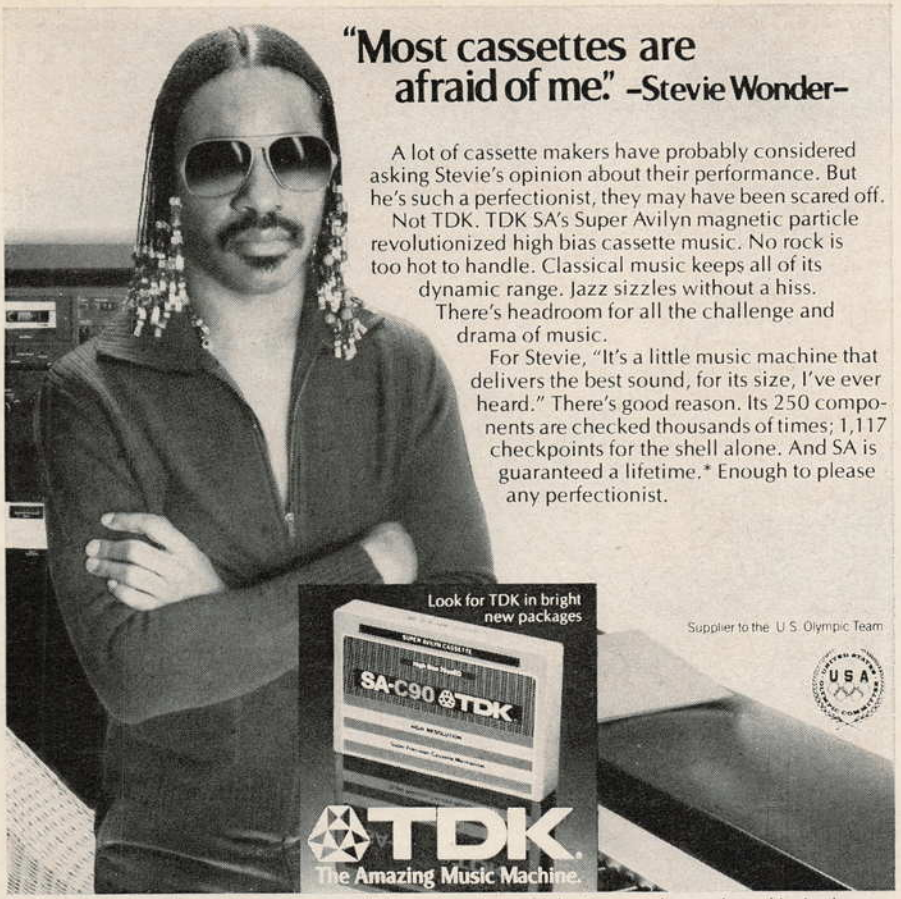
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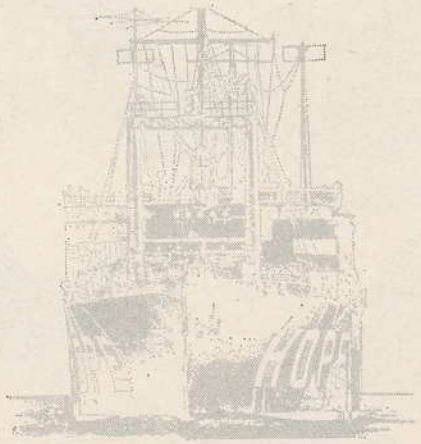

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It was the perfect love triangle. Tricia humping my cock, me eating Gina, and Gina and Tricia soul kissing. Needless to say, I came first, with Tricia immediately after. Then Gina started to ride my face. Man, I thought I was going to suffocate, but what a way to go! After Gina came, we all just lay in each other's arms and caught our breath.

Well, all good things must come to an end. I kissed them both good-bye, and they told me to take good care of my cock. I sure was sad to see them go. I looked at my watch and noticed we had been making love for two and a half hours. I had everything cleaned up and was working on my car when the boss rolled up in his 4X4 and asked what business had been like. I told him it was never better, even though I hadn't charged the two beauties for the five gallons of gas. Do you suppose that was one of the reasons they screwed a skinny runt like me?—*Name and address withheld*

Doing everything together

I'm attending a southern college and was new to the town. My first few days I went out alone. I was still in my first week without knowing anyone when I decided to go to a well-known nightclub in town.

When I got there, it looked like couples only as I approached the bar. When I sat down, I noticed two very good-looking women in a nearby booth. Occasionally I caught both of them stealing a glimpse of me from the corner of their eyes. Sure, after a while, that they were interested and not knowing anyone and very eager to make new friends, I decided to break the ice by ordering them a couple of drinks.

I walked over to their booth and offered them their drinks, and they offered to share the booth with me. Naturally I accepted. I sat by Jane, who was attending the same college I was and majoring in music. She was an exceptionally beautiful woman with what I thought to be a 37-24-36 body and hair that just grazed her shoulderblades. Cheryl sat across from me, and when she stood up, I discovered the healthiest, longest legs I've ever seen. She was wearing a tight V-neck sweater that exposed her tanned, full cleavage.

I explained to them my lonely situation, and they invited me to their apartment for some laughs. When we got there, I found out that Cheryl and Jane were roommates and they claimed to do everything together. Not knowing exactly what they meant, I ignored the comment.

Cheryl then asked me if I had ever had sex with two women at the same time. I had never been approached in such a straightforward way in all my life. I replied with a truthful no but told them that I was eager to try. That was all it took.

Jane left her place on the couch and took me by the hand and led me into the bedroom. She plopped me down on her waterbed. Cheryl followed close behind and without hesitation unzipped my pants. After I was totally nude, she began to strip

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in front of me. At the same time, Jane took off her pants and plopped her luscious cunt right on my face. Cheryl had already started working on my cock with so much grace I felt I was in heaven. She rubbed it and tongued it until it was throbbing rock-hard. She then deep-throated me in one gulp. I knew that they must be very experienced because no chick had ever taken in my nine-incher that fast!

It wasn't long before I shot my wad deep into the back of her throat. I lay there, trying to believe what was happening, and Jane and Cheryl went into a 69, working on each other like I had never seen. I watched for a minute and then started to rub Jane's large but firm tits. Her perfect round nipples were standing erect and must have been an inch long. I looked at Cheryl's cunt and began to suck her moist clit while fingering her already juicing pink lips. She then let go a moan of ecstasy, and her love juices began to flow onto my face. By this time I was hard again and plowed my dick into her as far as it would go. She wrapped those long legs around me and pulled me in as far as possible. While Cheryl and I were still fucking, Jane grabbed a dildo and pushed it deep into her cunt. With my cock still in Cheryl, I stretched over and replaced Jane's dildo with my mouth. I started to thrust my tongue in and out of her now drenched cunt, being sure to lick up every drop that came out. It was then that Jane found a new place for her dildo: my ass! This was another experience that was new to me but very enjoyable. Since Jane was getting very hot now and I hadn't humped her yet, I decided to let loose in her. I slid in easily from all of the juice that she had been letting go. Her pussy proved to be the tightest one I had ever encountered for someone her age. I could feel my come traveling up from my balls when she put me in a position on my back. Then she bounced on my throbbing dick with a muffled cry and let her juices run down my dick. Cheryl then hopped on my face and begged me to eat her again. I complied again. With Jane on my cock and Cheryl on my face, I let go the most explosive orgasm anyone could possibly experience. The sight of Jane bouncing up and down with her tits shaking and then tasting Cheryl's sweet honey was mind blowing!

It was so late by the time that we finished I just decided to stay the night and go to my classes from their place. Just a couple of days ago I ran into Cheryl at the same nightclub where we met. She invited me over to her place next weekend for more of the same. I accepted and am looking forward to another mind blower!—*Name and address withheld*

Elementary school

I'm writing this letter in my car, while driving away from an unforgettable experience which my brother Jim, my friend Danny, and I shared with two elementary-school teachers at Yosemite National Park. I approached their tent and used one of the most brilliant lines ever employed, "What do you say to a beer or two down by the river by our fire?"

Either it was this classic line or my erection, which had been straining to get out of my pants since Connecticut, that got them, but Terry, the one with the most beautiful, fullest, freest breasts I had caressed with my eyes since God knows when, replied, "Is it all right if I bring a couple of joints?" This reply floored me, as I had not smoked in 2,500 miles either, but I regained my composure and escorted them back to our fire and made the introductions. We learned that they were both elementary-school teachers in their late twenties, and after two cases of beer, a bottle of wine, several joints, and small talk, the conversation turned to sex and, to our much anticipated delight, into sex!

We confessed that as younger boys we had always fantasized about screwing our schoolteachers but had never come close to fulfilling these dreams. Linda, a blonde with a sweet, slender body, just reached over, started rubbing my brother's growing sword, and said softly, "Is that so?" As she unzipped his pants and tugged his devil's tower out into the firelight, I tired of spectating and turned eagerly to Terry to find her already jerking Danny off. I sank my fingers into her beautiful tits and pulled her shorts down to her ankles as Danny plunged two fingers into her pussy.

I stripped down and noticed that Jim and Linda were way ahead of schedule and were already fucking fine by the fire. She was on her knees, resting on her elbows, and he was thrusting into her so hard I could hear them, but she cried, "Harder, fuck me harder. Yes, fuck me harder!" This was too much for me, but when I turned back to Terry, she was on her knees, licking, tonguing, and sucking Danny's balls, stroking his cock with her right hand and her clit with her left.

Several of my strokes brought her to a quaking, shaking orgasm, and her gorgeous moaning brought Danny off. As he began spurting sperm all over her face, she swallowed him as deep as she could and sucked for all she was worth. The sight of this really got me off, and I increased the tempo of my pumping until I came deep inside her slippery tunnel. I was so excited I stayed hard and kept the plunging up until she came a second time, drenching my cock with her juices. But she moaned and, reaching behind her back, pulled me out and placed my stiff member between her ass cheeks and moaned, "Do it, do it!" I pushed easily into her tight ass hole, and she bucked backwards to greet me as I gave it to her so hard and fast that I shot my load.

I was spent and so was she, but Jim and Linda had rolled over and were licking and sucking each other, giving us quite a sex show before dying out themselves. We skinny-dipped in the river and crawled into

"Let's put it this way—if there was an Assholes' Liberation Front, you'd be head of the provisional wing."

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our sleeping bags for well-deserved fondling and sleep. I awoke early and ate Terry to an awakening orgasm, and her moans served as the best alarm clock man could want! We all packed up and headed our separate ways with the memory of an excellent fling in Yosemite fresh in our minds. Bye-bye, girls.—*Name and address withheld*

Getting breakfast

The story I'm about to relate to you is one that makes hitchhiking preferable to taking a bus or plane. It all started a year ago last summer, when I decided to make a trip to South Dakota to see my father, whom I hadn't seen for a few years. I had the money for a plane ticket, but like a lot of adventurous souls, I prefer thumbing to other types of transit because of the people you meet, some very interesting, and always someone picks you up with some good smoke.

Well, to get on with the story, I left my hometown in Colorado and caught a lift to Salt Lake City. From there I caught another ride into Buffalo, Wyo. It was pretty late when I bid my thanks to the guy whom I'd been riding with and jumped out in downtown Buffalo. I was pretty tired from the drive, so I decided to get a room for the night and clean up a bit. There was a liquor store across the street from the hotel I was staying in, so I jogged over and copped a bottle of Tequila to ease my aching ass. I'd polished off about half of the pint and was out like a light.

I awoke early, showered, and was on my way again. I walked to the interstate, which was right on the edge of town, and was sitting on the ramp, sipping the remainder of Tequila, to rid myself of the horrendous hangover I was carrying, when I heard a voice behind me ask if I'd had my breakfast yet. I turned, and to my surprise there stood a voluptuous brunette about five five, with nice tits and the most adorable blue eyes I'd ever looked into, and they were looking at me. Jesus! I didn't know what to say, so I just stood there like a dumbass until finally she asked again whether I'd had my breakfast or not! I felt a warm feeling mixed with anticipation that something special was about to happen to me. My lips finally came unglued, and I replied that I wasn't hungry, but I could use a drink of water.

There was a little trailer court that ran beside the interstate, and she escorted me to her trailer. All the while I was following behind her, looking at her trim little ass in hopes that today was my lucky day. We reached the trailer, and I walked up the steps and dropped my backpack by the door and walked inside.

When inside, she directed me to the couch and went to the fridge, got out a couple of beers, and came to sit next to me on the couch. She introduced herself as Glenn. I introduced myself and told her what a godsend she was for rescuing me from the heat of the day. She was saying something to the effect that her husband worked out of town and that she really missed having a male around the house. All the while I was scanning her beautiful bod. She was wearing a tight body shirt and a pair of short-shorts that I wanted nothing more than to get into.

I was slowly working up a hard-on until I felt like it was going to bust out of my pants when she finally quit talking and, with a look of hunger, asked me what that bulge was in my pants. I replied that it was a little problem I had, and to my delight she asked if it was a problem that she could help me with. That was all it took. The next thing I knew she had all my eight inches between her lovely lips and was hungrily going at it while I was kicked back, enjoying the best head I'd ever had.

It seemed like a lifetime, but I finally shuddered in total orgasm while she sucked me dry and licked me clean. She finished, and I asked her if I could return the favor. By that time she was so hot that she would have fucked a rock pile if she thought there was a snake in it. In seconds flat she had her clothes off and was sitting on the couch, with legs spread and begging me to please make love to her, for it had been so long and she was in dire need of a man.

I kneeled in front of her, draped her legs over my shoulders, and began licking the

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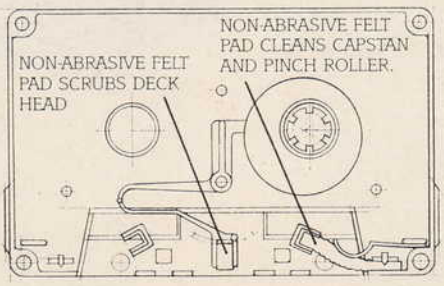

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insides of her legs, slowly making my way to her waiting cunt. I reached her cunt and, placing her clit between my lips, began tonguing her into climax. I could sense when she was about to come, and I would ease off, and she would call me a rotten son of a bitch, then plead with me to continue, for she could stand it no more. This continued for a while longer until I had a full erection again. She was just about ready to come again when I slid up and straddled her. She grabbed my cock and put the head to her opening, and I began entering her slowly. I wanted to enter slowly so that every sense and nerve in my cock would savor the feeling of her luscious cunt, but she had other plans.

The instant I began to enter she reached around and grabbed both cheeks of my ass and quite impatiently brought herself forward so that she could engulf as much of me as was possible. After three or four hard thrusts she had an unbelievably long orgasm. I slowed down into more gentle, rhythmic strokes to what seemed a solid hour of maddeningly slow fucking until finally I could hold back no longer and we both began hot humping wildly, moaning in ecstasy, and in unison we blissfully came. We totally collapsed within each other's arms and out of weariness fell asleep.

When we both awoke, we moved to her bedroom and continued where we left off. This went on for two and a half days, until the day her husband was expected home. We had one more for the road, and it was the most touching lay I'd ever had. When we finished, she fell asleep and I showered, got dressed, went in to kiss her good-bye, but thought better about waking her and left. I was standing on the interstate no more than 15 minutes before my ride came along. I glanced back for one last look at her trailer and saw her looking out of the window. I didn't want to get into the car, but I assured myself there were other women down the road and got in.

I hope she reads this story and remembers what we did. That was over a year ago, and I've done a lot of hitchhiking since.—*Name and address withheld*

A true crossover hit

I am a country-western songwriter who has enjoyed reading "Forum" for a long time. Although I always thought that the letters appearing in "Forum" were fantasy masquerading as fact, a recent gladdening experience has caused me to change my tune.

I was making the rounds of some music publishers on a hot, sticky afternoon in Nashville. I'd had no luck peddling my songs, and it was just after five o'clock as I entered the reception area of the last publisher on my list. A cute young blonde in a short, flower-print skirt and white cotton blouse stood with her back to me. She bent over a desk to rearrange some papers. My heart skipped a beat as her skirt climbed up the higher octaves of her body, leaving an unimpaired view of her middle C.

I held my breath noiselessly, but she must have heard my penis enlarging inside my jeans. She was startled and whirled around to confront me. Her ass-length hair, whipped up by her sudden movement, resettled in a golden tangle over her braless mammaries. The animal fear in her eyes melted into a question on her soft, moist lips as she saw my guitar and realized I was a songwriter ready to make her sing.

She asked about my business and then told me she was sorry but the boss left at five. She was the only one still in the office. I turned to leave, but as I walked to the door, she called me back. She was holding my guitar between her legs, running her middle finger back and forth in the hole of my instrument.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" she asked. I couldn't believe it. I had never seen a girl this beautiful on the waking side of a wet dream, and she wanted to hear my song. I reached for the guitar, but she guided my hand to the garden beneath her flowered skirt. Her bush had already been watered and my fingers swam in vaginal juices. I demonstrated my finger-picking style as I strummed her clitoris. Her accompaniment of soft moans showed she knew the song. She reached the chorus rapidly, and I wiped my drenched hand on her throbbing thighs.

She threw her arms around my neck and pulled my face to hers. Our lips fused as her hot tongue slid so swiftly into my mouth. It was a long and snakelike tongue that slithered down into my wet throat, twisting, turning, probing. It undulated with a life of its own. I tried to catch my breath, but I just couldn't free myself of her lips. As we kissed, she put her hand down my pants and fingered my ass hole and balls.

My penis had risen to a crescendo, and it played a taut, muted strain against my jeans. She unzipped my fly and turned up the volume. Her lips and her teeth were pressed tightly into my swollen flesh while she gripped my baton in her mouth and conducted her tongue in long, symphonic movements. My audience member roared its approval, and she drank in every drop of it. The price of admission had been one penis, and it was well spent.

After her performance, she kissed my withered cock and began to undress. Her unbuttoned blouse revealed large, turntable breasts waiting to be played. Each tit was capped by a long, pointed nipple, which firmed to my touch. Under the flowered skirt, her buttocks shimmered like two gold records—they had been fondled a million times. I was determined to turn them platinum.

I sucked her erect nipples while she pulled off my clothes. As she tossed my

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jeans onto a desk, I lost my balance and we fell onto the carpeted office floor. I rolled on top of her. Our bodies joined in two-part harmony as I thrust my melody line into her rhythm section. She had a good tight arrangement, a song plugger's dream.

Her slender legs wrapped tightly around my back as my musician slipped further into her bandstand. Moving slowly at first, in waltz tempo, she wound her music box around my crank. I played her in the key of C, and her thrust speed increased as I reached the end of her scale. Her body shuddered in a slow wave as I shot my bullet to the top of her charts.

She passed out, and I was too exhausted to move. I stayed in her for a long time, pressed against the soft flesh of her breasts and belly. A wet spot formed on the carpet as her cunt muscles expanded and contracted in a staccato rhythm around my penis. Finally it was time for action again.

She didn't resist as I turned her over and spread her ass cheeks. She hummed the "backup" vocals as I planted my staff firmly in her bung hole. And as her anus tightened its grip around my discharging dick, I realized that I had lucked into the "rearest" of country music events—a true crossover hit.—*Name and address withheld*

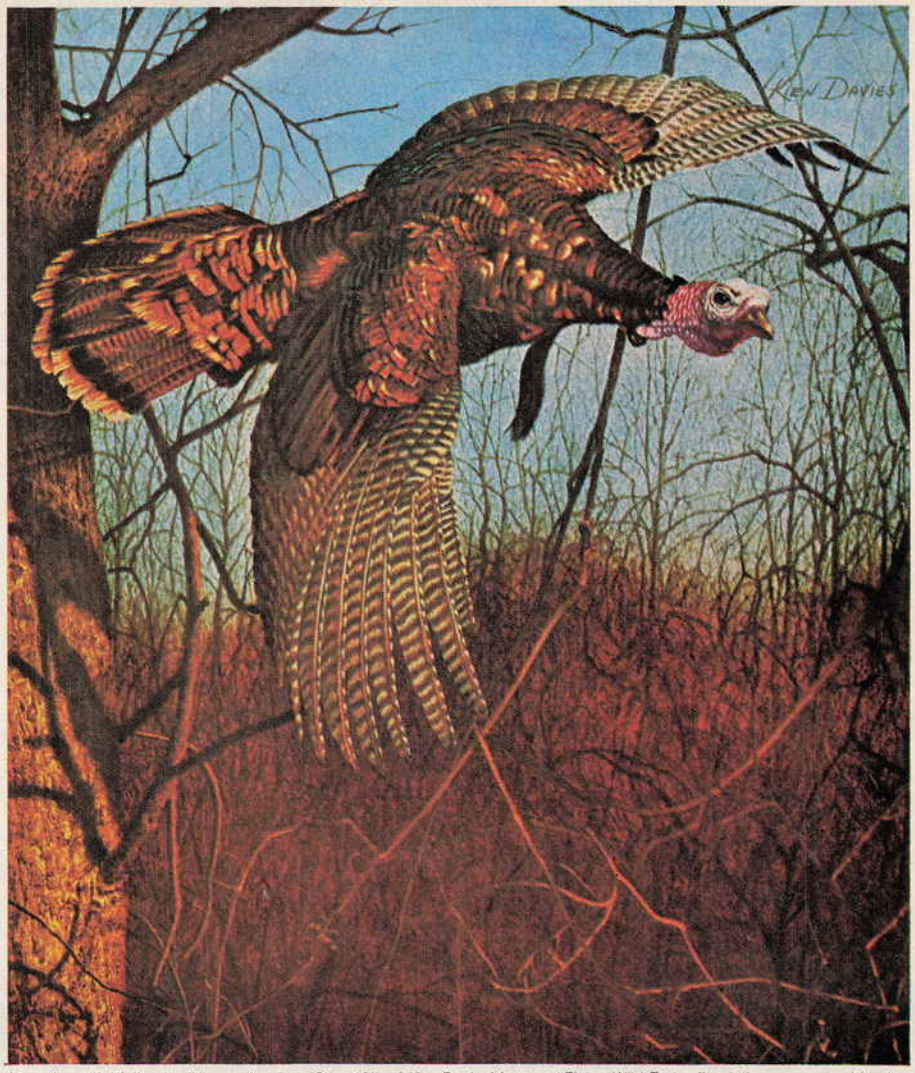
Tit sundaes

I would like to share with your readers two nights of bliss that happened to my wife and me recently.

We had been sharing a swinging but nonswapping relationship with another couple. It included watching, kissing, touching, masturbation, etc., just about everything but swapping for intercourse or oral sex. A fantasy both couples shared was to seduce a woman into a threesome. We decided to live out our fantasies, and Vicki, my wife, volunteered to be first, with Tom and Sara doing the seducing while I watched. The "seduction" began with everyone fully clothed.

We had exchanged partners back and forth for slow, sexy dancing, and the men had had plenty of hot kissing, hands rubbing swollen tits, fingers dipping under the girls' skirts to caress soft thighs and feel the heat of excited pussies through damp panties. The ladies proved how turned on they were by soft moans as their hands stroked our hard cocks through our pants.

The scene started when I released Sara and she went to join the other two. Tom was kissing Vicki and holding her against him. Sara joined them from behind Vicki, molding the front of her body to the back of Vicki's. Tom and Vicki broke their kiss so all of us could watch Sara's hands as they traveled along Vicki's thighs, ass, and sides, her fingers loving the edges of Vicki's tits and then moving down across her belly to stroke the skirt-covered thighs and, finally, to grip Vicki's hot cunt. While doing this, Sara was rubbing her clit against Vicki's ass and her big, luscious breasts against Vicki's back.



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Tom then kissed Sara over Vicki's shoulder as Vicki felt the two of them grinding against her, his stiff cock against her in front, her soft pussy from behind.

Four hands began to seek Vicki out beneath her clothing. His hard, masculine hands and her soft, feminine hands were opening her blouse and slipping into her bra, squeezing her tits and pulling at her nipples, under her skirt and in her panties, grasping the cheeks of her ass, parting her tender cunt lips to feel her hot moisture and finger her hardened clit. They were Vicki's lovers, and she was in heaven!

Slowly they undressed her, exploring everything with their hands as it became exposed. Sara squeezed Vicki's naked tits from behind and held them out for her husband to suck. Vicki was naked now, and her hand wandered over her lovers as they quickly undressed and laid her on her back between them on the bed. I sat at the foot of the bed for the best view.

Their hands explored Vicki's front. They stroked her breasts, rolling the nipples between their fingers, teasingly caressed her belly, rubbed the insides of her soft thighs, felt the hot, wet juices of her cunt, and fingered her clit.

Finally Tom settled for squeezing Vicki's breasts, and Sara's fingers settled for stroking Vicki's clit. Sara did it well, and Vicki, as hot as she's ever been, was thrusting her hips up and down in a fucking motion in rhythm to Sara's moving finger. The short, gasping breaths and moans of pleasure coming from Vicki (she later described it as total ecstasy) were enough to set anybody on fire. Her legs were spread, and I could see the wet, pink folds of her pussy and Sara's slender finger excitedly rubbing and rubbing.

Tom and Sara joined in a kiss just above Vicki's face, and, very quickly, they were in a three-way kiss, tongue tips touching and probing each other. A few moments later they broke the kiss as Vicki started to come. The three of us thrilled to the sight of my lovely, sexy woman experiencing a massive orgasm, thrusting her hips forward against that loving finger, cries of pleasure bursting from her lips.

On a different night it was our turn to "seduce" Sara, and we had a surprise planned for her. The four of us warmed up with sexy talk, close dancing, kissing and touching. After a while, when I was holding and kissing Sara, Vicki squeezed herself against Sara's back, and the seduction was under way. Tom took a seat right next to us so he'd miss none of the action of our threesome. Our hands began to explore Sara's lush body. I kissed Vicki over Sara's shoulder as our hands, outside her clothing, wandered over her breasts, generous ass, soft belly, and hot pussy.

Our hands started to move under Sara's clothing, touching her smooth skin. By this time her love juices were flowing freely, and we could feel the moisture through her panties. Her breasts felt large to our excited hands. As Vicki's hands roamed up and down, caressing Sara's charms, my hands explored both of these sexy ladies. We removed Sara's blouse and skirt, and our fingers reached inside her panties and bra. Our fingers were greeted by a slippery, wet cunt and hard nipples. Vicki unhooked Sara's bra, removed it, and began to squeeze those lovely breasts. I bent over and sucked on the nipples as Vicki held them out for me.

With Tom's enthusiastic help, Vicki removed her own blouse, skirt, and bra. I turned Sara around so we could watch Vicki's beauty revealed. When Vicki was left only with panties, Tom sat down and Vicki returned to our threesome. From behind her, I gripped Sara's tits and told Vicki to grip her own. We then rubbed their nipples together, adding another tactile and visual thrill to our excitement.

We lowered Sara's panties to mid-thigh, and as we did, Tom did the same to Vicki's. I pulled Vicki close, sandwiching Sara between us. I alternated kisses between the two ladies as the three of us ground our hot bodies against each other. Tom's hand was stroking the back of Vicki's legs. That was enough to drive her out of her mind, and she told him not to stop, that she loved it.

We finished stripping (including me) and laid Sara on her back between us on the bed. She lay there, passive on her

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face, legs slightly spread, offering herself to us. We watched her pleasure grow as our hands moved all over the front of her, rubbing her hot, wet cunt, her stiff clit, squeezing her pretty tits and pulling her hardened nipples. It was time for our surprise! I opened the paper bag we had left on the dresser. I removed a spray can of whipped cream and handed Vicki a jar of cherries. Vicki placed a cherry on top of each of the mounds of whipped cream I poured on Sara's breasts. Our mouths began to water at the sight of the gorgeous tit sundaes before us and Sara's eyes grew wide with excitement over what was to come.

We bent our heads together, and each of us plucked a cherry away with our lips. Our tongues and lips devoured the whipped cream very slowly, savoring the sweet taste. Our hands were taking turns rubbing Sara's clit while our tongues moved closer and closer to our targets. Her hands caressed the backs of our heads, urging us on. Finally, we could feel the smooth flesh with our tongues. We held her tits in our hands and licked away every trace of the cream, running our tongues all over the soft skin and flicking our tongue tips across her big, red nipples stiff with passion. Sara was now in heaven, and we weren't far behind! We lifted our heads to admire her lovely breasts, shiny wet from our mouths, and then returned to our delightful task. Our lips sucked her stiff nipples, and our tongues traced circles around them. They felt like thumbs in our mouths—they were so large and hard. The more we sucked, the more she loved it and proved her pleasure with sighs and the pressure of her hands at the backs of our heads. Vicki and I switched hands. I held the tit she was sucking, she the one I was sucking.

After a while, Vicki's hand slid down across Sara's belly and settled between her parted legs, seeking her engorged clit. Legs spreading wider, Sara offered herself to Vicki's fingers, which quickly located their target. Sara began to breathe faster and faster as her friend's loving finger stroked her tenderly. Hips pumping in time to the fingers, Sara gave out a loud grunt as she came beautifully. Unfortunately, we lost track of our friends shortly after those nights, and we miss them very much. Most swingers seem to miss the fantastic joys of such sensual pleasures and seem to want only fucking and sucking.—*Name and address withheld*

The ride of your life!

I have always doubted the authenticity of the letters that your readers send you, but recently I had a similar encounter that I'd like to share. I consider myself a fine, upstanding, well-built, horny, average sophomore in a southern college. I had to go to summer school last summer to make up some credit hours that I flunked the previous semester. It is really a drag to have to go to summer school when you should be out motorcycle riding and getting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

I don't know when it's better, day or night?

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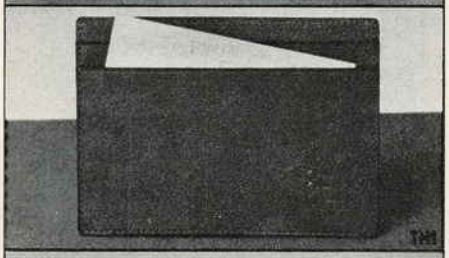
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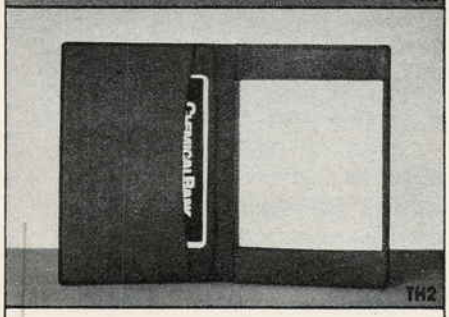
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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Game of politics

Congratulations to Peter Schnugg and *Penthouse* for "Carter's Olympic Blackmail," which appeared in the September issue of your magazine.

As a former Olympian, a world record holder, and one who ran many races in the Iron Curtain countries during the Cold War of the early sixties, I know only too well the positive contributions that athletes make in helping to minimize the tensions that often exist among countries.

Personally, I think it is sick the way our amateur athletes were manipulated, and I shall not be at all surprised if many of the countries that boycotted the 1980 Games in Moscow witness a similar eventuality when the 1984 Olympics are held in Los Angeles.

Perhaps we should have *threatened* a boycott and then gone ahead and demonstrated to the world that, in the final analysis, we would not deny our athletes the opportunity for which they had worked so hard. A firm, but temporary, threat would not have disrupted our athletes' training appreciably, and it just might have accomplished far more than the boycott itself. After all, Russia is still in Afghanistan, and the American hostages are still in Iran. Actually, the boycott did not accomplish anything . . . and our finest Americans had to pay the price. Furthermore, they will continue to pay the price until such time as our government understands that politics and amateur sports simply do not mix.

I, for one, will continue to champion the Olympic spirit and pray to God that the day will come when politicians stay out of the athletic arena.—*Buddy Edelen, Alamosa, Colo.*

The Big C

The very day on which I sealed and stamped an envelope with my contribution to the American Foundation for Cancer Research, a year-old *Penthouse* article by Gary Null entitled "The Suppression of Cancer Cures" (October 1979) caught my eye. The contents of the article concerned me very deeply, as I am sure they did many other readers across the country. While I was not totally unaware of an organized resistance in this country to certain treatments deemed unprofitable to the medical establishment, this article jolted me to full awareness of the fact that thousands of cancer patients may be dying annually simply because new treatments are deliberately being withheld or excluded from necessary funding.

I am consequently withholding my contribution to the foundation until I have gathered more current information regarding the status of funding and support for the efforts of Dr. Stanislaw Burzynski and other medical scientists whose suppressed cancer cures were mentioned in the article. On the basis of new information I seek, I may find that my contribution to the foundation should be sent elsewhere.

I am sure that I am not alone in expressing my thanks for this and other enlightening articles.—*M. D., Hyde Park, Mass.*

The new man

I have just finished taking the psychographic quiz asking, "Can You Handle the New Woman?" (October 1980). Starting with the first question, my perspective of the test was a little on the testy side. But I went through it very honestly and scored an acceptable 72. However, all throughout I was faced with what I considered two-faced questions, unfair questions, and questions that just didn't pertain to acceptable acceptance of the liberated woman.

Before getting more specific, let me say that I am a 24-year-old white male, born and raised in a small town in central Michigan. I am a professional mason. I am locally known as a flirt, playboy, call it what you will. I attended one year of college at Central Michigan University, where I met and became friends with many members of the NOW group on that campus.

I went through the test a second time, adding points to questions I felt were unfair, and scored a whopping 95. Let me start with the first question—"Have you ever received flowers from a woman?" I feel it's unfair to penalize the man for what a woman may or may not do. Her sending flowers would seem more an indication of her "liberation" than of the male's, as receiver.

My answer to the fourth question may perhaps damage my future relationships with women, but I stand by it. It asked whether the man agreed or disagreed with the statement that contraception is the woman's responsibility, giving three points for "disagree." Is the insinuation that the woman must look to the man for guidance, information, and support in her quest for proper contraception? Indeed, I feel that today's woman is quite capable of making the choice on her own. The woman who wishes to have sexual relations does so on her own. Although in a long-term relationship it would certainly become more of an equal responsibility, in the end the responsibility for one's own

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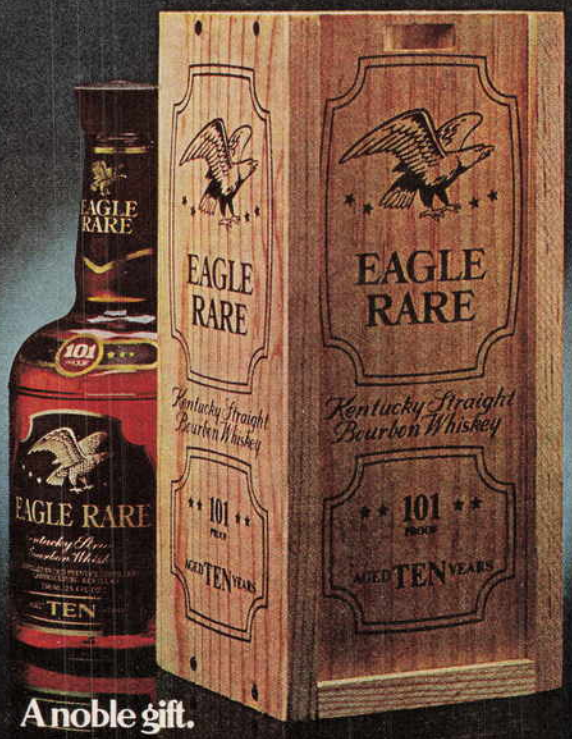

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body rests on one's own shoulders. I do not look to the woman to keep me clean and free of disease.

Question five asks if I've ever lied to a woman about the amount of previous sexual experience I've had. Well, I'm damned if I did and damned if I didn't. If I reeled off a specific number, I'd be accused of keeping track, much like making notches. If I couldn't give a reckoning, I'd be called a pig for not caring enough to remember. Whatever the truth, I feel it is nothing to brag about or make a point of—and certainly not a question necessary when trying to establish a good relationship.

Question 11, asking if I've ever dated regularly someone working in the same field and more skilled than I is unfair to easily 50 percent of the male population. I've never met a female bricklayer—am I to be penalized for that? Question 16 asks if I've ever lived with or seriously dated a woman making more money than I. No, I haven't, but is it my fault that women still make less money than men? Does that make me personally less "liberated"?

Question 23 is far too ambiguous—"For a relationship to succeed, it's important that the woman should be able to lean on the man and look up to him." Agree or disagree. You're damn straight I agree—whatever happened to respect and mutual support? If a woman can't lean on her man when she needs to, who can she lean on? And if she doesn't "look up to him," which I take to mean *respect* him, then what is she doing with him? Need I say that it works both ways?

Question 26, where more points are given if the man would agree to take a woman's last name in marriage, is very biased. The answer awarded the most points should be the one whereby each is allowed to keep his or her own name.

Finally, in Question 29, I'm asked whether it would bother me if a woman I'm sleeping with told me about her former lovers. It would certainly depend on the way and circumstances under which she told me. I imagine I might get irritated if she were comparing me with a former lover, as I imagine a woman would get annoyed if I did the same to her.

Let me conclude by saying that I believe there is one question that can determine whether a man is understanding of and acceptable to today's liberated woman: Would you demand that your girl friend or wife have children if she didn't want them? Personally, my answer is no. I think any man who would demand this shows a lack of respect, concern, love, and understanding for his partner.

Equality is a very fine thing, but we must remember that the attainment of true equality is sometimes a painful thing and will more than likely take many years. I don't think it's something that can be measured in a test—particularly one so full of ambiguity.—*T. B., Lapeer, Mich.*

I took Frank Donegan's quiz pertaining to how liberated I am and scored rather well. However, the milksop attitude of accepting all "freedom" demands and thereby getting a high score on "liberation" is demeaning to the male. It isn't Neanderthal to require respect or constancy from a potential mate or lover if you require the same from yourself.

I realize the difficulty in reaching an audience that is rather large and quite varied. What I object to is that the scoring is such that if I am accepting and get a high mark on handling the "new woman," I thereby get low marks for personal characteristics that have been traditionally male. The test is trivial and doesn't get to the important attitudes and hard problems that face men and women today.

One problem not addressed here is what I see as the desire of women today to have the system work both ways. They want to have the "male privileges," yet still want to be protected and coddled. Are women yet being drafted or paying alimony, child support, or even their share on "dates"? Why is it still such a battle for a man to obtain custody of the children in a divorce settlement?

Many of the questions are too speculative, and there are too many hypothetical situations that are alien to the average quiz-taker. There are very few women who earn more than men, for example.

In short, I feel that the quiz and conclusions do more harm than good and that Mr. Donegan's bias is obvious.—*R. Martinson, Atlanta, Ga.*

Force of one

I have done something unusual this month with your magazine. Even before reading "Forum," I read the article on Chuck Norris by Joe Flaherty (October 1980). It might be Mr. Flaherty's style, but my attention was completely fixed on the article, and I enjoyed it very much. In the future, I'll pay more attention to your articles and interviews. Thanks for an interesting magazine.—*W. B. Smith, San Antonio, Tex.*

Joe Flaherty's profile of Chuck Norris truly introduced me to a man I once respected.

I am not a legitimate practitioner of the martial arts, for I have not had the privilege or money to study for a belt under a qualified instructor. However, I have taught myself the basic forms and have expanded that skill into an adequate self-defense system.

Norris is correct when he speaks of the intense self-discipline the arts can develop, but it seems to me he has lost sight of his discipline. A true martial artist would never physically force his opinions on anyone. The reported action of Norris's son—forcing the drug dealer to eat the offered marijuana cigarette—and Norris's commendation of the action are disgraceful. I must point out that I am neither endorsing nor condemning the use of marijuana. That debate is left to each of us as individuals. It is simply my belief that with his

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expertise and dedication to karate, Norris has perhaps lost sight of the basis of all the martial arts. They were developed to bring the mind, body, and spirit together, forming a better understanding of one's self and the surrounding world. Violent use of the arts is shameful unless physical danger is unavoidable, and even then only enough force to end the danger should be exercised.

Hypocrisy among the undisciplined is bad enough, but in the world of the martial arts, where discipline is the foundation, it is unforgivable.—*Larry D. McElroy, Des Moines, Iowa*

Care to join us?

In light of the current world situation and of resistance to the draft registration of many of my fellow Americans, I felt compelled to write this letter to you and support the efforts of those who share the same beliefs as I. Despite the public's antimilitary attitude, the need for a strong U.S. military is obvious.

While we have been nursing our wounds from Vietnam, the world has not stopped turning. Other developing nations have continued their fight for freedom, and the Soviet Union has continued its drive to make the the world "safe" for its communism.

Any belief by the NCRD or any other antidraft movement that a military draft would signal to Russia that we want a war, or any other excuses they may use, is pure fantasy. Russia is not waiting for us to prepare for them. This is an entirely different game, with a lot more at stake. If and when they choose to take any move directly against us, it will be when they feel we cannot defend ourselves successfully. If they are to win by default, then so much the better for them.

The only way we can avoid a direct confrontation with the Russians is never to let them think they could win. Our military must stay at least as powerful as theirs, and even then we would still be depending on our allies for the upper edge. But our allies must be able to rely on us before we can rely on them.

The American people must face the fact that they are part of the same world, like everyone else, and that what affects the safety of others also affects us. Europeans, Asians, and even our neighbors to the south struggling to establish their governments must face the serious problems caused by Communist-backed countries.

The volunteer program of enlisting young men and women in our armed forces doesn't provide the people needed today. How could it be expected to? Why should anyone volunteer for any of the jobs offered? One could probably make at least twice as much money as a civilian doing the same job and never have to deal with the unique sacrifices required of servicemen and their families. To volunteer is actually against human nature. The only real reason for volunteering has to be patriotism, a quality in short supply in our country today. A great deal of what patriotism there is seems to go up in smoke with the fireworks once a year.

I am presently in the United States Navy, trying to make my contribution to the country that gave me the choice of how to run my life after graduation. Contrary to popular belief, the majority of people volunteering a piece of their lives are not misfits who had no choice. There are some, of course, but most are just everyday Americans.

One of the sacrifices associated with the military today is the automatic third-class-citizen treatment we get with the haircut and uniform. I have seen some of my shipmates wearing disguises like wigs upon leaving the base in an attempt to be accepted by their civilian counterparts, in trying to find a friend. As much as I love my country, as a serviceman I must say that my time in Asia has been much more gratifying to me than the "preferred" shore duty here in California.

The public attitude is very important to the success and morale of our armed services. There exists now a negative attitude, and I place the blame largely on the media. The media have tremendous power in helping to shape how the country thinks and the path it takes, but with this power comes a great responsibility.

Even to this day, we still hear of the shocking things American servicemen did in Vietnam—the bombing of Cambodia, our support of questionable leaders, CIA plots, reports of lazy and incompetent soldiers. But what of the other side? What of the brutality of Communist Vietnam in a guerrilla war Americans had never dreamed of? What was the alternative to the bombing of Cambodia, to monarchs who may not be up to our standards but at least offer a hope in the long run? What

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179

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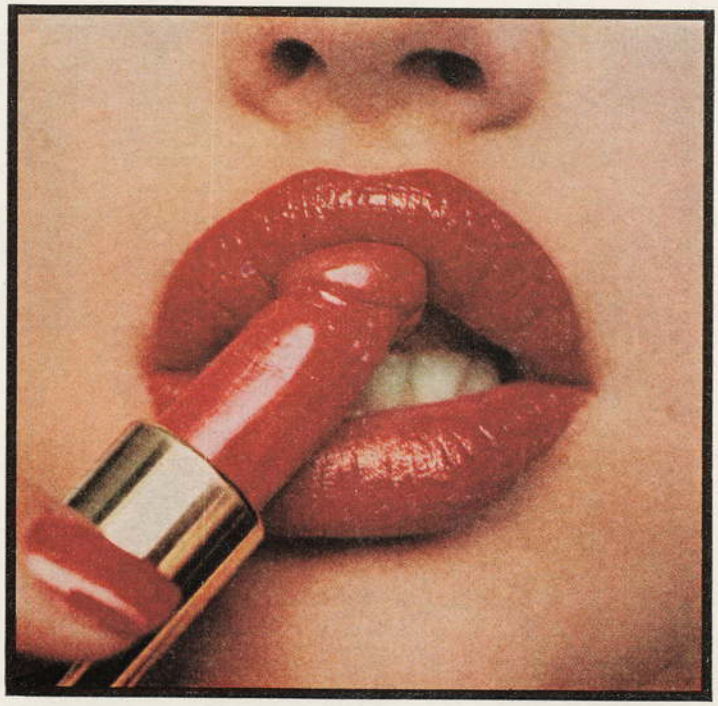
•The combination of the sportive element, sex, and, in some cases, the fervor of the fight can be highly stimulating for the male libido.•

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Your column has changed my entire life-style. My wife and I have been married for five years. She is an attractive blonde who stands five feet five inches tall with a 38-C chest and a very seductive ass. As far as I'd known, she had always been faithful, but after reading your letters from voyeur husbands I was turned on by the thought of her making it with another man. I wondered if she would.



A buddy of mine named Bill, who has easy access to porno films but no projector, usually comes over and uses mine. I asked him one night if he would like to make it with my wife. After he got over the shock, he readily agreed.

I came home on the appointed night and wrote Ann a note, telling her that I would be out late at a ball game. Having done this, I took a flashlight and a good book into the walk-in closet in the bedroom and proceeded to wait.

Ann came home ten minutes after I did, but I waited for over an hour for Bill to show. Then I could hear them talking in the kitchen for a few minutes, and I wasn't sure that she was going to allow him to use the projector at all. But into the bedroom they came, and as he set up the projector, she pulled down and secured the screen. All the while he was telling her about how good the flick was supposed to be. She kept saying she wasn't sure she wanted to see it without me there. Bill finally agreed to watch it alone. But when he turned on the projector, she just stood there and watched. A beautifully endowed brunette was giving superlative head to a young man with a huge erection.

After a minute or so she sat on the bed. Bill lit up a joint, and they sucked it up in what seemed no time at all. At this point I noticed that she was breathing more heavily. Looking up at the screen, I saw that the chick was getting her turn, and the dude was really getting off on eating her out.

When Bill cautiously put his arm around her, she jumped as if startled but made no attempt at all to remove his arm. His other hand stole beneath her skirt to her inner thigh. Ann stopped him just before he hit pay dirt, but she continued to watch the screen as if transfixed by what was taking place there. He cupped her soft breast in his hand and, meeting no resistance, began to knead both of her firm globes through the material of her blouse. She grabbed his head in her hands and snaked her tongue passionately into his mouth. As the kiss lingered, he fumbled with the buttons of her blouse.

When the last button was undone, Ann responded by reaching up and unfastening her bra. Off came both blouse and bra, and Bill was soon going wild sucking and licking the stiff nipples on those firm and luscious knockers. As she began to moan, his hand once again began to steal up her inner thigh, this time reaching its goal. He rubbed her clit through her panties for a short while, then pulled them off. Ann pulled her skirt up around her waist, and even from my vantage point I could see that she was soaked. He fingered her furiously while sucking those beautiful tits and brought her to a violent, muscle-wrenching orgasm.

Bill then removed his own shirt and pants and was about to take off his shorts when she stopped him, saying that it wouldn't be right for them to ball. He told her she was copping out—getting her rocks off and leaving him to his own devices. She finally agreed to give him head but said that "that was all." Ann pulled off his shorts, and out sprang a rock-hard ten-inch cock. She licked and kissed it until it quivered, then jammed the entire shaft down her throat. She withdrew from it slowly, tonguing the un-

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derside, then took it in again. She picked up speed as she went along. Bill finally blew his load down her throat, and she drank it all down, jerking him off and catching the last remnants of his orgasm on her face, in her hair, and all over her lips and tongue. It was really quite a turn-on seeing my wife with come all over her face, sliding that huge joint through her fist, not wanting to miss a drop.

By this time, the woman on the screen was astride the young stud and really grinding and churning, riding him as if it were her first time. Ann sat up and continued to watch while Bill went to the bathroom. He wasn't gone long before she started to slowly rub her clit. Soon she was fingering herself with one hand while rubbing her clit with the other. She was on the point of orgasm when he returned.

He knelt down and sucked her clit and pussy until she was almost screaming. He began fingering her again when she moaned, "Oh, damn it, Billy, fuck me. Put it in. Come on, now!" Off came her skirt, and soon he was on his back. She knelt above him, grabbed his tool, and rubbed it on her clit while watching the movie. She then put in just the head and withdrew it several times, driving them both up the wall. Finally, Ann sank down to the hilt with a wail and began to skewer herself on that slick shaft, faster and faster, until they both exploded with mind-bending sound effects.

By this time the movie had ended, and Bill got up to put on one of my old films. By the time he got back to bed, she was steaming again. She sucked him and licked him and finally coaxed him back to a condition where he could once again do her some good. Ann then lay down with her ass in the air, and Bill slowly shoved himself balls-deep into my wife's sopping and awaiting snatch. He gave her a nice, slow passionate fucking, while she played with her clit with both hands.

I couldn't stand it anymore. I'd had my cock out for half an hour already but could think of better things to do with one of the best erections of my life. I completely undressed in the closet, listening to my wife moaning and approaching yet another orgasm. Ann was really going wild when I stepped into the room, and she was by then too far gone to even look surprised. I put my cock in her face, and she gobbled it up hungrily. I came violently down her throat before either one of them had climaxed, then stood back, and watched the action. Bill was hammering away on my lovely wife, who was moaning, writhing, and mumbling half-coherent obscenities. When they finally exploded, we switched positions and I screwed her like I never had before. We took turns far into the night, until she was just too sore to continue.

This experience has freed our social lives to an unbelievable extent. Both of us now understand each other's desires and needs much better than before. We no longer have to grill each other about our whereabouts, because we no longer feel threatened.

I've always been the horny one, but I can't believe my wife. I once came home early to find her and one of her finer-looking girl friends sharing a two-headed dildo. They were both drenched in sweat and in each other's come, moaning and groaning, just fucking the shit out of each other with that big dildo. I later had my way with both of them, and the three of us really got off on it.

I, my wife, and assorted friends want to thank you and Penthouse *for starting the ball rolling.*—R.G.

Next time, why not film yourselves in the act? Then, for your next party, you could show your own home movies and maybe convince some of your more inhibited friends to join in the fun.

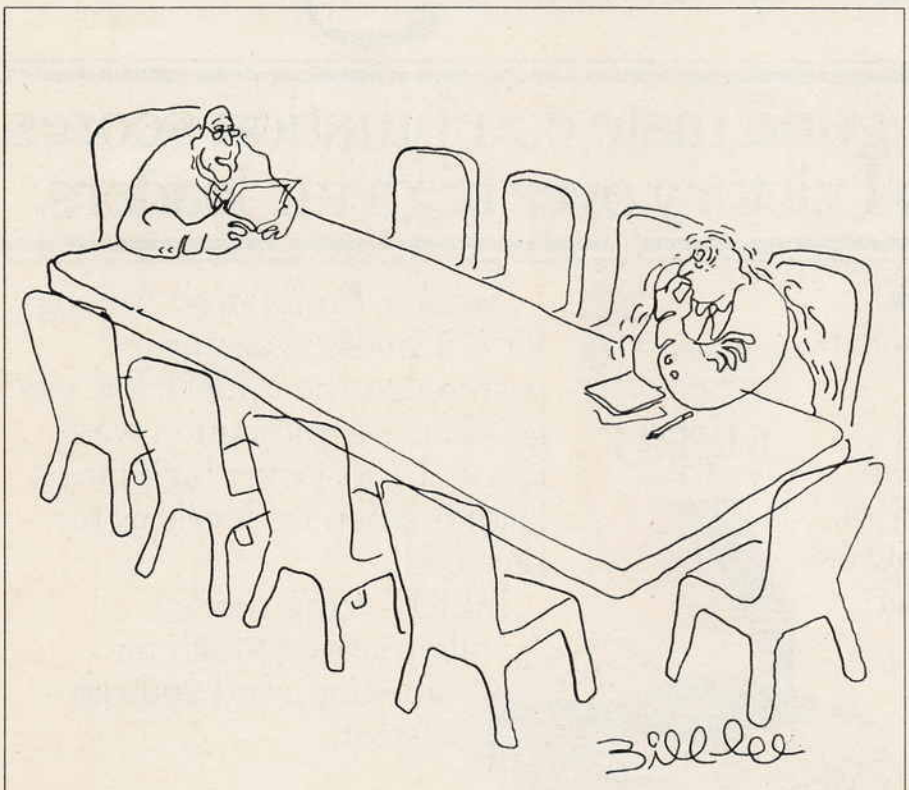
WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

Women acrobats have been a turn-on for me ever since, as a young boy, I watched them perform on the old "Big Top" television circus. My earliest memory of a hard-on goes back to the "Big Top" contortionists who twisted their bodies into strangely pleasing shapes while I tugged at the prepubescent swelling in my Dennis the Menace jeans.

A recent rainy day forced me indoors to join my two young daughters in watching a children's circus show. The appearance of four leggy blonde acrobats doing a series of gymnastic routines with splits and bends stirred my cock instantly and forced me to send my daughters off to watch the program in another room.

Following a drawn-out split maneuver in which one of the women stood on the tops of two chairs and pushed them apart with her feet, my cock was fully erect and throbbing. The next routine demonstrated the flexibility of one acrobat's legs as two assistants twisted her legs into pretzel formations. A mound of shaved pussy rose and fell as the legs were manipulated about. A walking backbend with the pussy facing the camera revealed the lips of the woman's cunt spread against the soft-yellow contours of her leotard.

Then a fanfare of musical accompaniment announced the grand finale of the act—a protracted backbend in which the woman arched back to retrieve a glass with her mouth. She grabbed the inside of her thighs and slowly began to fall backward. As she reached the midpoint of her stretching, my wife entered the room. She quickly assessed the situation, since I had often talked of my boyhood fantasies about acrobats. Without saying a word, she stripped down and sat on my stiff cock, now slippery with its own juice. She worked my shaft in as far as it would go, and I could feel a series of spasmodic contractions inside her. She was careful not to obscure the real focus of my lust on



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the television screen. The woman was now straining to keep her body from breaking in two or from falling backward to the floor. As she reached the glass, her lower legs were bent at cruel angles to support the unnatural tension. Through it all the cunt rose slowly until it crowned the whole achievement—opened like a full rose. As she paused in this gloriously contorted pose, an orgasm ripped into my wife's cunt—it exploded as if it had been repressed since some early stage of youthful lust. I rocked and bucked as if her channel could not contain the rapid spasms of release.

I have never analyzed my intense reaction to such acrobatics. Is my reaction excessive or unnatural, or would you say that most men react this way to such stimulation? It seems the backbend is almost a sexual ritual—it is an offering up of the cunt in a way that suggests sacrifice and capitulation.—C.M.

It is unfortunate that we do not see more pictures of female acrobats, women wrestlers, or female mud-fighters, since they do indeed seem to be a subject of men's fantasies. The combination of the sportive element, sex, and, in some cases, the violence of the fight can be highly stimulating for the male libido. This is especially true when the women are attired in tight-fitting leotards that reveal a partially exposed cunt or breast because of the various positions or when the clothing gets ripped off by the competitor. Women usually get turned on by pictures of men in uniforms—policemen, servicemen, doctors in white coats, repairmen, burly truckdrivers (cowboys on wheels), sweating construction workers holding their drills, and, of course, sportsmen. Boxers like Mohammed Ali draw large crowds of sexually excited women around them because of the competitive element, which makes it all the more inspiring.

So, your reaction is not at all unusual. Maybe you can get your wife interested in yoga or belly dancing. As long as you don't request that she hang from the trapeze while she is cooking your meal or fucking your cock, I don't see any harm in this innocent and playful fantasy.

LOOKING FOR MRS. GOODBAR

Both my husband and I are in our early twenties. He is very handsome (it makes me very proud when all my friends gape in open envy!), tall, and muscularly built. He is also very sexually gifted. We are sexually open and will try anything new and fun.

Lately, we've been discussing our fantasies. Mine are fairly easy to achieve. My lover must wine and dine me, then treat me like a princess, taking great care and tenderness when he makes love to me. At the end we are in a frenzy, making wild love until we are exhausted.

My husband's fantasy entails his making love to a different woman or as many as three different women at once. He has always done his best to fulfill my fantasies, so it is only fair that I help him achieve the utmost sexual satisfaction. I know how great our love is for each other, so I trust him. I also know that it would be done with honesty and openness—there would be no sneaky affairs that would ruin our perfect marriage.

How does one go about getting three total strangers together at one time? I can't just go up to people and say, "Would you like to fuck my husband?" Do you think it would be better if he went out alone to pick and choose as he pleases? Please give us some helpful hints on how to go about this.—K.G.

Picking up partners together can be much more fun and exciting and successful, provided it is done naturally. For instance, your husband does not necessarily have to mention that you are his wife. You could just be a good friend who likes women. This way you can share partners who suit both your tastes, and the new girl will not feel guilty about intruding on a stable marriage.

You could both participate in seducing a woman. While he chats with her, you could arrange the drinks, put on a suitable record, and lower the lights. In other words, one of you could be in charge of mood-setting and the other in charge of entertaining. You could run a nice bubble bath and set out a candle with two or three glasses of wine or champagne in the bathroom for that great moment when you all decide to step out of your clothes and frolic around in the water. Whether you pick up one, two, or three girls is a matter of luck, but if you're planning on large parties, you might as well build a king-size whirlpool.

You might try shopping at a swingers' club, such as Plato's Retreat in New York. There you could check out the merchandise beforehand.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

My husband and I have been married for almost eight years. We were both each other's first. Our sex life has been good—with each other and with a few others.

My problem has to do with fellatio. In all the years we've been married, I have enjoyed making my husband come by sucking only three times. My problem is that I can put only so much into my mouth without choking and becoming sick. I love watching my husband squirm while he tries to come, but this takes forever, and we always end up switching to other methods.

The other night he surprised me by climbing on the roof and coming in through our kitchen window naked. I got so turned on that I felt I just had to eat him. We were very engrossed when all of a sudden he moved his hips and pushed his cock to the back of my throat. I swallowed

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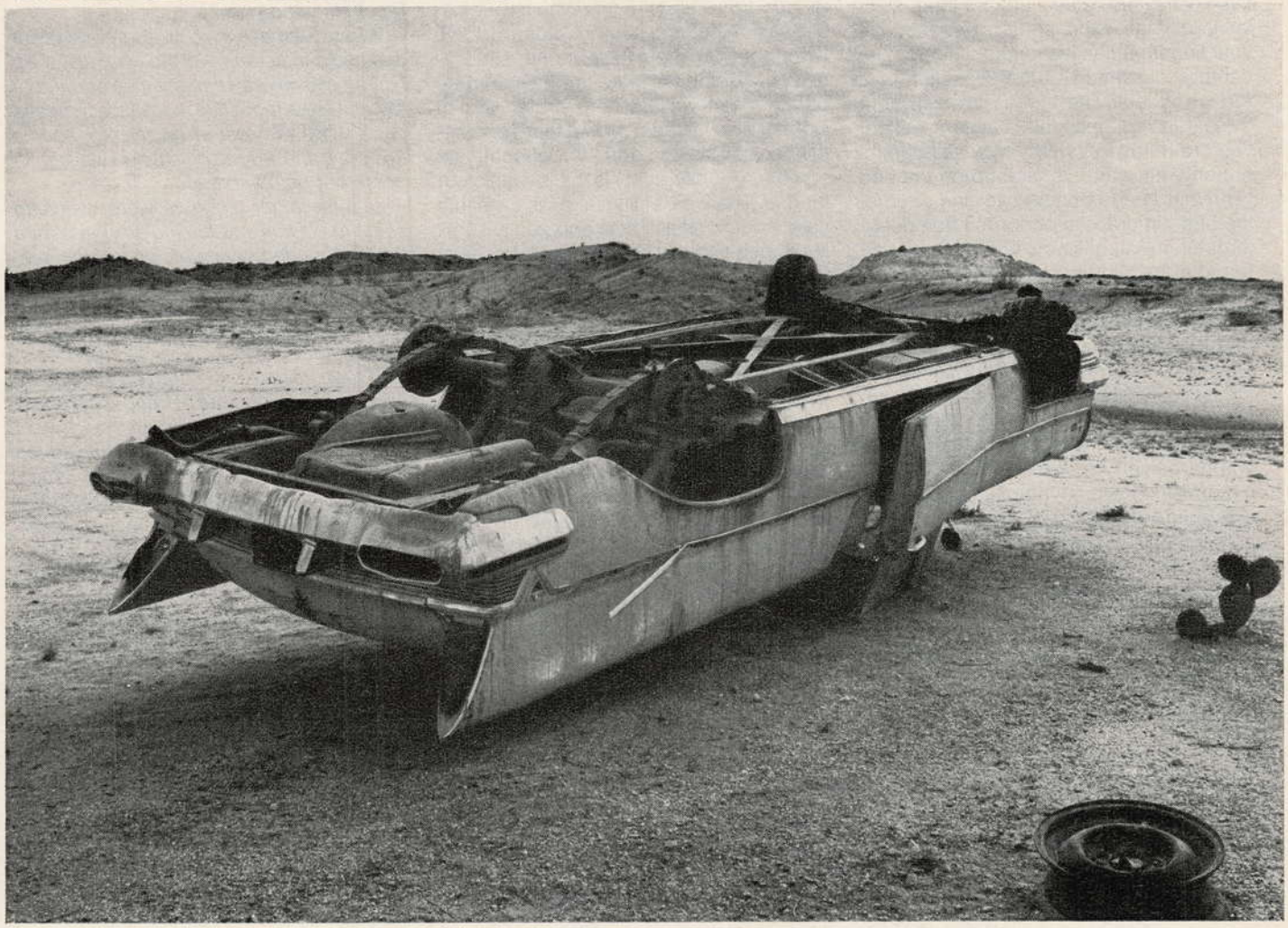

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his come very quickly to avoid feeling sick. Do you have any suggestions on how I could get over this feeling?—T.T.T.

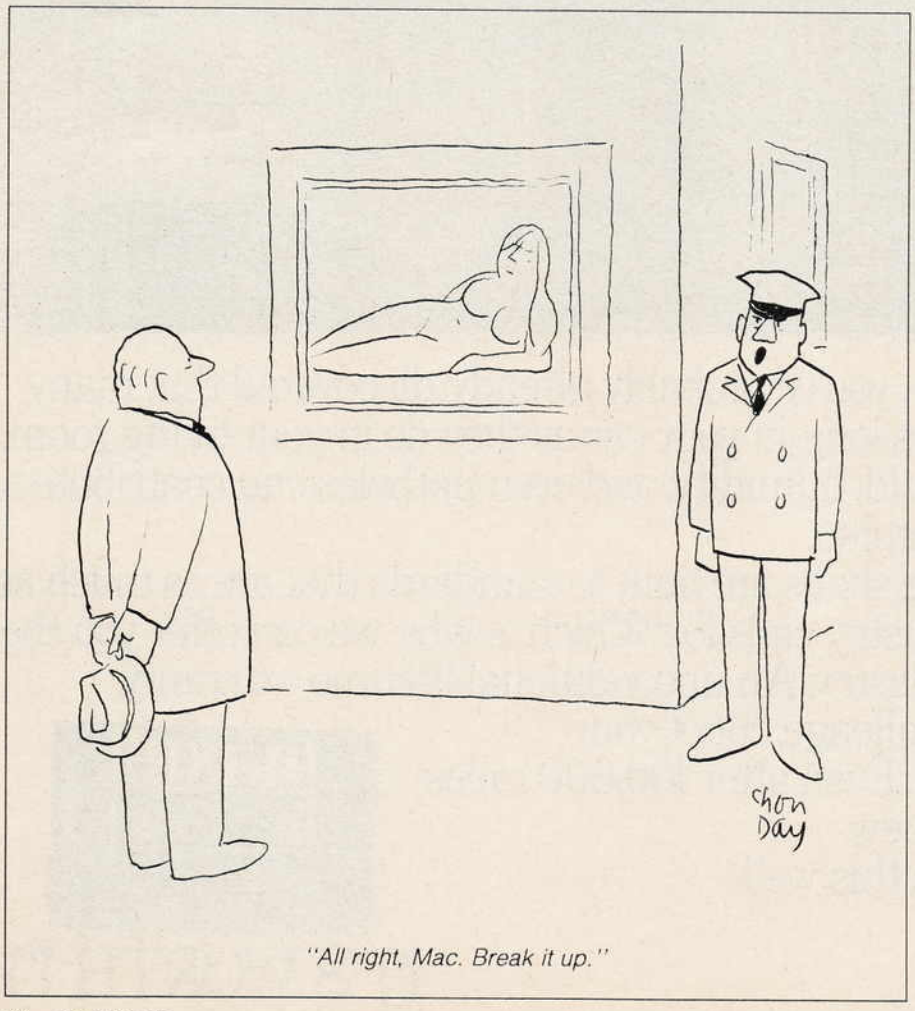
The gagging reflex in women isn't surprising when you consider that many people actually choke to death from particles of food considerably smaller than an erect penis.

There are ways to practice control of this involuntary reflex. One method, similar to a yoga exercise, is to stroke with your finger behind the tongue until you become accustomed to the sensation of a foreign object. The trick is to keep your throat relaxed; once this is accomplished, you are ready to try your new self-control out on your man. Lie face-up on the bed with your head hanging over the edge of the bed. (In order to perform a true deep-throater, it is necessary for the mouth and throat to be aligned to make room for all that cock. This angle too, can be something of a challenge, as some women find that they become dizzy in this position. The man then slowly and gently inserts his penis. To complicate matters even more, make sure to breathe only on each withdrawal stroke or you might get more than you bargained for. If this sounds like too much work, have no fear. Once you have mastered the technique, you and your lover will reap the rewards of a magnificent performance.

Remember to keep your mouth gripped firmly around your husband's penis, particularly the upper part, because men love that feeling of suction around the cap, the rim, and the top of the shaft just under the rim, which are the most sensitive areas. Different men, of course, have different preferences, but as a general rule the two basic movements are up-and-down, with the tightened lips resembling the entrance of a tight vagina, and the flicking of the tongue from left to right. When your coordination becomes more adept, these two motions should be done simultaneously. Some men like the tongue to be barely moist while others prefer you to slobber all over them so that they're swimming in saliva. And don't forget about the scrotum. Gently lick his balls with your tongue. Then, carefully, take his balls into your mouth one at a time and gently suck. Most men find this extremely erotic. Also, keep your hands busy. Fondle his balls while sucking on his cock, though here, too, preferences vary as to pressure. And if there's anything that you haven't succeeded in getting into your mouth, wrap your hand around that, too.

In time, you will get accustomed to swallowing your husband's come—as with caviar, you have to acquire a taste for it.

With a little experimentation, you really can't lose. Men simply love blowjobs—so much, in fact, that I doubt that there are very many men who haven't tried bending down and doing it to themselves.



"All right, Mac. Break it up."

OVER THE HILL

My girl friend, Judy, is a very sexy lady, and she enjoys sex immensely. Judy always gives her pussy to me anytime I want it, and I offer her my cock for the asking. We never turn each other down. I am 24 years old. Judy is 23, five feet four inches tall, with a 36-25-36 body that makes my prick get stiff just thinking about it. We love each other and stay close together as much as we can.

When we have sex, it is great except that she can't come "all the way." By that, I mean she will say that she has come, but to her it feels more like just a little "sneaks out," while the rest of her climax seems to be on the edge, pulsating, waiting to come out but unable to.

Just the other night we were watching some fuck films and fooling around. When the film ended, we got into some real grinding and I put her legs over my shoulders (we had never done it that way before) and pounded hard into her fabulous box, just the way she likes it, when all of a sudden it felt like the dam broke. Judy's juices just squirted out of her pussy, soaking my nuts and all my pubic hair, went down the crack of her ass, and left an eight-inch spot on the bedsheet. Afterward all she could do was lie there and moan. I have never seen her look so beautiful or contented before.

We had another go at it later that night but no luck. We figured that maybe her earlier orgasm had been so intense that she might not be able to have another one right away, so we went to sleep.

I called her up the next day and asked her if she wanted to come over and watch some new films I had bought. She got all excited and came right over. We placed a mattress on the floor and took off all our clothes except her panties. Before the first film was over, she was already breathing heavily and running her finger over the outside of her panty-covered pussy, holding my dick in her other hand. By the end of the second film we couldn't control ourselves any longer and were sucking and licking each other all over. She screamed out, "Oh, James, make love to me now. Fuck me!" I got on and shoved it home and started fucking her with long, smooth strokes. I thought she was going to blast off again. Her pussy started contracting, but she put out only a small amount of her juice. She was breathing hard as hell and kept trying to let it out, but it wouldn't come. I came with such force I thought my nuts might go with it. But she never did, and she started crying. "Why won't it come? It was so close, but it just won't come. The other night was so beautiful. Why can't I do it again?" I said to her, "Maybe you're trying too hard. Maybe you should just relax and let it happen instead of trying to force it." Do you think this is good advice?—J.P.

You are so right in telling her that trying too hard only makes matters worse. In general it is a lot harder for a woman to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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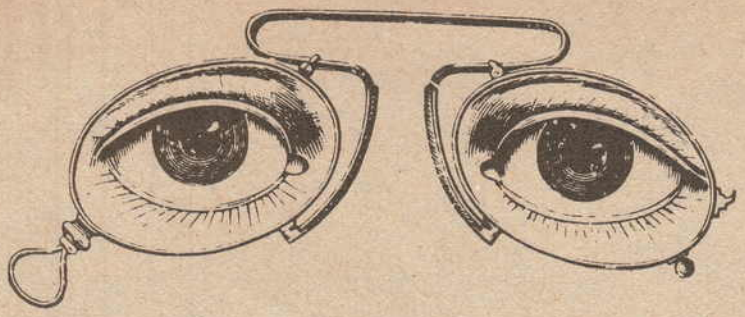


VIEW FROM THE TOP

DO YOU FEEL A DRAFT?

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

In 275 B.C. Manius Curius Dentatus was assigned the thankless task of raising an army among the citizens of Rome to do battle against Pyrrhus. Manius and his superiors in the Roman Empire were extremely concerned about the approach of Pyrrhus and his army toward the city, but the young men of Rome were not. When Manius asked them to volunteer for military service, not one man stepped forward. He began reading names of young men aloud from census lists, and for each man that did not answer, Manius wrote the name down on a slip of paper and dropped it into an urn. Each man having his name in the urn, Manius warned, would have his property seized by the government and put up for public sale.

The young men immediately complained to the tribunes about this injustice. That was a mistake: each man who complained not only had his property confiscated but also was sold into slavery. Shortly thereafter, all the eligible young Romans signed up for military service.

We may laugh about Manius's technique, but consider what future historians will conclude about the way the United States of America handled its own draft registration problem in A.D. 1980.

First, historians will wonder why there was any draft registration at all. Although America was not involved in a war, Jimmy Carter said registration was necessary as a "symbol" against aggression by the Soviet Union, most notably its invasion of Afghanistan. Historians will be hard pressed to understand how registering—but not drafting—several million young men could possibly have forced the Soviets to evacuate Afghanistan.

Second, and even more serious, will be the question of what this draft registration had to do with military manpower. Historians will note that the United States in 1980 had almost 2 million men already under arms, and while that all-volunteer force had problems, those problems had no connection with the draft. The American military forces had trouble keeping not bodies but *trained* bodies. Their pay scales were too low; while money was spent on attracting recruits into the military, not enough was spent to keep them there after they had signed up.

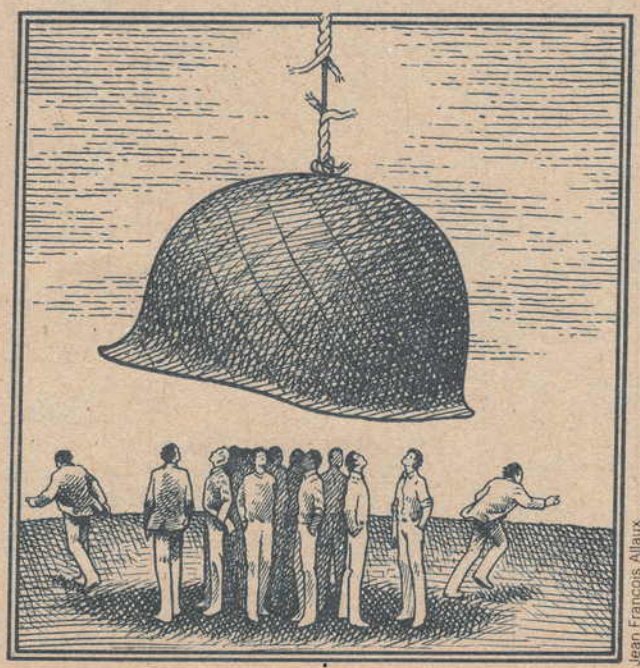
Also, the mechanics of draft registration was entrusted to the U.S. Postal Service, which by 1980 appeared incapable of moving a small folded sheet of paper weighing about one ounce across a major city in less than a week. Also, when the period for registration expired, it turned out that the government had no idea how many men were supposed to register. Unlike Manius, the government had no list of all the young men residing within the empire. It did have sophisticated computers in the Census Bureau that rendered approximate calculations, but their data were estimated to be off by an estimated factor of up to 20 percent.

In the summer of 1980, director of Selective Service Bernard D. Rostker—a squat, baldheaded man who bears a stunning resemblance to a torpedo—announced the results of the new draft registration, even though he had no results to announce. According to Rostker, the government was convinced that it had managed to sign up at least 93 percent of the young men eligible for draft registration. But, added Rostker, since the government had no firm idea of how many men were eligible, it was not prepared to state whether the registration was a success.

A review of the facts:

- The government has no concrete idea how many men age 18–19 live in this country and therefore has no real idea what percentage of them registered.
- The relationship of the draft registration and American military policy—not to mention foreign policy—seems tenuous at best.
- The entire registration is also being challenged in the courts, most especially the question of whether women ought to be included. And while those court cases are pending, no prosecutions of those refusing to register is possible. And if the courts rule against the draft, it will all have been a waste of time and money.

The entire draft registration has been a fiasco, a fact apparent even to some of our country's newer citizens. Recently, newly arriving émigrés from Cuba were told by the Immigration and Naturalization Service that they were not required to register for the draft. They were then turned into instant criminals by the Selective Service, which ruled that the Cubans were guilty of failing to register. The uneasiness with which they now regard the government of their newly adopted country is understandable.



Jean-Francois Allaux

Manius might have been appalled at this tragicomedy, but his methods didn't have much going for them, either. It is a fact that the forced impressment of Rome's citizens into armies during his time planted the first seeds of the empire's decline and eventual fall, a possibility that never occurred to him.

Our own government doesn't seem to have given much thought to that question, either.

SCENES

AS TIME GOES BY

The last thing you want to know when you look at a calendar is the date. Or what you're supposed to be doing on that date ("Get penicillin shot . . . Call parole officer. . . ."). Who wants to face the day, anyway?

The whole point about calendars is that they make you *forget* the when-and-where of your trivial life by taking you out of it and into the fantasy of your choice. Why spend the day in small-claims court, like you're supposed to be doing, when you can check your brains between the tits of February's Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader?

Traditionally, the most popular forms of distraction and procrastination have always been Gorgeous Girls, Cute Animals, and Pretty Places. These veteran pinups still abound in 1981's calendar crop, but the wits and smart-asses in the calendar-making industry are forever trying to broaden our horizons. Thanks to their feverish ingenuity, we can also avoid our dentist appointment by drooling over Oreo cookies, World War II fighter planes, or Miss Piggy in a bubble bath.

Thank God some traditional values still prevail. If you don't go for the girl on the calendar you got in the mail from Able Auto Body, consider these alternatives in the Gorgeous Girl category. ***The Nude*** (Universe) makes a lot of promises with its reproductions of fine-art studies of the flesh. But it takes a man with real imagination to get off on Matisse's "Bathers by a River," in which the nudes look like tree trunks attacked by some killer fungus. Still, there's a Renoir "Study for the Bathers" that makes October a month worth living. Sorry to report, ***An Erotic Calendar by Raffaelli*** (Diverse Industries) looks like outtakes from a raunchy B-movie—with the notable exception of September's blonde, who appears to be enjoying her activities immensely.

This year's real class act in girlie calendars is a giant ***Vargas*** number (Universe), with the artist's come-hither beauties in all their classic poses; it's worth waiting all year to get to December's truly inspirational leg study. Another worthy collection of vintage calendar art is ***Fantasies of Women by Icart*** (Universe), whose leaves double as postcards. Only what fool would want to part with these enchanting specimens of 1920s soft-core eroticism? We particularly like the poses involving furry animals.

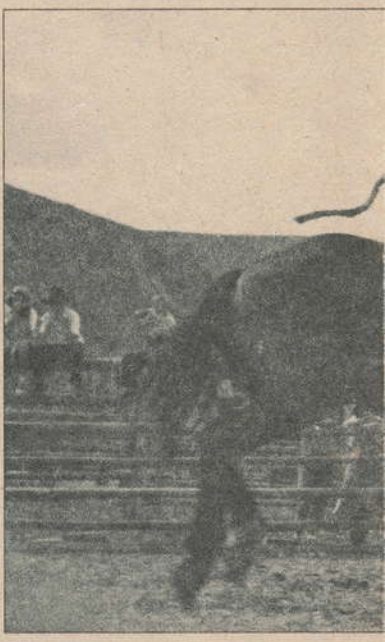
Softcore eroticism: Fantasies of Women by Icart.

Nancy Moran/Sygma

Cover girl quality: Miss Piggy.

If none of the above stirs your blood, there's always ***The Miss Piggy Cover Girl Fantasy Calendar*** (Harry N. Abrams), which this year features that overdone porker on the covers of a dozen different magazines, where she is appallingly cute. Or, for certain secret tastes, there's the annual ***Arnold Schwarzenegger Calendar*** (Simon & Schuster), with exercises yet. Here's Arnold, nicely oiled as always, showing you machos all those tricky weighted-decline sit-ups and one-arm laterals you've been dying to try out. But September's pinup pose—Arnold and two buddies with veins popping out like worms and their heads looking the size of peach pits—is enough to put you off your Labor Day barbecue feed. If you still insist on jock pinups, you might go for the scabby, sweaty models for ***Women's Sports*** (Bo-Tree), which records, along with Mother's Day, such significant sports milestones as the day (June 27, 1954) Mrs. B. Dyer reeled in a 1,052-pound great white shark.

The Cute Animals crop seems a little tired this year, and B. Kliban's usually dependable ***Catcalendar*** (Workman) is altogether too benign to supply its customary nasty perspective on the genre. Kim La Fave makes a mighty effort to launch a frog fad with ***Frogs*** (Van Nostrand Reinhold), but the whimsy is *so* relentless. It's a handsome production, however, and comes complete with froggy poems, like the Jules Renard one that goes: "They come up from the ooze like sighs. . . ." Bo-Tree's series on horses, cats, birds, and things ($5.95 each) is less than inspirational, but part of the sales proceeds goes to the Humane Society, and that's nice. Only ***Whales and Friends*** in Bo-Tree's winsome-creatures series transcends charity, with its dramatic Lowell Herrero drawings of killer orcas and adorable penguins.



Bathroom wall hangings:

Competing with the whales for best-in-show here is ***The Unicorn*** (Pomegranate Artbooks), which celebrates the fantastic beast in druggy-looking paintings by such fantasts as Vaclav Vaca and Wolfgang Grasse. But on reflection, your best bet in the beasties department has got to be the classy ***Audubon Calendar*** (Abbeville Press), with its detailed color renderings of roseate spoonbills and white gyrfalcons and like that.

Not that you should care a whole lot, but my own personal choice in this category is the ***Rodeo Calendar*** (Crosswinds). No, not for the bulls, broncos, and

steers being ridden, wrestled, and roped, but for the gorgeous animals atop (and occasionally under) them. Aside from their agonized expressions, these brutes are divine. Only, I'm conflicted on my Pet of the Year. Will it be Mr. April, with that rope coiled between his manly teeth? Or Mr. May, spread-eagled so seductively on his manly bull?

Sex and kittens, they keep telling us, are not the only fantasy subjects for rainy Mondays of calendar-watching. People apparently also like to daydream about Pretty Places. Or so we judge from the tired old calendars pushing

Fritz Menle/Photo Researchers, Inc.

rodeo's divine brutes.

covered bridges and seagulls perched on lobster pots. Frankly, we can't see the sense in paying good money for Jill and Leon Uris's calendars extolling the beauties of ***Jerusalem*** or ***Ireland*** (Bantam). Why should we finance Jill and Leon's trips to pretty places we visit only via calendar photographs?

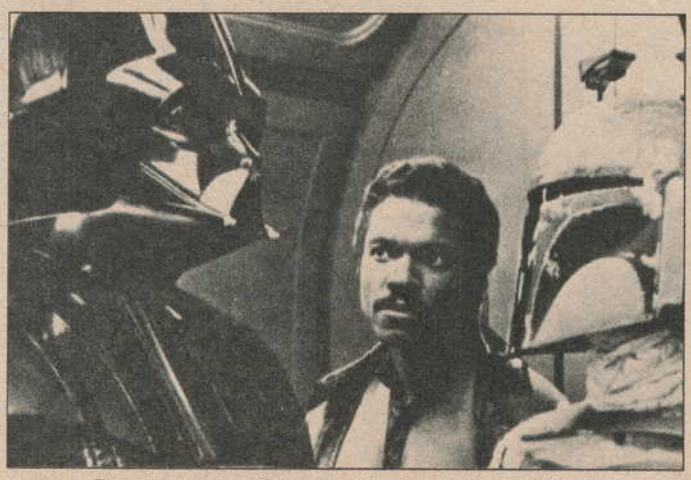
Still, if that's your poison, at least get a quality job, like the ***Robert Frost Engagement Calendar*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), which has a compact size and functional page layout to go with the poetry and the eat-your-heart-out photographs of New England. Or go for laughs, with shots of shopping malls in sunny Central Oregon. (You think I'm kidding? Turn to September in your ***Beautiful Sunriver*** calendar from the Beautiful America Publishing Company.) Or, better yet, be the first clown in your crowd with a ***Mount Saint Helens*** calendar (Beautiful America), featuring fun views of the volcanic mountain spewing ash, lava, and deadly gases.

Okay, so you'd rather be serious, in keeping with the new swing to conservatism. After four years, you're sick of guilt-tripping because you've never gotten past February in the ***Eat & Run*** diet-and-exercise manual (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). And ever since you broke your leg falling through a pothole in the last marathon, you don't want to see sailboats and skiers on your wall when you wake up. For 1981 you want to be serious, sedentary, and just a bit contemplative . . . So maybe you ought to get into Fine Art.

You never *saw* so much serious Fine Art as the stuff on this year's calendars. Besides such conventional entrants in this favorite-artist category as ***Norman Rockwell*** and ***Charles W. Russell*** (both from Abbeville), there are also those intimidatingly toney numbers like ***The Arts of China*** (Universe) and ***The Calligraphers' Engagement Calendar*** (Taplinger), which always seem too elegant to muck up with life's shoddy realities, like "Have carburetor cleaned." The real pick of this lot is the ***Calder Calendar*** (Clarkson N. Potter), with photos of the artist's work and personal commentary ("A mobile is a very modest thing").

People who live in lofts, airplane hangars, or other places with a lot of wall space might go for the outsized specimens. Like Dino Parenti's color-crazy designs for Figi Giftware—humongous rainbow daubings, printed on metallic stuff and guaranteed to take up an entire wall. Or B. Kliban's giant ***16-Month Back-to-School Poster Calendar*** (Workman Press), with 16 favorite drawings. Not a cat in the lot, but it includes the artist's classic "gourmet and fly" and other nasty drawings of note. For *really* special artistic tastes, we confess a soft spot for the sick beauty of the ***Cheyco Leidmann Photo Art*** number published by Verkerke Reprodukties BV, P.O. Box 67, Ede, Holland. Every outsized poster-page celebrates the female form, or parts of it, but in a most peculiar fashion—edging up to a car bumper, flashing a razor on the Nevada desert, licking a dab of blood, going down on a Buick.

Every year sees its share of spin-off (and pure rip-off) calendars, cloned from some parent project like a movie or a book. The cheapie ***The Empire Strikes Back*** (Ballantine) is a case in point. Imagine paying $6.95 for a few movie stills and a monthly record that observes the cast's birth dates! (Carrie Fisher's a Libra,



Rip-off calendar of the year: The Empire Strikes Back.

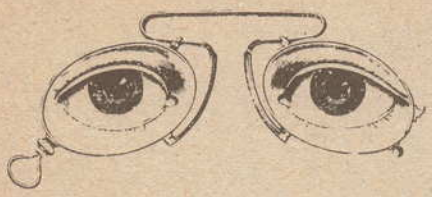
J. Andanson/Sygma

Liza: silver-screen trivia.

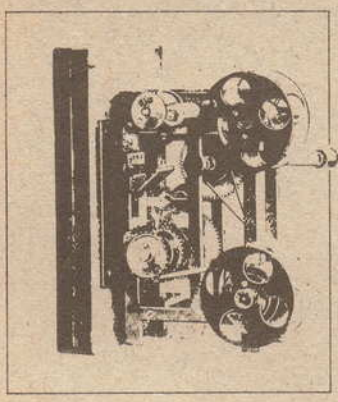
wouldn't you know it?) Film buffs do altogether better with ***The Movie Fan's Calendar*** (Universe), a real love-labor by Harold P. Burbage, Jr., and Michelle Jaal. Every day is jam-packed with silver-screen trivia. Can you live without knowing Liza Minnelli's first screen appearance (in Mommy's arms, in the 1948 movie *In the Good Old Summertime*)? Or the release date of the first sex exploitation film (November 24, 1913: *Traffic in Souls*)?

For any of you individualists whose buttons haven't been pushed yet, we recommend: ***The Illustrated Jewish Heritage Desk Calendar*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), perfect for people with an identity crisis and filled with uplifting thoughts-for-the-day ("If you want life, expect pain") . . . ***Cookies '81*** (Abbeville), a stroke-book for cookie monsters, with its sinful pinups of brownies and tarts and other sexy taste-sensations—complete with recipes . . . and, finally, ***The Pregnant Woman's Journal*** (Universe), with its day-by-day advice on what's going on in there. Okay, so give that one to a friend.

As for me, I'm gracing my desk with the prettiest calendar I've ever seen: ***The Country Diary*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), with its precious illustrations of chaffinch nests and snippets of inspirational country wisdom ("In July shear your rye"). And then, I'm gonna nail that rodeo number to my bathroom wall.—*Marilyn Stasio*



FILMS



SIDESHOW

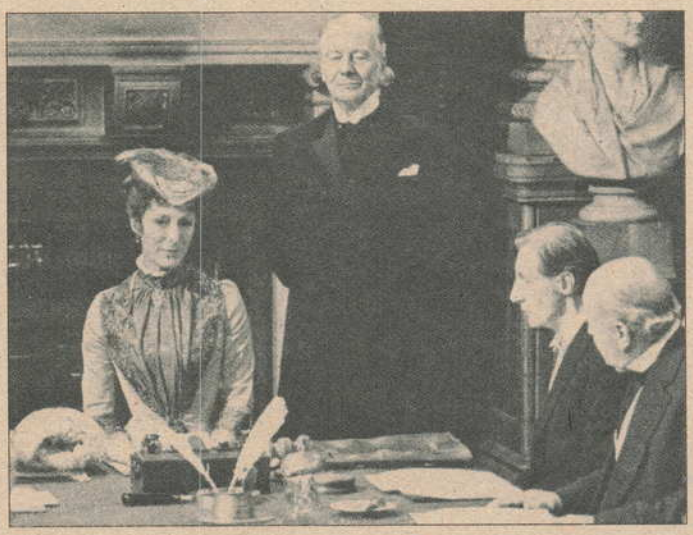
His forehead bulges into huge knobs. His back a mass of fleshy growths, one arm so swollen it cannot be used, his spine twisted in an agonizing curve—he walks, hobbles, like a flowing expression of pain. A cape hides his body. And over the contortions of his almost featureless face, he wears a mask of coarse cloth tucked into his collar in folds that suggest the head and ears of an elephant. He is the movie monster creature at the center of David Lynch's superb new film, ***The Elephant Man***.

His name is John Merrick, and he actually lived in late-nineteenth-century England for 27 years, the last of them in a London hospital, where much of the film takes place. His story has been the subject of a successful Broadway play, upon which the film is *not* based. Discovered in a carnival freak show, he was at first a medical curiosity. Later he became something of a *cause célèbre* when, despite his appearance, he turned out to be an intelligent young man, and his case was taken up by the famous and by Queen Victoria herself. Though recaptured briefly by his sideshow owner, Merrick was returned in time to the hospital and the surgeon who discovered him. Before his death he achieved a degree of comfort, decency, and even content.

Hopkins as the surgeon.

So *The Elephant Man* is in the end a happy film, though a very tearfully happy one. That's why forcing us to contemplate Merrick's hideous face and figure seems the right decision. Once the monster has been revealed (and the process of revelation is suspenseful and scary), our perception of him has nowhere to go but up. The real monsters will, of course, be all those—with normal faces—who laugh and shudder and in a dozen ways humiliate the man within the freak. If anything, the film moves a little too easily into its admiration for that man, considering he hasn't much more than his gentility and the pathos of his situation to recommend him.

But given the proper, if too ready, sentimentality of the better people around him, the handling of Merrick's emergence seems very nearly brilliant. Literate, refined, effusively grateful for each favor ("Most kind!" "Oh, *thank* you. . . ."), in temperament almost a dandy, he is as if by nature a model Victorian gentleman. He even carries a miniature portrait of his beautiful mother ("Oh, she was an *angel!*") to show on suitable social occasions. His triumph isn't merely his uncomplaining solitary courage—we can infer that—but also his pleasant volubility and his excellent manners once the grotesque shell has, for practical purposes, been forgotten.



The Elephant Man: *discovering the man within the freak.*

In an odd way he perfectly expresses the polite world outside him. The world opens its heart in response. But in other ways he expresses the hidden torment that supports the politeness. When the film merges his harsh asthmatic breathing with the sounds of the fiery, sweltering industry it repeatedly observes, we may sense that Merrick symbolically ties his universe together, from the delicacy and fine feeling at the top to the pain and wheezing labor down below. A strange, occasional photographic essay on industrial London runs through *The Elephant Man*, and the body and soul of Merrick seem the reason director David Lynch put it there.

The film has been wonderfully lit and photographed in black and white by Freddie Francis. Its look keeps changing—sometimes it looks like early cinema ("Puss in Boots," the theatrical pantomime Merrick attends before he dies, could almost have been put on film at the turn of the century), sometimes like the shadowy 1940s, sometimes like the high relief of the present day. David Lynch, who is young and perhaps close enough to his American Film Institute apprenticeship (*Eraserhead*, a midnight-movie success) to enjoy an exercise in style, shows here that he has the tact and skill to make us enjoy it, too.

Hurt as the elephant man.

Except for Anne Bancroft as the actress Mrs. Kendal, who befriends Merrick, the major cast is British—and superb. I'd especially cite Freddie Jones as Bytes, the freak-show man who controls Merrick, John Gielgud as Carr Gomm, the sympathetic hospital administrator, and Wendy Hiller as head nurse. John Hurt's Merrick, performed under pounds of makeup is, of course, a tour de force. But it doesn't feel like a tour de force; it is a wholly idiomatic characterization. As Mr. Treves, the surgeon who discovers the elephant man, Anthony Hopkins seems mainly quiet, able, and humane, not too remarkable at first sight. But I have seen *The Elephant Man* twice now, and I know that his is one of the loveliest performances achieved in recent film.

The in-person concert movie is

now common enough to deserve its own category, with its own standards of comparison and success. It would then make sense to say that Bette Midler's ***Divine Madness*** ranks pretty high—a bit below Martin Scorsese's *The Last Waltz* for music and production, and for everything else just a bit more below *Richard Pryor Live in Concert*. To compare Pryor with Midler is to compare comic genius with energetic talent. But that takes nothing at all away from the pleasures of talent and energy. You don't need to be a Midler fan to like *Divine Madness*. You only need eyes, ears, and mind enough to follow into some of the livelier places she's going to lead.

Bette Midler: comic genius or energetic talent?

Everything about Bette Midler proclaims unstoppable energy. It starts with the strutting walk—on heels even when she's not wearing heels—continues through the nervous, almost obsessive fluttering of the arms and hands, and mounts to the big-featured comedienne's face, which is even more active than the body. A long, funny monologue on how the secret, elfin milliners in the basement sew hats for the Queen of England gets such vigorous demonstration that the flab under her arms begins quivering; then, her whole body. And when she stops to ask the parenthetical question "How *old* a woman would you say I am?" everything turns back from the monologue to Midler. She is her own best subject, by way of her age, her vulgarity, her tits, her costumes, the simple purity hidden beneath her gaudy surface—a purity that never makes it past her watchword motto: "Fuck 'em, if they can't take a joke."

Anyone who knows Midler only from the movies, which of course would mean *The Rose*, should appreciate *Divine Madness*, if only because the real article is so much better than the fictional characterization. She sings the title song from *The Rose* here—lovely—but otherwise it's the difference between observing faked neurosis and competent sanity, a sanity underlying the antics of Bette Midler. It survives the parade of crazy costumes, the Sophie Tucker impersonations, and the spectral presence of, I'd guess, half a dozen superstars who seem never very far behind the scene.

Divine Madness, filmed in the Pasadena Civic Auditorium with a live audience, a good band, and fine backup singers, The Harlettes, is set on a generally darkened stage picked out with variously colored spotlights and a halolike glow surrounding the blonde frizz of Bette Midler's hair. Michael Ritchie directed the film, which may not seem his kind of project. It does continue the Ritchie theme of satiric celebration that runs from *Smile* through *Semi-Tough* and *The Bad News Bears*. It also goes a long way toward canceling his most recent, uncharacteristic disaster, *The Island*.

Aggressive dullness: Moore and Sutherland in Ordinary People.

An aggressive dullness waits behind the manners, the maturity, and the quiet good taste of Robert Redford's directorial debut, ***Ordinary People***. It's like the cocktail-party bore who fastens on you each time you're sure you have some special woman caught in your eye. You can sense the dullness in the condescension of the title, as if middle-western Americans leading upper-middle-class suburban lives were by prior judgment "ordinary people." You'll find the dullness everywhere in the threadbare question of unearned guilt that motivates this story of a gentle father (Donald Sutherland), a very chilly mother (Mary Tyler Moore), a mixed-up son (Timothy Hutton), and of course the son's wonderful psychiatrist (Judd Hirsch), who really does have the answer in the end.

The solution (let's postpone the problem) will be "love." Not, alas, as in "making love" but rather as in the love with which a father can embrace a son and a psychiatrist his patient, and without which a mother (the problem) can't embrace anyone at all. Forty years ago, when they had made this movie only a few hundred times, Mom might have been played by Bette Davis, perhaps magnificently, and she'd have known at least how to hate. But Mary Tyler Moore, in a diminished world where there is no evil but merely misunderstanding, "lack of communication," and inability to love, can only retreat into her well-coordinated, tasteful wardrobe. I'm not sure whether to fault the actress or the role. In either case, she is the most pretentiously inexpressive thing in *Ordinary People*; and following closely her are Judd Hirsch's Dr. Berger, Alvin Sargent's screenplay, and a tendency on Redford's part to stick in twice as many explanatory mental-torment flashbacks as the anguish of the moment requires.

I feel secure attacking *Ordinary People* because its target is so

Hirsch as the psychiatrist.

close to home—middle age, middle class, middle brow—but I suspect that the youth-culture rebellion exploited in Alan Moyle's ***Times Square*** is a much greater sellout. It offers a degree of cynicism that a Robert Redford, even if he were trying, could never acquire. *Times Square* is a kind of urban folk musical, and it takes the charming position that New York City's Forty-second Street, with its pimps and pushers, is really a magic landscape full of wonder and freedom in which two teenage girls can make their untalented way through the garbage to instant stardom without ever being raped,

Curry: merchandising gimmick.

murdered, or even ripped off. Their opposition is a daddy (Peter Coffield) who believes in cleaning up the area, and their inspiration is a languorous disc jockey (Tim Currey) who sits in his studio, high above the city, urging everyone to "fly."

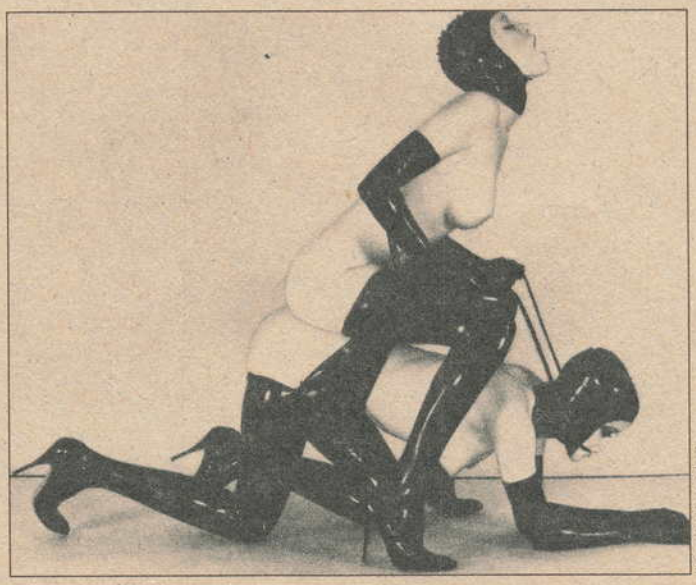
The original music has the five-years-out-of-date sound that infects the movies every time they try hard to keep current. Jack Brackman's screenplay, virtually without narrative logic, borrows from every culture-discontent plot from *Network* on down. But the tip-off comes with Tim Curry. With both its star and its mass costuming out of *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Times Square* is a merchandising gimmick masquerading as a film.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

FUTURE SEX

In our eternal quest to know how the eighties will differ from the seventies, we sent for the latest crop of sex-related books, hoping that there, among the new pop psychological and sociological texts, we might find an important clue to the decade that lies before us. The sexy '70s, which gave us *The Joy of Sex*, *Sex and the Single Girl*, *Games People Play*, *The Sensuous Woman*, etc., are definitely over, leaving us with at least an assumed knowledge of the basics. If by now you do not know that there is only one vaginal orgasm, and that heated massage oil and candlelight create a mood, then you're a boor, a primitive, a subhuman who thinks that sweating is what is meant by body language. There is no place for you in the earnest '80s, the college years of the century, where, after having, in the late '60s, discovered the facts of life, and, in the '70s, dared to discuss them openly, you now must make use of what you learned and be mature. These are the freshman years of your sexual higher education. Flunk out now, and you're doomed to blue-collar sex forever.

Getting Married (McGraw-Hill, $11.95), by Cathy Stein Greenblatt and Thomas J. Cottle, could perhaps be the companion piece to the current '80s best-seller *How to Get Pregnant*, if it were a how-to book. But it isn't a how-to book, and though it purports to explore American nuptial attitudes, it doesn't quite do that either. What it is mostly is a guide to the process of getting married, with first-hand accounts from rather dull-witted participants. Insights include: (1) Boys are not brought up to think about marriage as much as girls are, which is why they can spend years living with women they don't wish to marry. A weak explanation of this phenomenon if you ask me, and one that certainly lets the boys off the hook rather too easily for my taste. (2) Women propose as often as men. (3) Parents will interfere and try to steal the limelight. (4) Everyone will try



Antonin Kratochvil

Rubber fetishists: removing the cloak of weirdness.

Patrick Barnes

Lesbian sex: in crisis?

to get money from you for unnecessary goods and services. Still awake? Yes, this is a great book for an alien who wants to fit in, but there's no news here for those of us born on the planet.

Lesbian Crossroads, Personal Stories of Lesbian Struggles & Triumphs (Morrow, $10.95), by Ruth Baetz. I never fully realized in the '60s and '70s how incredibly boring it is to be a lesbian, but thanks to this '80s book I now know. It's also, it would seem, really depressing and humorless, with none of the fun of being a gay man, none of the style, none at all. Some crossroads. But then, to be fair, this book is intended for gay women in crisis, in hopes that the personal testimony here might be of some help, enlightening, what have you. Once again, though, as with *Getting Married*, the persons interviewed seem amazingly unperceptive about themselves and ordinary to the point of tedium. But then, this is very '80s. Having discovered lesbianism in the '60s and accepted it in the '70s, we embrace it in the '80s as a branch of the Family of Man and Woman. In the '80s we try truly to understand the esoterics and are no longer shocked or titillated by or really interested in anything they do. We are earnest to the point of being blasé and blasé to the point of insensitivity. OM.

Sexual Variations, Fetishism, Sadomasochism and Transvestitism (Simon & Schuster, $12.95), by Chris Gosselin, Ph.D.,

and Glenn Wilson, Ph.D., is aimed at psychologists, psychiatrists, fetishists, sadomasochists, and transvestites, that is, those who study these behaviors and/or practice them. No one else could get through the plethora of graphs and diagrams that abound in the text. And yet this is a neat little book, whose purpose is to catch some glimpse of the causes of the three variant behaviors and, in doing so, to try and remove the cloak of sinister weirdness that surrounds the practice of them. Very '80s, very commendable. Too bad it's such a clinical tome, but of course that's what legitimizes the study. One of their more interesting propositions is that sadomasochism and transvestitism may begin as the less complex practice of fetishism and, like a tumbleweed, gather other behaviors and accoutrements around the fetish core as time passes.

Sexual Confidence, Discovering the Joys of Intimacy (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95), by Dr. Debora Phillips with Robert Judd, is a cheerful work by a nice doctor who wants everyone to enjoy themselves when they're having sex. Written simply and clearly, with humor and sensible, practical advice on dealing with guilt, fear, embarrassment and other sexual inhibitors, this is a responsible and, I think, helpful text for anyone who has or believes he or she has a sexual problem.

Polanski: teen sex.

As for ***Sexually Transmitted Diseases, a Common Sense Guide*** (St. Martin's Press, $9.95), by Maria Corsaro and Carole Korzeniowsky, did you know that STD is the new '80s term for VD? Well, it is, and what used to be a shameful tragedy in the '60s and '70s is just an annoyance in the '80s and something to be looked up in this guide to everything from crabs to warts. Not unlike *The Pill Book*, that druggist's compendium which tells all about prescription drugs, this slim volume takes all the mystery out of herpes, nonspecific proctitis, and PID. Symptoms, tests, and treatments are clearly laid out in a soothing and colloquial tone. A good little reference book to have around the house just in case a friend of a friend should contract anything.

No review of '80s books would be complete without discussion of ***The Roman Polanski Story*** (Grove Press, $8.95), by Thomas Kiernan. I found this unauthorized biography—a genre I am growing to like more and more—extremely entertaining and illuminating. Polanski's childhood, his years at film school, his first sexual experiences with pre-teen moppets and his last—it's all here; and, as with any unauthorized bio, you believe what appeals to you and discard the rest. One thing does seem certain, however: Polanski is in a lot of trouble over that nymphet and Quaalude business in L.A. Seems he admitted to the police, and rather proudly, that he had had sex with the girl and knew she was underage, both of which claims one really should keep to oneself if one doesn't want to go to jail here in the U.S.A.

But after all, that was back in the '70s. Now, in the '80s, we embrace children sexually and exploit them if we can. If children can't look out for their own rights, then that's too bad. They can't have intellectual and moral autonomy and parental guidance, too. So the '80s could mean freedom for Polanski, *Chinatown II* for us, and much much more. Cross your fingers.—*Emily Prager*

SOUNDS

AFRICAN GROOVE

"We're not the same as we used to be," David Byrne announced at the beginning of a recent show by the **Talking Heads,** with a nervous grin tugging at the corner of his mouth. And while their fans gaped, the four preppy-looking Heads, who have been one of the most popular groups to emerge from rock's new wave, brought out five black musicians (bass, percussion, keyboards, and two backup vocalists) and an additional guitar player. With all ten of the expanded Heads weaving and bobbing in time to a boiling, complex funk groove, Byrne began singing, and while his querulous phrasing and sudden falsetto shrieks were familiar from previous recordings (including the band's hit singles "Take Me to the River" and "Life during Wartime"), the words were as different as the music. "The world moves like a woman's hips," Byrne whooped, while Talking Heads aficionados who remembered him as the introverted singer of "Psycho Killer" and "Don't Worry about the Government" stared in disbelief. "The world moves and it bounces and hops."

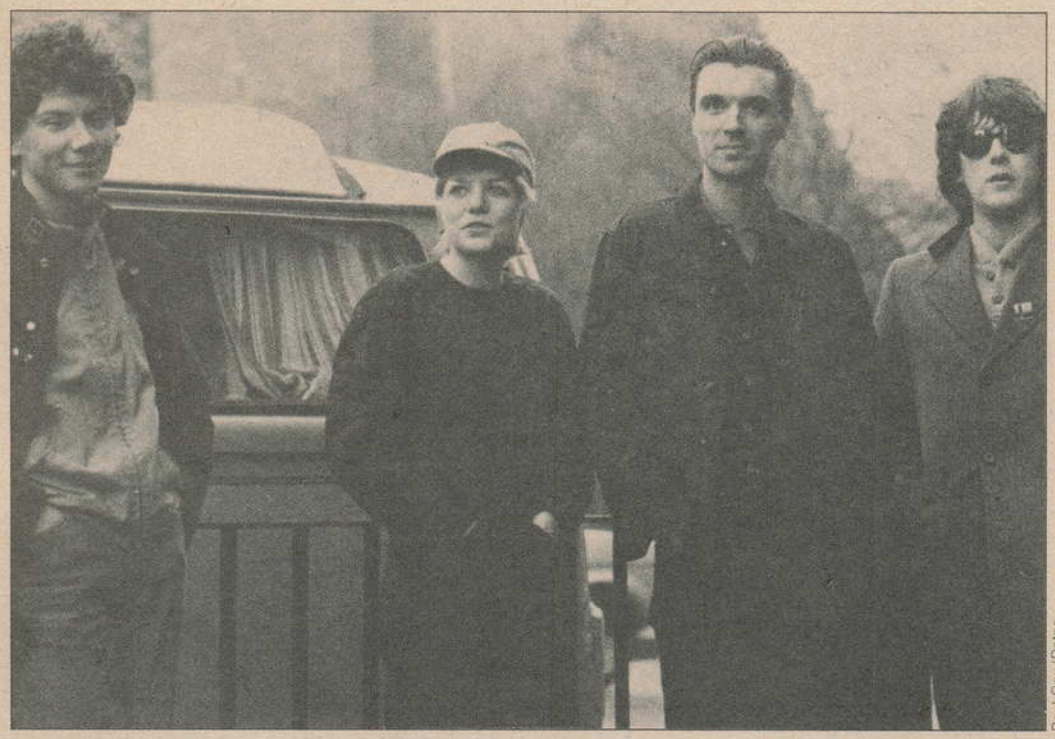
The band was called back for three encores, but not everyone in the audience got the message. "This ain't no disco," screamed one fan, parroting a line from "Life during Wartime," and another listener yelled, "Can the blacks!" The Heads had offended the vocal antidisco elements in the new-wave audience by hiring black musicians and playing funky dance rhythms, and after the show Byrne was aware of it. "I got the feeling there were a number of people out there who didn't quite know what to make of it," he commented with his characteristic understatement. "This must be very foreign territory for people who mainly listen to pop or new wave."

"This," contrary to the outraged opinions of some punk and new-wave fans, isn't disco. It's closer to Afro-Beat, a rhythmically complex pop style developed by African musicians as a mixture of their native traditions and the influence of James Brown. It's also rooted in an appreciation of traditional African and other ethnic types of music and in the work of American avant-garde composers who utilize repetition and African-derived rhythms. "For the past three or four years," Byrne notes, "I haven't listened to much of what you'd call pop or new wave. I've been listening to more and more African music and learning about the sensibility behind it."

Furmanowsky/L.F.I./Retna

Byrne: "foreign territory."

Byrne and Brian Eno, the English composer and avant-garde theoretician who also produces Talking Heads albums, first explored their mutual African interests on a remarkable album called *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts* (Sire). They put the record together by recording a batch of African-inspired instrumental jams and



Paul Cox/Retna

The Talking Heads take on Afro-Beat: like listening to two radio stations at once.

then superimposing various tape recordings over them. Thus one of the Byrne-Eno jams seems to be a rhythmic accompaniment to a field recording of a Lebanese folk-song, while another session backs the ravings of a radio evangelist. ("That sort of ecstatic spiritualism seemed a real appropriate sensibility for this music," says Byrne.) Listening to the album is a little like listening to two radio stations at once, but Eno and Byrne have actually managed to fit their rhythms and their sonic "found objects" together seamlessly; nothing seems out of place or gratuitous.

Meanwhile, Eno was producing an album of music by Jon Hassell, a trumpet player and electronic composer who has fused futuristic and primitive strains into what he calls "fourth world" music. The Hassell LP, *Fourth World Vol. 1/Possible Musics* (Editions Eg /Jem records), demonstrated that African percussion instruments and rhythms and advanced electronics can reinforce each other, and that the result can be stronger than the sum of its parts. The Byrne/Eno and Hassell/Eno albums set the stage for *Remain in Light* (Sire), the fourth Talking Heads LP in as many years and one of the most exhilarating breakthroughs in recent popular music.

Everything about *Remain in Light* is unconventional, including the way it was recorded. The four original Talking Heads—guitarist-vocalist Bryne, guitarist-keyboard player Jerry Harrison, bassist Tina Weymouth, and drummer Chris Frántz—rehearsed with producer and multi-instrumentalist Brian Eno before going into the studio, but they didn't rehearse songs; there weren't any. "These rehearsals were largely done to develop skills and an attitude," Byrne explains, and these skills and attitudes had to do with an increasingly sophisticated understanding of African music. A fascinating book, *African Rhythms and African Sensibility* (University of Chicago Press, 1979), by John Miller Chernoff, inspired Byrne and the other Heads during this period. Chernoff learned drumming from master musicians in Africa, and his book explores the almost spiritual experience of playing complex polyrhythms, offering poetic as well as musical insights.

In the studio the musicians recorded a series of hypnotic instrumentals, which Byrne and Eno later went back and wrote melodies and lyrics for. Sometimes the overlay of voices and added guitars and synthesizers reached almost orchestral dimensions, but the original rhythmic pulse remained firm. The result is a special kind of music that's tribal and psychedelic, sexy and intellectual, repetitive and ever changing, all at the same time. The words are partly elusive imagery and partly phrases borrowed from radio evangelists, political speeches, and other broadcasts. "Don't you miss it! Don't you miss it! Some of you people just about missed it," Byrne sings in "Born under Punches (The Heat Goes On)." A vocal chorus purrs, "We'll get you where you want to be," and Byrne murmurs a heartfelt "thank ya, thank ya." The chorus returns, chanting, "The heat goes on and the beat goes on." What is this song "about"? "I don't quite know myself," Byrne admits, but once the listener is drawn into the warm, pulsing flow of its percussion patterns and sensual electronic colorings, exact meanings become decidedly secondary concerns. "All I want is to breathe," Byrne sings elsewhere in the same song. "Won't you breathe with me?" It's at once a dispatch from the bedroom and an invitation to community-through-rhythm.

In *African Rhythms and African Sensibility*, Chernoff argues that African drumming sounds complex because it's always missing a rhythm—an unheard rhythm that's supplied by the practiced listener. By demanding the active engagement of the listener's mental faculties, and by placing all listeners on an equal footing in relation to the inexorable flow of the music, African polyrhythms furnish an ideal working model for the complex interdependencies of African social life. Byrne and the other Talking Heads are after something similar. You can drift with *Remain in Light* if you want to, feeling its pulsations and listening to the electronics ebb and flow, but the music will be fully appreciated only by an *active* listener who moves to the rhythms while supplying missing meanings to make sense of the fragmented lyrics.

"We're having a good time," David Byrne says of the Heads' new direction. That much is evident, on the record and especially on stage. "When we first performed with the new lineup, last summer in Toronto and New York, it was like a mystical experience. It doesn't happen in the studio when you're putting things on the record one at a time, but with all these people playing together you get this . . . *wonderful feeling*. It doesn't seem to happen playing rock and roll; that's a very different kind of feeling. This one, I imagine, is very similar to what people get in church services. I'll tell you, I just don't have any interest in touring with the small band anymore." Punk and new-wave purists may complain, but the Talking Heads' new African groove seems to be here to stay. The group's latest style offers a feeling of completeness, of belonging, to active listeners and to the musicians as well.—*Robert Palmer*

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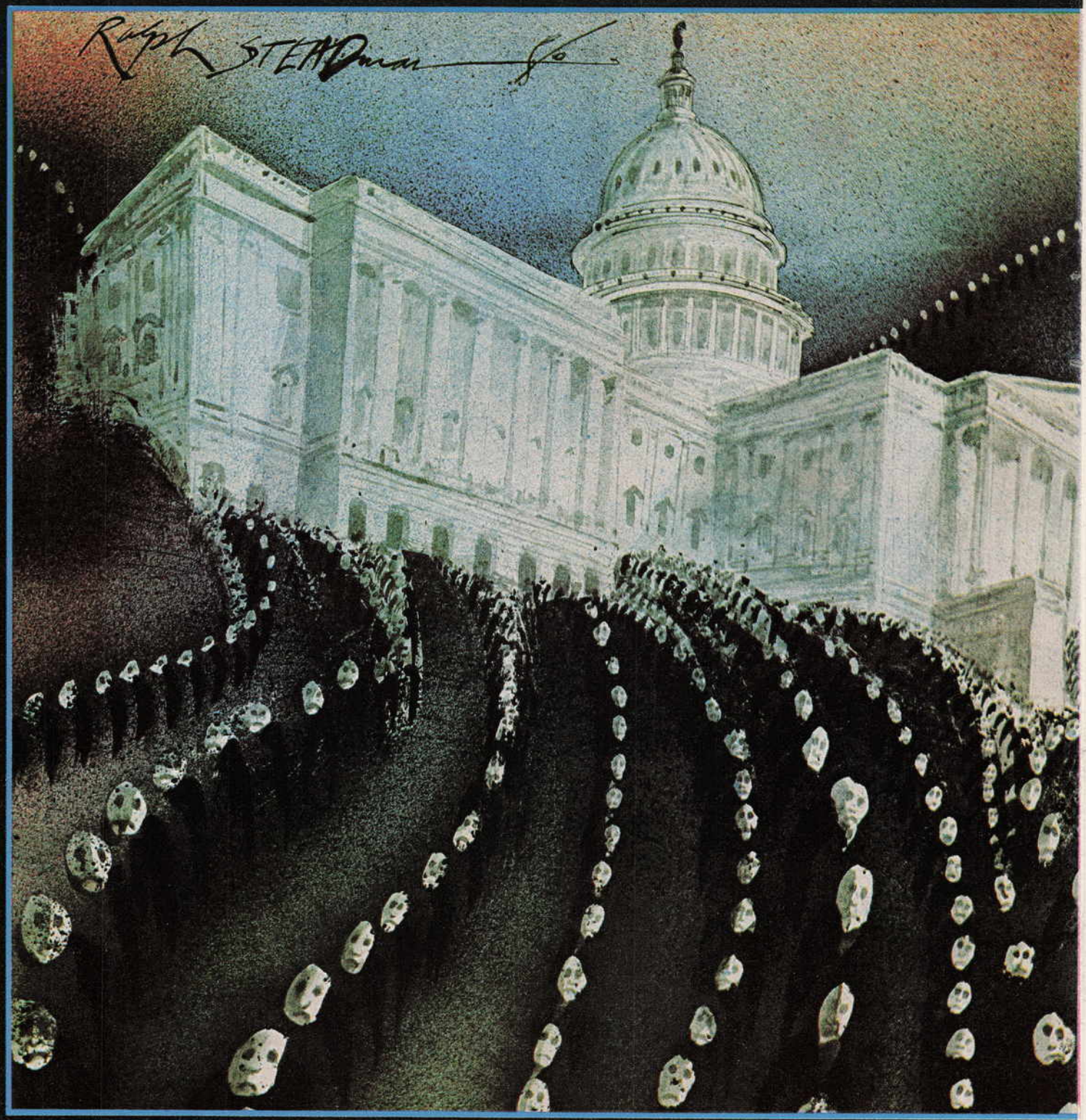
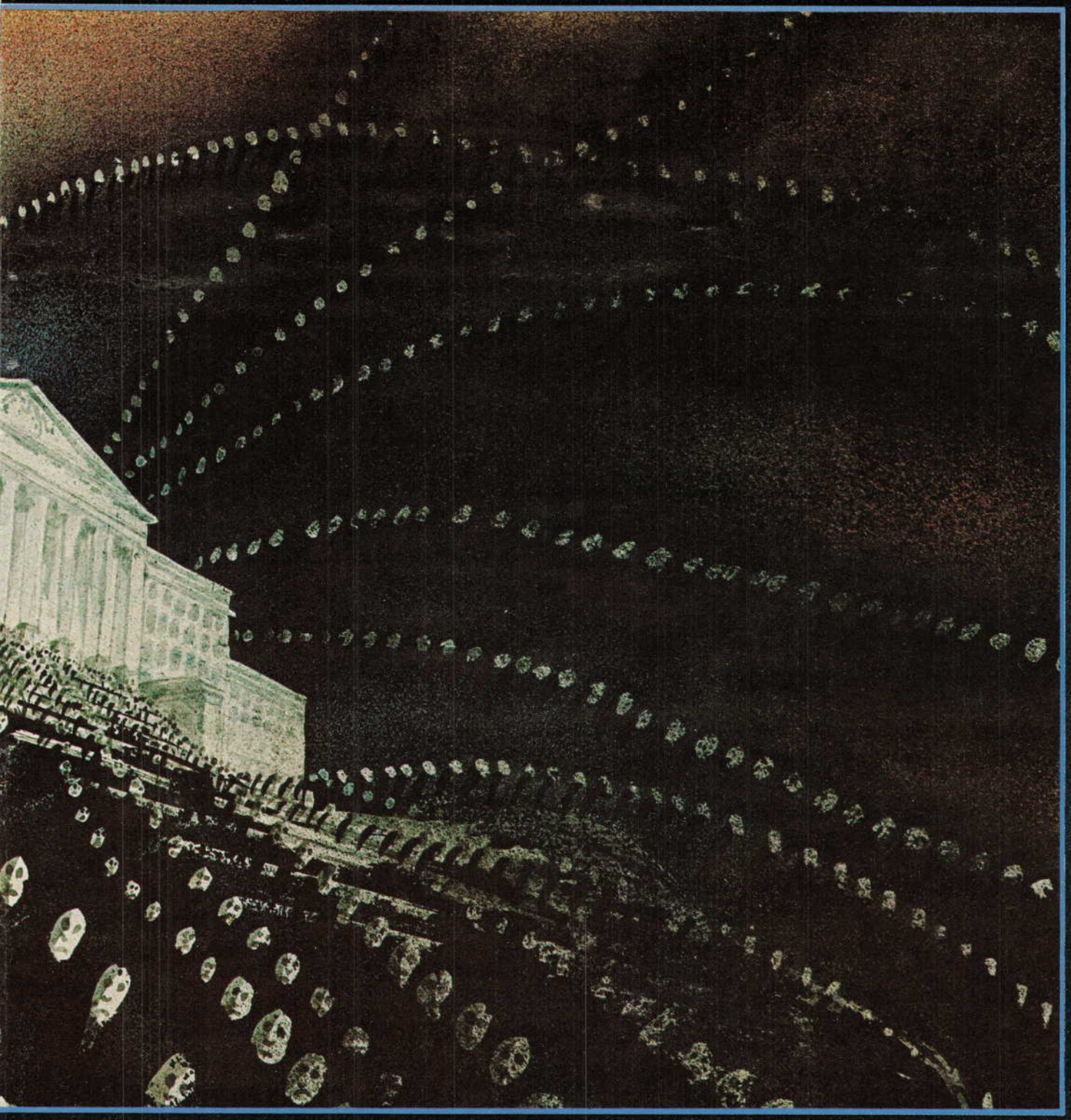


THE GOVERNMENT OF THE LIVING DEAD

Everyone knows that the Washington bureaucracy is destroying our country. But no one knows how to deal with the problem. Here, in an open letter to our new president, is the solution.

BY ROBERT SHERRILL
ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH STEADMAN



It has become obvious to almost all Americans but those on the public tit that the only way to make the government really work for the people is to get rid of most of it.

Something as enormously complex and riddled with defects as the federal government cannot be successfully repaired. It has already been patched up so many times that we are living under the biggest patchwork government the world has ever seen. More patches would just make matters worse. It's time simply to throw out most of the bungled apparatus and start over again. Time to simplify. Time to reduce the operation to a scale that the average American can understand and cope with.

The government is so big that it boggles. And its rate of growth is even more boggling. For the first 140 years of our nation's life, federal spending never exceeded three percent of the gross national product (that is, the total value of the goods and services produced by everyone, privately, corporately, governmentally) except during wars and the immediate postwar periods. Civilian expenditures by the federal government rarely exceeded one percent of the gross national product. But all that ended with the fantastic pump priming of the economy in the 1930s. By the mid-1950s total federal spending was running about 18 percent of the GNP. Today it is about 23 percent. In other words, one out of every four dollars spent in this country is spent by the federal government.

In the early 1930s, there was one government worker for

every ten in industry. Today the ratio is one to four. The federal government has purchased a hammerlock on our lives. And we are paying for our own imprisonment, by quantum leaps. In the first year of President Kennedy's administration, the federal government spent $81 billion. This fiscal year, less than two decades later, the government is budgeted to spend $613 billion—an increase of more than 700 percent.

How does one make sense out of $613 billion? What does a billion mean? In a rare moment of insight, one of our U.S. senators recently tried to put it in perspective by pointing out that "a billion minutes ago, St. Peter was ten years dead."

It would take 613,000 persons working 100 years at $10,000 a year and giving *all* their income to the government to pay for this one year's operation. Or let's spread it a little thinner: every American—every one of the 220 million men and women and children in this country—would have to chip in $2,800 to pay for the fiscal 1981 budget. Like it or not.

For their money, Americans have the privilege of knowing they are supporting a bureaucracy that is inefficient, larcenous, and uncontrollable. The Justice Department has guessed that maybe one out of every ten dollars paid to the federal government is consumed by fraud. But actually fraud is the least of our worries. The worst part, the truly incalculable part, is the amount of *waste*—improper fund disbursements, useless programs, double payments, uncollected bills, mismanagement, carelessness—that goes on.

No matter how much money is spent, nothing seems to work the way it was meant to work.

• We will spend at least $143 billion—more than one out of every four tax dollars—this year for a Defense Department that cannot keep eight helicopters in the air at the same time and admits it could not launch a major offensive overseas with less than three weeks' notice. Of course, the Pentagon claims its failures are due to a lack of money, but it does not hesitate to pour billions down various rat holes, some relatively small, some large—$12 million for the Winter Olympics (some of it to help foreign sports writers file their stories), $10 million for body servants for the brass, a billion dollars for a National Guard that spends most of its time playing poker, and so forth.

• The Department of Agriculture will spend $337 million this year to subsidize tobacco farmers while the Department of Health and Human Resources is spending $48 million on an antismoking crusade.

• The federal budget is full of brainwashing funds. It includes $30 million for Department of Energy propaganda to persuade us that there is an energy crisis. Another $2.5 million is earmarked for a crusade to convince us that we should love the metric system.

• Our two ex-presidents—Mr. Ford, who was never elected to the office, and Mr. Nixon, who left it in disgrace—are costing us $800,000 a year. We paid $2,242 for plants for Mr. Ford's office and $1,200 a year for somebody to come by and water them. He also billed us for such items as a $154 coffee pot. Mr. Nixon recently charged us $45,461 for writing paper and envelopes.

• We spend $1 billion a year on programs to "refresh" our bureaucrats. That includes such things as teaching them how to relax, teaching them how to cope with mid-life career stress, teaching women clerks how to assert themselves (a one-day seminar in that cost us a mere $20,000).

• We will give $1.6 billion to a Postal Service that, with a great deal of luck, may move a letter one city block in three days. Its idea of efficiency is to require the public to memorize nine-number zip codes beginning next year (up from the present five-number zips).

• We will spend $163,689,000 this year on Department of Justice lawyers who haven't won a major antitrust lawsuit against oil companies in 60 years.

> The only way to make the government really work for the people is to get rid of most of it.

• We will spend $639,971,000 this year on a Federal Bureau of Investigation that has not put a Mafia leader behind bars since the agency was founded.

• The Department of Education will get $16.5 billion from us this year (that's just the federal squeeze; at the state and local levels, the school tax is much, much higher); its programs are run so sloppily and its subsidies wasted so lavishly that one out of every seven teenagers in America is functionally illiterate and one-third of all high-school graduates don't know that senators are elected.

• We will spend $1.1 billion this year on a Coast Guard that is so inept it cannot direct traffic between Cuba and Florida.

• We will pay $349,855,000 this year to an Immigration and Naturalization Service that has permitted 8 million illegal immigrants to sneak into the United States. (Like much of the bureaucracy, the INS tries to cover its inefficiency with cockeyed "humanitarianism." It plans to pay some of the captured illegal aliens wages of four dollars an hour for "work" that is rendered in jail.)

• Bureaucrats at the Farmers Home Administration will get nearly a quarter-billion dollars in salaries and expenses this year—ten times more than they will spend for rural housing for domestic farm labor.

• Federal officials will spend nearly $100 million of our money for special economic advice (not including the money spent for the thousands of rank-and-file economists scattered throughout the bureaucracy)—$13,500,000 for the Congressional Budget Office, $2,197,000 for the Council of Economic Advisers, $9,770,000 for the Council on Wage and Price Stability, $35,178,000 for the Office of Management and Budget, $35,195,000 for the office of the Secretary of the Treasury. And yet at no time within living memory has Congress or the president, acting on the advice of these experts, correctly predicted the inflation rate, the unemployment rate, or the nation's economic growth rate.

• We spend many millions of dollars every year on what could be called social fads. We spent $685,000 on the National Commission on the International Year of the Child, which was set up with the totally meaningless mission of "promoting 1979 as the International Year of the Child"—with most of the money, believe it or not, spent not in 1979 but in 1980. The commission hired 293 people at salaries of up to $50,112.

• We will spend $332,799,000 this year on a Food and Drug Administration that sometimes takes five years to determine whether new drugs are effective in treating specific ailments. (Because of this delay, the Medicaid program wastes $40 million a year paying for prescription drugs that are suspected of being worthless.)

• The U.S. Forest Service will receive $1 billion from taxpayers this year. This is the forest service that set a "small" fire to thin out some underbrush so that the Kirtland's warbler could breed more easily but wound up blackening 30 square miles of forest lands, destroying dozens of homes, and forcing about 1,000 people to run for their lives. This is the same forest service that does such a lousy job policing our national forests that thieves boldly truck away more than $100 million worth of our timber every year.

• We will spend $28 million to staff one of our most antiquated New Deal relics, the Rural Electrification Administration. The REA was set up in 1935 to help bring electricity to rural America. Today 99 percent of the homes in rural America have electricity; so the REA has no genuine purpose for staying in existence. Nevertheless, its budget and staff continue to expand around new boondoggles, such as building television systems in the sticks with federal money lent out at no more than five percent interest.

• We will pay nearly a quarter-billion dollars to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which, after five years of studies and hearings (and

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250,000 pages of testimony) recently issued a list of 500 cancer-causing substances found in workplaces. In its first nine years of existence, OSHA established regulations to control only 20 cancer-causing agents. Now it promises to step up the pace sufficiently to control ten carcinogens each year. Which means, of course, that it will take OSHA 50 years to issue regulations for all the suspects on that new list.

• The 42,000-mile interstate highway system, which will cost us more than $100 billion before it is completed, is the world's biggest public-works project. We will spend nearly $4 billion on the system this year. Yet our federal highway engineers have bungled the construction job so badly and our highway administrators have allowed the system to be so abused by overweight trucks that already some 28,000 miles are obsolete by modern road standards. The Federal Highway Administration admits that our total highway system is falling apart 50 percent faster than it is being built. All told, we will spend more than $8 billion in federal funds on our roads (noninterstate as well) and bridges this year. We've been spending that kind of money on them for many years. Yet the FHA estimates that more than 100,000 bridges are obsolete or are actually in danger of falling down.

• In the hokey name of "national security," federal bureaucrats have spent $16 billion to stockpile stuff like opium (72,000 pounds), sapphires and rubies (16 million carats), and tons upon tons of tannin, mica, and shellac. The bureaucrats say that they hope to buy and stockpile 6.5 million pounds of feathers in the near future.

That list of failures and stupidities could go on for hundreds of pages. It could be repeated every year. There will be no end to it—unless we get rid of the people and governmental apparatus responsible for the mess. It's possible to do. I suggest the following.

GET RID OF MOST OF THE CABINET

Now take it easy. Let's not in our anger do extreme things. Let's not cut the government back to what it was in George Washington's day. We can be more flexible and still achieve our goal of a sane and frugal government. Let's set as our model structure for the executive department the government as it existed in 1850, after the country had had a couple of generations for a shakedown cruise.

That means we would have a cabinet made up of army, navy, state, and treasury departments—all of which came in with President Washington—to prepare our defense, to deal with other nations, and to keep the books. In addition, we would have a Department of the Interior, which was established in 1849.

We would have an attorney general to handle the executive branch's proper lawsuits against unconstitutional state actions and against antitrust violations, but there would be no Justice Department (established 1870), because its primary purpose has been to think up "legal" techniques by which the government can suppress individuals.

There would be no U.S. Postal Service (established in 1872); though nominally "independent," it still depends on federal subsidies. Private enterprise would carry the mail again.

There would be no Department of Agriculture (1889), which is one of the most grotesque and reactionary agencies, with 120,000 employees—one bureaucrat for every 20 farmers—housed in five enormous buildings in Washington and overflowing into 16,000 other buildings across the country. The Department of Agriculture's main objective has been to preside over the death of the family farmer, whose ranks have thinned by three-fourths in the last 60 years.

There would be no departments of commerce or labor (both established in 1913), because they are nothing but tax-supported lobbies for big business and big labor.

> We would all be better off if we whittled Congress's legislating time down to three months a year. When they meet 11 months a year, they just sit around thinking up ways to cause trouble.

There would be no hermaphroditic Defense Department (1947), which was a clever scheme of the military to stop the healthy rivalry between the services and unify them for more effective assaults on the public's purse.

There would be no Health and Human Resources (set up as Health, Education, and Welfare in 1953), no Housing and Urban Development (1965), no Transportation (1966), no Energy (1977) and certainly no Department of Education (1980). You know what that means? It means that the hospital, physician, real estate, road-building and railroad, oil, and teacher lobbies would no longer have their henchmen on the public payroll and would no longer have free office space in public buildings.

Now I am fully aware of all the blessings that the above costly departments have heaped upon the American people. However, I am also aware that we won World Wars I and II without the Defense Department but could not win the Vietnam War or rescue our hostages with it; that we had good roads and more passenger rail service before the Department of Transportation; that we had better schools before HEW, cheaper gasoline before the Department of Energy, and more attractive cities before HUD. Health care may be more widely dispersed today, but did we really need 160,000 bureaucrats at HEW to bring it about? I might point out that those bureaucrats are so free with our money that they spent more than $100,000 (at first they lied and said it was only $15,000) to celebrate the department's twenty-fifth birthday. We should make sure there is no cake for the thirtieth.

The Department of the Interior, however, we must hang on to. It is, in fact, one of the most necessary departments in our streamlined government. We need it to protect our land and our mineral riches—which, admittedly, is the kind of protection that the Interior Department has a damned poor record of performing to date. The Teapot Dome scandal was thanks to the Interior Department. The fabulous Santa Barbara channel oil spill was thanks to the Interior Department. The Interior Department leased thousands of acres of shale oil lands at giveaway prices. It leases millions of acres of grazing lands to cattle barons at one-third the price they should be paying. It permits the giant lumber companies to cut billions of feet of our national forest timber and sell it back to us at extortionate prices or ship it overseas (which is against the law, but the lumber companies do it anyway).

Granting all that, it still doesn't make a case for getting rid of the Department of the Interior. It simply makes a case for turning Interior into a department that will be honest for a change and won't knuckle under to special interests. Western politicians are full of loud talk these days about how the federal lands should be sold to private enterprise. Don't you believe it. Those 174 million acres of public lands in the 11 "lower" western states and the 200 million additional public lands in Alaska are not government lands in the pejorative sense. They are *our* lands, and the oil and other minerals under them are *our* minerals. They belong to all of us, and we should guard them like cranks.

When you hear the western politicians tout the virtues of letting private business interests get their hands on that land, just remember what happened the last time politicians did it in a big way. As Alvin Josephy once pointed out, "The promoters of four western railroads received as donations from the government as much land as the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan combined, the Northern Pacific alone making off with forty-seven million acres." That was late last century.

Over the years our generous politicians have given the railroads 94,300,000 acres of our land. That is, a tenth of California, a tenth of Arizona, a sixth of Montana, a seventh of Nebraska, a fifth of Washington, a tenth of Wyoming, and a fourth of North Dakota were given to the railroads. Our land, gone forever. It was an area three times the size of New York State, an

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area nearly equal to California.

And what did we get in return? We got rate gouging and exploitation by the railroads. In the first quarter of 1980, the profits of Burlington Northern jumped nearly 80 percent—largely because of income from the sale of oil and coal from those lands that once belonged to us and were given to Burlington by politicians. Burlington Northern owns 11 billion tons of western coal—20 percent of the world's known reserves.

The problem is not that the federal government controls so much land in the West. It's that the federal government uses the land so foolishly. When it isn't giving the land away, the government is turning over vast areas to the mad tinkering of the Pentagon. At this moment, for example, the Pentagon plans to convert more than 6,000 square miles of Nevada and Utah into a beehive, hiding 200 intercontinental missiles among 4,600 underground shelters in a gigantic shell game that has no guarantee of creating more national security but will cost $100 billion and will put an area the size of Connecticut into limbo. No mining, no ranching, no timber production, no hunting, no nothing, could be carried on among the missile sites.

Well, that kind of squandering of public land would not be permitted under our born-again Interior Department. The western acreage would be closely guarded from exploitation, carefully developed for the public's best interest, both for recreation and minerals. As for the military and its toys, they would be relegated to one pockmarked, already-radiated corner of Nevada, where they would be allowed to blow up sand dunes to their heart's content.

GET RID OF THE BUREAUCRATS

By stripping the cabinet down to bare essentials, we could, of course, get rid of much of the underpinning bureaucracy. Boy, oh boy, what a marvelous reversal that would be!

When Washington was president, there was only one federal bureaucrat per 31,000 Americans (including slaves). That ratio lasted, more or less, until the Civil War, which, as all wars do, screwed things up. By the end of that affair, the bureaucracy was swollen to one federal worker per 5,555 citizens, and the decline of our civilization continued without interruption thereafter. At the turn of the century, the ratio had sunk to an ominous 1 bureaucrat per 2,534 citizens. In 1940, after seven years of the agency-crazy New Deal, the bureaucracy had started to gallop—the ratio was now 1 bureaucrat per 720 Americans. Then came World War II, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, and the Great Society—and today the ratio stands at an alarming 1 federal bureaucrat per 73 citizens.

That comes down to about 3 million bureaucrats, nearly one-third of whom—991,000—work for the Defense Department. There is a constant shuffling and reshuffling of personnel, and the profile of the federal bureaucracy is constantly fluctuating like an enormous mountain of worms. Defenders of the federal bureaucracy will tell you that in fact the number of worms in that mountain hasn't changed much in the last quarter-century, that the federal civilian work force is today more or less what it was then—3 million people.

But the 2 million permanent federal employees and the 1 million "temporary" civilian employees (they have been called "temporary" for nearly two generations) are just the visible problem. While their head count has not increased much since World War II, that is just the result of hocus-pocus. To keep the growth of the bureaucracy from appearing to be out of control, federal officials have hired millions of "outside" workers under a variety of contracts and grants.

Nobody in Washington knows just how many of these contract bureaucrats are on the federal payroll. A couple of years ago

> If Congress sat in Peoria or Kansas City or Abilene, it might benefit from the relatively restrained and frugal atmosphere of those cities.

the Office of Management and Budget set out to count the number of "consulting" firms working for the government. After it had counted 34,000—which were being paid $1 billion—the OMB gave up, saying that the counting task was hopeless. Not long ago the United Press International surveyed a dozen federal agencies and, on the basis of that sampling, concluded that there are at least 7 million civilians on the federal payroll—more than twice the official figure. Officials at the Federal Procurement Data System recently estimated that the federal budget for contract workers runs to $100 billion a year.

Before Joseph Califano was fired as secretary of the Department of Health and Human Resources for being too outspoken, he told Senate investigators that while his department officially employed 145,000 people, that was just the visible bureaucratic count; the hidden bureaucracy on his payroll, he said, included "84,600 in state government, 572,700 in local government, 87,700 people in universities, 33,400 people in nonprofit research institutions, 113,900 employees with private contractors, and 88,900 in other areas." That comes to a total of more than 1 million.

In fact, a large number of federal employees serve as nothing but employment agents for outsiders. In the Department of Defense, for example, 80,000 employees spend all their time contracting with private corporations to do the actual work of defense. In one recent year the Energy Department hired the equivalent of 13 outside consultants for every federal employee. Mike Causey of the *Washington Post* discovered that the Energy Department actually hired one consultant to find out what forms it was asking business firms to fill out; nobody inside the department seemed to know. He also discovered that the Department of Health had hired a consultant, at $400,000, to try to count its consultants.

U.S. bureaucrats, like members of the federal legislature, are paid 40 to 60 percent better than any comparable group of political workers in the world. When Congress set a $36,000 pay ceiling for career employees in 1969, only 1,000 workers received it. Now the ceiling is $53,000, and this year civil-service officials estimate that 10,000 are getting the maximum. That doesn't count diplomats and persons on secret payrolls, such as the CIA's.

Federal executives often complain that they could earn much more money if they chose not to serve their country but went into private industry instead. They claim that right now the top execs in government are pulling down $15,000 below what they deserve. But there is no shortage of applicants when the top jobs open up. Civil-service officials admit that there are at least 11 applicants for every job, and for the $50,000-level positions there are sometimes hundreds of applicants.

Some agencies are especially generous. Nearly half the people who work for the Agency for International Development (whose primary purpose is giving away money to other countries) are paid between $44,433 and $69,630 (this includes the presidential super-grade appointees).

Some public servants get paid very well for simply waiting. At the moribund Selective Service system, for example, the average pay for the top five officials is $50,112, and the other 88 people who occupy those useless offices, waiting for the draft to return, earn an average of $24,674. To cheer them up, Congress authorized a modest amount—$500—for cocktails, just in case somebody does drop in.

But salary isn't the only attraction. Down the road glows that golden pension. The maximum that the worker in private industry, who must depend on Social Security for his retirement income, can hope to receive is slightly more than $600 a month, and he will have to go on working until he is 65 if he hopes to get even that much. But a civil service employee who has been on the payroll for 30 years can retire when he is 55 years old at 80 percent of his salary. For those in the top brackets this means, with a little luck, a pension of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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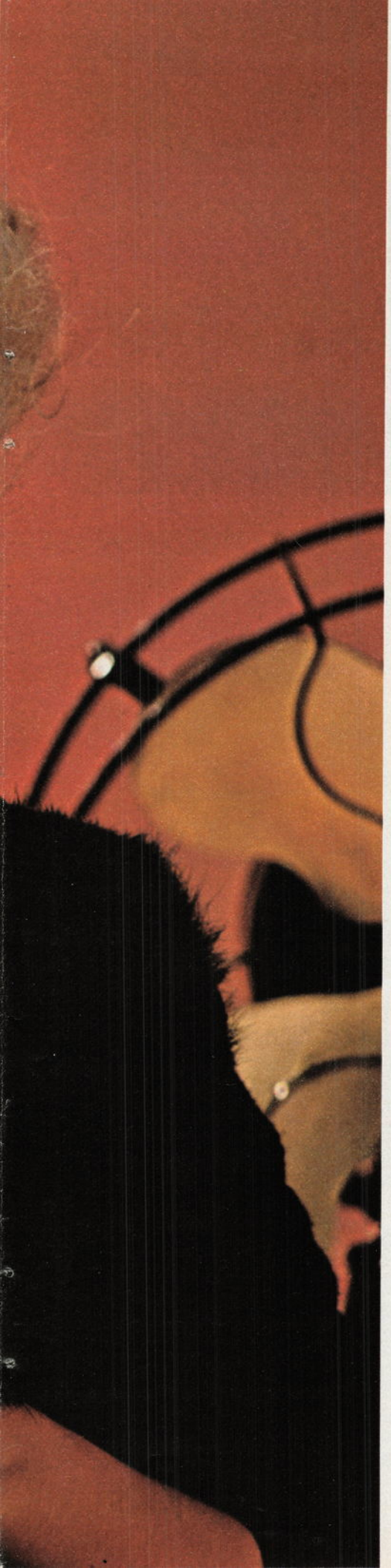
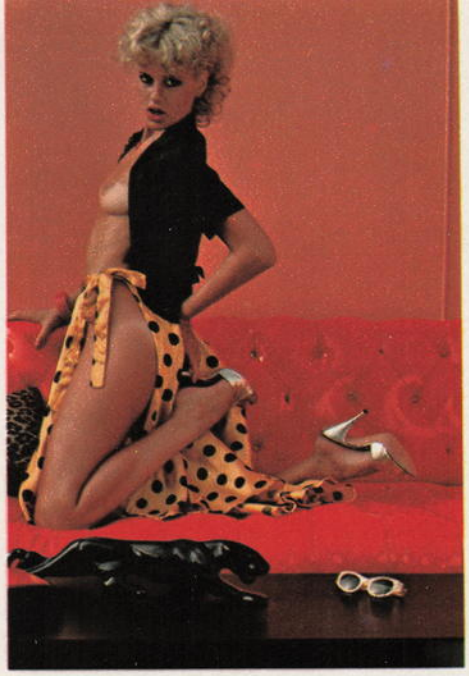
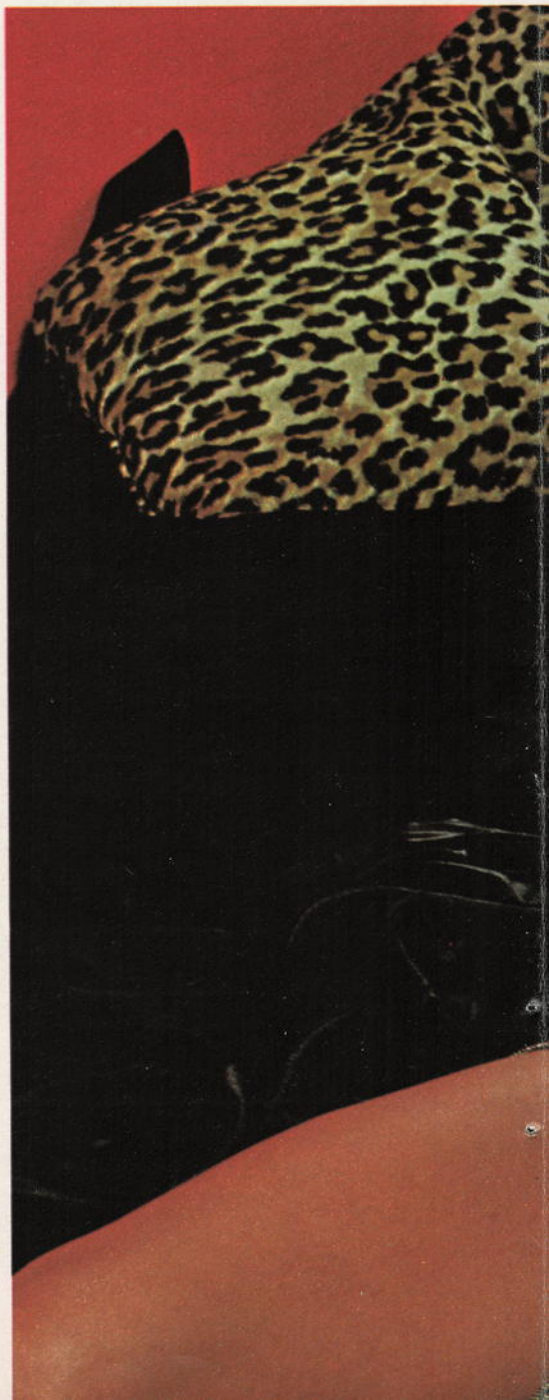


"When it comes to clothes and jewelry, I'm into nostalgia, but when it comes to men, I never look back!" Blue-eyed Kari Burton seems to mean what she says. "I'm a flighty, carefree person, and I think life is *much* too short for long relationships." Kari displays her svelte 35-23-35-inch body to its fullest advantage and then adds, "I guess you could say I put myself first. I'm very involved with an antique clothing store I manage for an old boyfriend. And at night I'm really addicted to disco dancing."

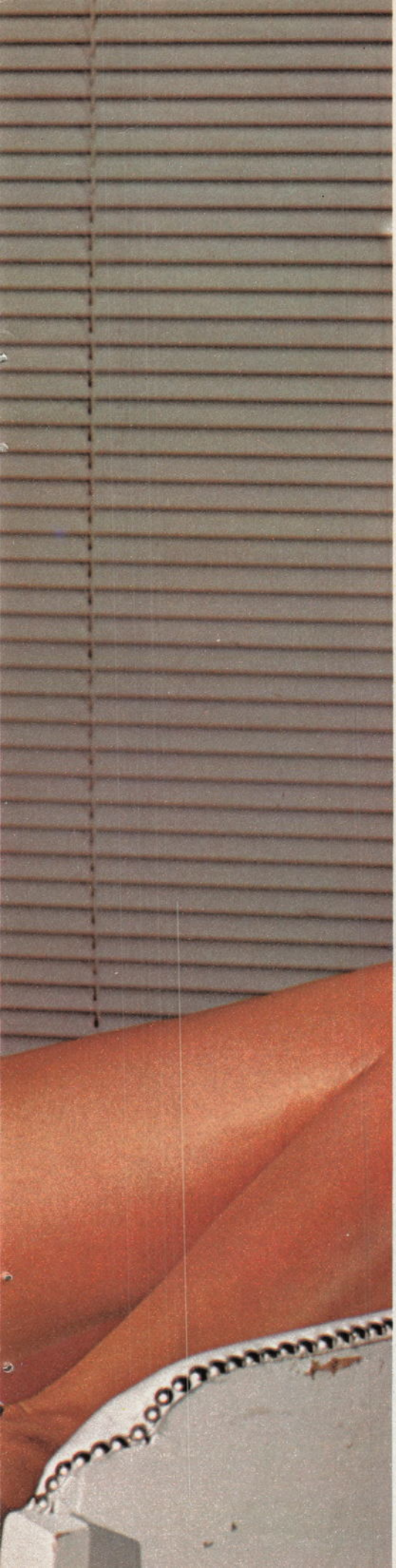
KARI ME BACK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL



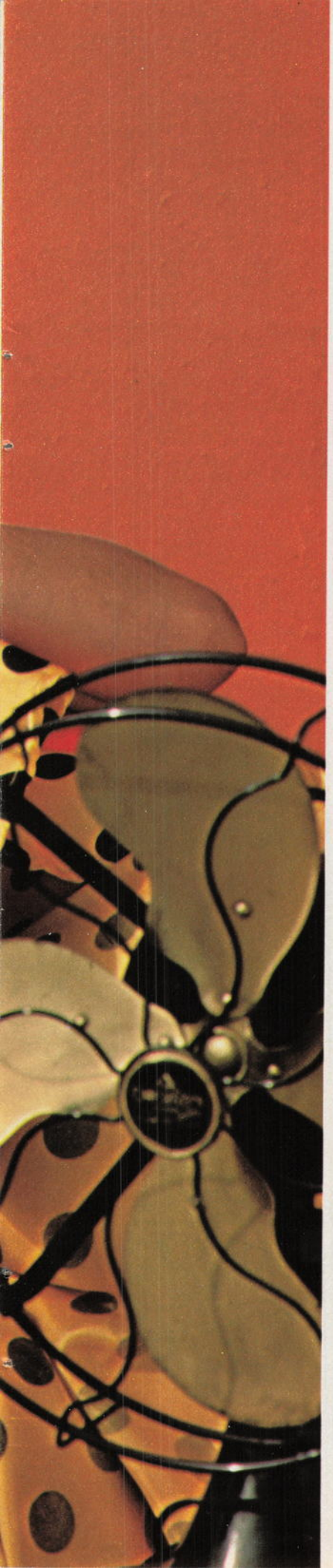


"Around closing time I generally concoct some outrageous outfit, meet some friends for dinner, then dance, socialize, and have a ball until one or two in the morning. That doesn't leave a whole lot of time or energy for cooking dinner every night for the same gray guy in the same gray flannel suit," she says, running a hand through her platinum curls.



"Of course, I love sex, but I don't always have
to have romance along with it. Frankly,
no matter how erotic an affair is at first, once
I've watched the same man brush
his teeth for the hundredth
time, the only *Gleem* left in my eye is
the tube of toothpaste!"

"Posing for *Penthouse* is traveling real high," she volunteers. "After all, I'm a natural show-off at heart, and this is the biggest all-male audience ever! I wish, though" she adds, with a timeless smile, "that your readers could see me dance...I'm at my absolute best when I'm in action!" If this is the sneak preview, Kari, just tell us the time and the place!



THE POLITICS OF CANCER

PART SEVEN

Millions of cancer victims have died while the most bitter controversy in medical history raged over the wrong drug.

LAETRILE—THE DRUG THAT NEVER WAS

Laetrile—the most controversial drug in the history of cancer research—has actually not existed until recently. That is the staggering claim of a young Israeli cancer researcher, Dr. David Rubin, and his colleagues at the Israeli Medical Research Foundation. After examining the original 25-year-old Laetrile patents, the Israelis realized that no one had ever created a usable quantity of the drug. They say they have now done this.

In theory Laetrile should be a very successful agent against cancer. But in reality the drug that has been called Laetrile and has been at the center of the controversy is actually amygdalin, a natural substance that is chemically related to Laetrile. In fact, the National Cancer Institute is currently conducting widely publicized tests of the false Laetrile, amygdalin, tests that Rubin says are "a waste of time."

It has been widely assumed by both the public and most medical investigators that amygdalin and Laetrile are the same—"a misconception that for more than two decades," Dr. Rubin states, "has delayed the development of what may be some of the most significant anticancer substances yet conceived." He adds: "Both orthodoxy and unorthodoxy must share the blame for this tragedy."

The original creators of Laetrile, Dr. Rubin contends, were unable to realize "what they were brilliant enough to conceive on paper." And then, unwilling to abandon an ingenious idea, they "substituted an inferior one and called it Laetrile." Orthodox investigators, "privy in the early days to what had been described in the patent, were also culpable," Rubin charges, "because they did not pursue what was, on the face of it, an excellent idea but instead satisfied themselves with ceaseless efforts to attack the false Laetrile, efforts which continue to the present day."

The National Cancer Institute is presently presiding over the first officially sanctioned human trials of amygdalin, with the stated objective of settling the "Laetrile controversy" once and for all. "The NCI is flogging a dead horse," Rubin says. "Amygdalin may be effective as a pain killer and general palliative agent in cancer, but for the real cancer killer they should look to the true Laetrile."

That Laetrile has in fact now been synthesized and is showing remarkable promise in initial testing will provide scant comfort to the families of the millions of people who died of cancer over the better part of the last three decades—since Laetrile was first described and almost immediately denounced. Indeed, the promise of the new substance, to be examined later in this article, makes only more painfully evident the enormous cost of cancer politics and demands a reexamination of the circumstances that banished the real Laetrile for more than 25 years.

The controversy all began with Ernst T. Krebs, Jr., a colorful, girthful gen-

BY DAVID RORVIK

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY ROLAND MINNAERT

tleman who had a number of eccentric ideas and a certain but peculiar genius. Building on the work of his late father, Ernst T. Krebs, Sr., M.D., and others, "Junior," as he is sometimes referred to (when he is not being called "The Guru," "The Founder," or "The Father of Vitamin B-17"), claimed in the early 1950s to have synthesized a beta-glucuronic analogue of amygdalin. The structure and many of the properties of amygdalin had been known since the 1830s. Amygdalin is a cyanogenetic glycoside that occurs naturally in the seeds of apricots, peaches, plums, and apples and in a number of grasses and other plants; it is one of a family of cyanide-containing substances collectively referred to as nitrilosides.

The substance Krebs claimed to have made, however, differed from ordinary amygdalin in one crucial respect. In order to understand the pronounced significance of that difference, one must understand this: beginning in the 1940s it was recognized that most cancers contain levels of an enzyme called beta-glucuronidase many times higher than those of normal tissue. Krebs was one of the first to recognize that a cell killer (like cyanide, for example) linked to a glucuronide could provide an elegant and deadly means of attacking cancer more selectively than anyone had ever thought possible. More selectively because the much higher concentrations of beta-glucuronidase in cancer would "cleave" or unlock the lethal cyanide *inside* the cancer cells while leaving most of it still safely locked up in normal cells, where the unlocking enzyme was absent or at relatively low levels.

Amygdalin was tantalizingly close to what was required to take advantage of that remarkable discovery of the 1940s, a discovery that has been enlarged upon over the years so that it is now certain that roughly 80 percent of all cancers contain those selectively higher levels of beta-glucuronidase. The anticancer weapon Krebs brilliantly envisioned was almost like an armed missile: the cyanide was the warhead; the glucuronide was the carrier, the missile that would deliver it. Once it reached its cancer target, the enzyme within the cancer itself would trigger the "explosion" within each cancer cell. Everything connected. It seemed too good *not* to be true. Amygdalin itself would not do, however, because it is a glycoside (which can be unlocked only by another enzyme, which does *not* exist in selectively higher concentrations in cancer cells).

The glucuronic analogue of amygdalin Krebs described in his patent, however would do quite nicely. Indeed, the advantages of such an approach to attacking cancer, over that employed by the so-called proven chemotherapies, are dramatically evident in theory: the standard chemotherapies are cycle-dependent, damaging cells with high multiplication rates that, unfortunately, include many normal cells, particularly those involved in our vital immune-response mechanisms as well as cancer cells. This shortcoming would not apply to the Krebs substance, which does not have to depend upon cell-cycle vulnerabilities for its effectiveness.

Before proceeding any further, it should be pointed out that the only thing "proven" about most of the standard chemotherapies is that they are woefully deficient in fighting cancer, as attested to by the grim fact that so little progress has been made against the disease in the last three decades. Some thoroughly objective studies have shown that some of these therapies, labeled "proven" by the American Cancer Society, actually *shorten* rather than prolong life. Yet many of them are still in wide use today, and the great advance presaged by the substance Krebs described, patented, and called Laetrile nearly 30 years ago has never been realized. What happened?

What happened is that Krebs was unable to make the substance his patent described. Through some fancy semantical footwork, however, he retained the name Laetrile and simply applied it to amygdalin, a substance that, in any event, nestled more comfortably into his general philosophy than did the synthetic glucuronide that he had originally described. Amygdalin is a "natural" substance—the God-given "extrinsic factor" Krebs had been seeking—available in numerous seeds (some of which the Bible recommends). It was this extrinsic factor, Krebs said, that would help defend us against cancer whenever our "intrinsic" defenses were momentarily overwhelmed. Moreover, since amygdalin is a naturally occurring substance, Krebs eventually saw fit to confer upon it the mantle of "vitamin," calling it Vitamin B-17.

Rather than give up his original idea and let someone else have a crack at it, Krebs subverted it and was thus obliged to try to make amygdalin fit into the original theory. This he has tried to do through a series of unconvincing ad hoc proposals over the years that have had the unfortunate effect of further obscuring the real Laetrile, visiting more discredit upon Krebs himself, making it easier for his detractors to ignore him, and creating a dogma that has attracted a sometimes fanatical following that alienates honest researchers who might otherwise have long since rediscovered Laetrile's promising origins.

So much for Krebs's arrogance. What about the establishment figures who "investigated" Laetrile, particularly those who looked at it in the 1950s, before too much dust had gathered? Even with the confusion Krebs engendered, shouldn't these "experts" have seen through to the potential value of the substance described in the Krebs patent?

Up until the 1970s, when cancer authorities assured an inquiring public that "we've tested Laetrile and found it worthless," most could cite but one "study" to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

"Okay, Grandma, you want Francis the talking mule? You got it!"

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ROBERT ALTMAN

> The movie business is now a cheap carnival sideshow, and the only people who are concerned with the content of films are the people who actually make them. The people who *sell* films don't think like that.

By now, Robert Altman has long since established himself as America's most innovative and provocative filmmaker. The director of *M*A*S*H*, *Nashville*, and nearly a dozen other movies, Altman has a highly personal film following—and a highly personal film signature. Altman films are largely improvised, often indifferent about plot structure, and usually feature sound tracks with two or three characters talking at once. They don't make movies like that anymore and never did, which is probably why Bob Altman's work invariably sparks passionate critical debate.

A burly 55-year old, Altman has a well-earned reputation for being an outspoken maverick who takes no guff from anyone; yet he's extraordinarily kind to the actors he employs. Carol Burnett, who's appeared in two Altman films, says, "I think my best film work has been for Bob Altman, and it's not surprising: he gives you so much confidence you're not afraid to stick your neck out. I loved working with him, but that isn't unusual—did you ever hear of an actor who *didn't?*"

Still, except for *M*A*S*H* and *Nashville*, most Altman movies have turned out to be exercises in red ink. Although cinema connoisseurs may have loved them, such Altman works as *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *The Long Goodbye*, *Three Women*, *Images*, and *Thieves Like Us* failed to generate any enthusiasm at box offices, while still others, such as *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, *Brewster McCloud*, *Quintet*, and *A Perfect Couple*, didn't win favor even among his fans. Altman, however, seems to care very little about how his movies fare. Says America's most prolific director, "I'm happiest when I'm working, which is why I like to make movies: it's fun."

Born and raised in Kansas City, Mo., Altman was smitten by films the first time he saw *King Kong*, but in those days the sons of midwestern jewelers did not grow up and hop planes to the West Coast. Instead, Altman studied mathematical engineering at junior college, after which he served as a B-24 bomber pilot during World War II. Following his discharge, Altman spent two years—in Hollywood and in New York—trying to be a screenwriter and then went back home to Kansas City, where he spent the next eight years working for an industrial film company.

In 1957 Altman coproduced a documentary, *The James Dean Story*, and when Alfred Hitchcock saw it, he immediately signed Altman on as a director for his television series. During the next six years Altman directed hundreds of episodes of such shows as *Combat*, *Bonanza*, and *The Whirlybirds*. He finally got his first shot at a feature film in 1963. The movie was called *Countdown*—it starred a newcomer named James Caan—and Altman was fired because he allowed actors to speak simultaneously, believing it would add realism to the film. He wasn't hired as a director again until 1968, when he made *That Cold Day in the Park*, a murky suspense drama that starred Sandy Dennis. Altman's next movie was *M*A*S*H*, and almost overnight he became the talk of the film world.

To interview Altman, *Penthouse* sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with the director in Los Angeles. "When I met him," Linderman notes, "Altman was on the verge of his biggest film success—and biggest film failure. *Health*, a satirical comedy starring Lauren Bacall, hadn't been released by Twentieth Century-Fox since being completed almost a year earlier, and it seemed certain the studio was about to give it a permanent deep six. At the same time, *Pop-eye*, starring Robin Williams in the title role, was being readied for a Christmas release, and all reports on the film indicated it would almost surely become the biggest box office winner of Altman's career. When I met Robert Altman at the informal offices of Lion's Gate Films, the company he owns, he was busily putting the final touches on the forthcoming *Popeye*. Rather than waste any time in the way of preliminaries, we immediately got right down to cases and began our conversation."

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. BROWNIE HARRIS/PHOTOREPORTERS

Penthouse: Most American film critics compare you with Fellini and Bergman, and each time you come out with a new movie they knock themselves out describing how brilliant—or terrible—they think your work is. How do you react to all that scrutiny?

Altman: I react emotionally, but let me first say that I really don't think *any* of my films are brilliant or important. I don't think they mean much more than an experience to the people who made them. I also find that the awkwardness at certain points in my films—things that didn't work exactly the way I wanted them to—cannot be subtracted without destroying the rest of the film. To me, those moments become part of the positiveness of the film, and I wouldn't go back and change anything. I mean, you could see one of my movies and tell me, "Look, Bob, I think you probably could have milked more out of this particular situation," but those are like flaws—or *imagined* flaws—in a person. If you have a child who seems tall for his age, you might say to yourself, "I hope he doesn't grow up to be six foot eight." But if he becomes six foot eight, you say, "That's my boy!"

Penthouse: Is that the way you feel about your movies?

Altman: I feel that way about *all* of them. It's the same way you fall in love: you might recognize that a person has a lot of flaws, but many times those become the most endearing parts of someone you love. In terms of my films, I don't think I'm striving for a kind of perfection where everyone will sit back and say, "Oh, that's wonderful." That's impossible to do, anyway. A movie is like a painting, and once it's finished, to try and improve it is a mistake, like getting your nose fixed.

Penthouse: You said you react emotionally to critics. In what way?

Altman: My first reaction is surprise, I guess, because whether they like or dislike my films, critics always deal with them emotionally, not intellectually. I can almost predict what attitudes certain critics will have about my films. For instance, Rex Reed—who's really not a critic but a gossip—didn't like *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, which was no surprise at all. But in his review he said something like, "And then this fake snowstorm came along, and it was just too much to take." Well, he didn't have to like the picture, but the one thing he couldn't say was that the snowstorm was fake. He often makes errors like that. And I know I get angry with John Simon, who invariably has something terrible to say about some physical aspect of an actor. I happen to despise Barbra Streisand as a performer—in fact, everything I know about her makes me despise her—but it offended the hell out of me when Simon started writing about her nose. I don't find Streisand's nose the least bit unattractive, and I don't think it has anything to do with her acting. I find that habit of Simon's to be really disgusting.

Penthouse: After downgrading recent films of yours, such as *Quintet* and *A Perfect Couple*, *New Yorker* film critic Pauline Kael—once one of your staunchest admirers—wrote that "Altman wears his failures like medals." Did that upset you?

Altman: Well, I can understand where it comes from, but just because she and other critics generally dismiss a film doesn't mean that I'm going to follow the pack. I don't agree with them. I am still very proud of those films, extremely so. And if there's something I'm not proud of, I don't show it.

Penthouse: Has that ever happened?

Altman: Yes. There are some television shows I directed early in my career that I really wouldn't want anyone to see. That kind of thing could happen again in the future, but it hasn't happened recently. That doesn't mean I think critics are crazy and that the audience is wrong and that everyone should understand each of my films. All I'm saying is that there's an audience out there that *will* understand them and that I've been happy with the films I've made. When critics don't like a film, it hurts my feelings, but I think it's fair to say that the more adulation you get in certain quarters, the more criticism you'll get and the more people will expect of you. It's like people saying, "Oh yeah? Well, show us again."

I think it's great that critics write about movies, because otherwise you'd just put an ad in newspapers saying this is what we're showing on Saturday night; so in a way, criticism dignifies what you do. But the problem even critics are facing now is that there isn't a broad spectrum of movies to draw from anymore, and all the films you can see are pretty much the same. I really don't think there's any point in reading criticism of *The Empire Strikes Back* or *Animal House*.

Penthouse: You're hardly alone in thinking that an increasing number of U.S. films have all the import of toothpaste commercials. What do you think is responsible for the recent surge of mindless American movies?

Altman: Let me state the problem in reverse: everyone's somehow trying to make a fine art out of something that's marketed as the very lowest form of exploitation, which is how movies are sold. The movie business is now a cheap carnival sideshow, and the only people who are concerned with the content of films are the people who actually make them. The people who *sell* films don't think like that. Because the cost of manufacturing a movie is so high, studios care only about films that aim for the lowest common denominator in an audience. The studios want people to come in and sit there and not be intimidated by a film. They want moviegoers to totally understand a film and be able to laugh at it, so they keep dropping their films' contents down to teenage levels and below, because that's the age level where people want to like what their peers like.

It's like when I was a kid. I thought baseball sucked, but the Yankees were the best, and if you weren't a Yankee fan you were out of it. So it was the easiest thing

"What are you doing after the sex-change operation?"

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for me, as a 12-year old, to go out and say, "Oh, I love the Yankees." This is what audiences are doing, and it's also what the studios are doing. If I had any real sense, I would just not make any more films. I mean, I really shouldn't; I don't *want* to anymore. I should quit. But the other side of the coin is: *then* what do you do for the rest of your life?

Penthouse: Perhaps you just wait for the current wave of horror films and *Animal House* imitations to subside. In any case, it's clear that movies are hardly better than ever. Why not?

Altman: I think a lot of it has to do with television, which is the nation's educating tool. In the last five years, the quality of television has dropped at about twice the rate that it should've gone *up*. And that, of course, has educated—or de-educated—the public to the point where films are following the same course. Today, if people see a movie and think, "Jeez, I don't understand what he's doing *that* for," instead of trying to figure it out or accept it, they feel stupid—and they *are* stupid. They *are* stupid!

I hardly do it anymore, but starting in 1970 I'd go to colleges and show films of mine, and I'd talk to audiences of students, most of whom were interested in film. Each year they would challenge me and tell me I was full of shit; they'd say, "I didn't like this," and "Why did you do that?" Now when I go to a college and stand up before 5,000 people, I can't even get anybody mad at me. The kind of questions I get these days is "Who's the most 'fun' movie star you've worked with?" Another biggie is "Does Paul Newman really drink a lot of beer?" It's like fan magazines or a gossip column, and it's only because we've catered to the lowest possible part of our circus.

Penthouse: But there's obviously a method behind all that madness. Frank Price, head of Columbia Pictures, recently noted that 75 percent of moviegoers are 30 years old or under. If that's an accurate statement, can you really blame the studios for catering to a younger crowd?

Altman: Frank Price is one of the terrible people who are responsible for the way films are going. Guys like him sit around and look at a graph and say that the biggest audience for movies is made up of everybody under 30. Well, of *course* that's true. People under 30 have a lot of money to spend and the most leisure time to spend it in. And they don't like to stay home, and they don't have that many places to go—you don't have to be a genius to figure that out. But it doesn't mean you cannot make profitable films for a discerning, intelligent adult audience. But the studios don't want that anymore. They need the $100 million picture to make up for their failures. That's become the criterion behind every picture: success. And that's why I don't go to the movies anymore. What is there to see? Why waste your time? Every once in a while I'll hear about an interesting film and I'll think, "Oh, God, a good one managed to slip through."

Penthouse: Have you had trouble slipping *your* movies through?

Altman: That's happening right now. We have a film called *Health*, a political satire about presidential elections starring Lauren Bacall, Glenda Jackson, James Garner, and Carol Burnett. The film is owned by Twentieth Century-Fox, and we can't even get their attention when it comes to getting them to release it. Their answer is "We don't know how to sell this film. There's too much in it. We don't know what audience to sell it to, and we can't find a hook to get everybody into theaters to see it." They're looking for one thing to advertise so that people will say, "Oh, we gotta see that." *Caddyshack* was scatological; they knew people weren't going to have to stop and think. People didn't have to say, "What did *that* mean?" *Health* isn't that kind of picture.

Penthouse: What can you do to change

> If I had any real sense, I would just not make any more films. I should quit. But the other side of the coin is: *then* what do you do for the rest of your life?

the situation with Twentieth Century-Fox?

Altman: Nothing. I have no options: they own the film. I could sue Fox for not making a proper effort, but my chances of winning such a suit are slim and none. I just give up.

Penthouse: Could you buy the film back from them?

Altman: Oh, if I came in and handed them $6 million, they'd sell me the film back. But I don't think I'm going to get anybody to invest $6 million in a film that's been badmouthed and is already a year old.

Penthouse: Before *Nashville* was released, Pauline Kael saw a rough cut of the film and her rave review helped make *Nashville* the most eagerly awaited movie of 1975. Could you do something like that for *Health?*

Altman: You don't understand: that doesn't mean a thing to them. You can't even embarrass these people. I can say things about them that should cause me never to be allowed into their offices again, but they don't even *care* about it. They've got accountants who say, "No, we're not going to spend money advertising this film," and that's it. *(Editor's Note: In September, Twentieth Century-Fox finally released* Health: *The film opened in one theater in Los Angeles.)*

As for *Nashville*, it was a very low-grossing picture, and I think Pauline's review probably hurt the film because she overhyped it. I think Pauline blew the film up to such an extent that it affected the way it was sold. I mean, if you try to sell something as a masterpiece, you're dead. In school, if a teacher talked that way about a book you'd say, "Oh, God, a classic. Do I have to read *that*?" But if the same teacher said, "Here's a book about a mad dog in Alaska, and it has some dirty words in it," you'd think, "Hey, perfect. This sounds like a terrific story." Partly because of that, *Nashville* wasn't successful compared with *Animal House* and those kinds of films. *Nashville* got a lot of ink and was very successful in Europe, as most of my films have been, but people in the South hated it, and it hardly ran there. Yet those same people went out and spent a fortune on *Smokey and the Bandit* and *Walking Tall*, which gave them a chance to watch Sheriff Buford Pusser crack skulls.

Penthouse: Your description of the movie business—along with the news that film attendance is down this year—would serve to indicate that it's in bad shape. Is that really the case?

Altman: It's in *terrible* shape. It's at the point just before total destruction. It'll be just like Broadway, which has become a joke. You no longer can take a viable piece of material to Broadway and really do well with it, because everything on Broadway is now geared to Long Island theater parties.

The same kind of thing has been happening to films over the last decade. It began happening when certain pictures grossed $100 million and when the conglomerates took over film studios. These companies make their money off ski lifts, soft drinks, hotels, and television. Right now, I can't think of one person who's running a studio who really understands—or *likes*—films. They're merely managing a business. I can go in and talk to the president of a studio, and he'll say, "Showmanship is no longer required. This is a dollar-and-cents business." What it's really become is an *ugly* business, and it used to be a nice, glamorous, attractive industry. No more.

Penthouse: Could part of the problem be a lack of talented young filmmakers coming along?

Altman: No, the talent's out there. Think about the publishing world for a second. If the only books published were written by guys like Harold Robbins, an E. L. Doctorow would be back working as an editor again, because he can't write that crap. My point is, when there's no market, talent can't surface, and that's what's happening in films. I mean, if Universal calls in a young director and says, "Listen, we'll give you the chance to direct a film, but goddamit, we want it to be like *Animal House*," what's the guy going to

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

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do? Lie to Universal? Jeopardize his future by making the film *he* wants to make? Or will he make the piece of shit *they* want him to make? In any case, there are plenty of good young directors around. For instance, I think Alan Rudolph is a *terrific* filmmaker. He's got great potential and great integrity. I produced two films that he directed, *Welcome to L.A.* and *Remember My Name*.

Penthouse: How were they received?

Altman: Reviewers liked them, but financially both films were highly unsuccessful. He then finished a picture for United Artists called *Roadie*, which I haven't seen. I was in Malta when it was released, and although everything I heard about it was great, UA pulled it out of release after a week or two, and now it's gone—and suddenly Alan Rudolph is no longer a desirable film commodity. Meanwhile, I had a commitment to do a film with United Artists, but they reneged on it after *Roadie*. They said, "Look, we don't want to make this kind of film anymore because we had bad luck with Rudolph." So, because I sponsored a director whose film was unsuccessful, they've canceled *me*. They did it because they no longer want to make a film unless they know *exactly* how it's going to turn out. They're now *terrified* of doing that, and maybe they're right; maybe my films wouldn't make their costs back under the best of circumstances. That's the dilemma we're in, and that's also the thing that keeps the lid on so that you can't find the new directors.

Penthouse: Does the present state of the movie business ever make you long for the old Hollywood studio system?

Altman: Well, I never worked for a major studio when they had contract players, but at least those guys—the Zanucks, Warners, Mayers, and Cohns—took pride in what they did. They were absolute, insane monsters, but making movies was more than just a business to them. If they wanted to make a film and were told the public wouldn't like it, then goddamit, they'd *make* the public like it. I think there's some value in that. But believe me, it doesn't happen anymore, at least not at the studios. Those old guys who once ran the studios may have browbeaten their people and treated their actors like dirt and also may have cheated them on their salaries, but they knew those people were their bread and butter, and they nurtured them and brought them along. Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart would never have made it as stars today, because nowadays if you don't hit it right off the bat, you may never get a second chance. Back then, a Jack Warner would say, "I don't care *what* he thinks, get that mush-face Bogart into that goddamn picture, and if he doesn't like it, suspend him!" People saw more and more of Bogart until he finally got a role that hit, and then the public's confidence moved over to him, and he was a star.

Contrast that with what happened to Shelley Duvall: after I put her in *Brewster McCloud*, her first movie, nobody hired her again except me. Shelley Duvall's done seven or eight pictures for me in the last seven or eight years, and we thought she'd finally become a major star when she got *The Shining*. That didn't happen, but that's still a pretty good credential—to have the lead in a Kubrick picture with Jack Nicholson. After *Popeye*, though, I don't think there will be much question about her.

Penthouse: *Popeye* certainly seems like a departure for you. How did you happen to get involved in it?

Altman: Producer Bob Evans, as I understand it, came up with the idea and got Jules Feiffer to write the screenplay. A copy of the script was sent to my agent, Sam Cohen, for another client of his to read. The director in question, a *very* fine director, rejected it on the basis that he didn't think it was right for him. Sam then called me and said, "Would you read this and tell me if I'm wrong? Because I think this is a *great* screenplay, and I can't understand why people aren't fighting to do it."

> I don't go to the movies anymore. Why waste your time? Every once in a while I'll hear about an interesting film, and I'll think, "Oh, God, a good one managed to slip through."

Well, I read it, not to pass judgment on it but just for my own curiosity. Much to my surprise, I called Sam and said, "Really, I'd love to do it." He called Evans, and we got together and went out and made the picture. Because of Robin Williams's television schedule, we had to shoot the picture during January, February, and March, and after researching Florida, Mexico, Hawaii, and Australia, we chose Malta, built an entire sea village there, and then shot the movie.

Penthouse: When she returned from filming in Malta, Shelley Duvall characterized the film as "a morality tale." Is it?

Altman: If you've read the original *Popeye*, you can see that it *is* a morality tale, and it's a familiar theme in pictures for me: Popeye is a stranger, an orphan who comes into this sea village, looking for his father, who deserted him when Popeye was two years old. He's an outcast, and the community he comes into is oppressed by a dictator. People have never seen the dictator, but they live in fear of him, and suddenly here's this character who shows up and says a man should stand up for his rights.

Our Popeye is not the animated cartoon. He's the comic-strip Popeye created by Elzie Segar. He's a character who says "I am what I am," and he won't be pushed around. It's a very simple film that deals with basic human emotions and political ideals that really go back to ancient Greece.

Penthouse: You usually cast your own films. Were you at all reluctant to work with Williams, who'd never made a movie before?

Altman: I don't think I would have done the film *without* Williams, because I wouldn't have known who else to cast as Popeye. I did choose Shelley Duvall. When I came into the thing, most of the talk was about Gilda Radner, who I rejected, but that was just people thinking, "Oh, she's hot, she's *Saturday Night Live*, so let's protect our investment." But Shelley was a *perfect* Olive Oyl. She and Robin are superb in the film.

Penthouse: A number of Hollywood observers believe that *Popeye* will turn out to be the biggest, most commercially successful film of your career to date. Do you feel that way about it?

Altman: Well, it's a tacky little film, as a matter of fact.

Penthouse: A *tacky* film?

Altman: It is. The only thing that makes it a big film, other than being expensive because of the logistics involved, is that it's a big, presold thing. I daresay that if Evans, Feiffer, and I had had the genius—which is what it would have taken—to start from scratch and create the film that exists now, it would have fallen into the category of being understood by a very, very elite few.

I think that if there had never been an Elzie Segar and a Popeye comic strip, the film would have failed commercially, because people would have said, "Well, what the hell is *this?* What is it supposed to *be*?" They'd have no relationship to this fantasy. But because *Popeye* has a presold audience, it isn't going to be hard to get people into theaters to see it, and it gave us the chance to do what we wanted with the picture. I mean, there are some marvelous moments in this picture. But if people had no preknowledge of *Popeye*, and if we had created this kind of comic, clownlike place, people would really claim it as a masterpiece—and it *would* be! So what you have to say is that the genius in the piece is Segar's, and if we succeeded in making *Popeye* really good, it's because we took Seger's idea and, let us hope, did it well.

Penthouse: Popeye could very well turn out to be a continuing film character, like James Bond. Are you planning to direct a sequel?

Altman: No, I'm not. They're making sequels to everything. I mean, I expect to see a sequel to *The Day the World Ended*. My own history is that after a logisti-

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cally difficult film, I try to do a simple little film dealing more with people and contemporary things. I kind of feel that after *Popeye* I'll probably go somewhere in America and do a nice film where I can shoot on location, rather than build sets.

Penthouse: In a recent *Penthouse* interview, Charlton Heston said he feels that one of the problems with current movies is that they're usually about victims, not heroes. Do you think that's true?

Altman: Well, I think traditional kinds of heroes came at times when there were frontiers. By that, I don't mean locales but new areas to cross, whether in medicine, law, architecture, or art. Today, I think a hero is someone who's a victim—and who chooses to rise above that. And I don't think the success of his effort is what makes him a hero; I think it's the desire to rise above being a victim. In *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, I thought McCabe was a hero. McCabe was dumb, and I doubt that he had the IQ to be a hero, but I bet he had the heart to be one. The fact that he failed makes him no less a hero than Popeye. I did a film about Buffalo Bill a few years ago, and I think *he* was a hero, who unfortunately got mired down when he started to believe his own publicity. And the Essex character in *Quintet* was also a hero.

Penthouse: Buffalo Bill and Essex were both played by Paul Newman, which brings up an interesting point. By now it's fairly common knowledge that any number of well-known actors are willing to accept less than their usual film salaries in order to work with you. What do you think is responsible for that?

Altman: I think I give them respect and credit for being intelligent. I admire actors, and I feel they're the most important element in a film. I'm not an actor, and I could not *be* an actor; I just don't know how they do it. I ask actors to contribute artistically to a film, and I do that for a selfish reason: to get the most input from them that I can. If I hire talented actors, I want to use as much of their range of talent as possible and not limit them to what *I* think. Most actors enjoy working with me, but that's not true of all of them.

Penthouse: Why not?

Altman: Well, because of my reputation they may come into a film expecting some magic to happen, and instead they'll wind up thinking, "Gee, this guy doesn't even know what he wants." A lot of times I'll work with actors who I *know* are highly talented because I've seen their work on the screen, but I won't be able to communicate with them at all. I can look into their eyes when we're talking, and I'll know they think I'm crazy. For some reason, there will be a communication gap, and I don't think it's their fault; if anybody's to blame it's me, but I don't even think it's *my* fault. It'll just be one of those cases where two people don't connect.

Penthouse: Actors in your films often wind up writing a lot of their own dialogue, which in the past has caused you a lot of problems with certain screenwriters. Why do you do that?

Altman: I take the position that a script is like a guide or an artist's rendering and that you make changes within it as you make the film. Screenwriters are told or taught or propagandized to believe that, by God, they write the screenplay and directors should go out and shoot exactly what they write. Well, I was the original author of *Images*, *Three Women*, and *Quintet*, and speaking as both a writer and a director, I don't agree with that. Film is not a medium where a person sits down and reads something and that's the end of it. In movies the writer is part of the construction process. He's one of the engineers. He does a sort of blueprint, and then these other people come in, and we build a building. You start out with a screenplay and say, "This is what I want," but by the time you put ten actors into it, it has to change a little bit to get the most out of the actors.

> The movie business is in *terrible* shape. It's at the point just before total destruction. It'll be just like Broadway, which has become a joke.

Penthouse: Why not get the most out of your writer?

Altman: Let me use *M*A*S*H* as an example. Ring Lardner, Jr., who wrote the screenplay, got very angry at me because he'd written Hawkeye Pierce as a guy from Maine, and Ring was very meticulous about the New England speech patterns and expressions that Hawkeye used. Well, we hired Donald Sutherland, a Canadian, to play that part, and he wasn't comfortable with a lot of that dialogue, so I immediately changed it to fit what Donald was comfortable with. Ring got *very* mad about that, because he felt that an actor should be good enough to act a part as written—and Donald *is* good enough to do that. But to me it didn't make any difference to the story we were telling whether Hawkeye was from Maine or not. There are so many other things that will also cause you to alter a screenplay, and they include the locale, the weather, the shooting schedule, and the budget.

Probably the most accurate description I can give you of the moviemaking process is that it's like building a sand castle. You go down to the beach, and you decide to build a sand castle, and you call some friends in to help you. At least I do: I wouldn't build a sand castle alone. I'll get as many friends together as I can, and we'll start working on it, and if some stranger comes down to the beach, I'll say, "Hey, you want to help?" And then we'll work our asses off and somebody'll do the moat, and somebody else will do the windows, and it'll turn out that the sonofabitch is no good at windows, so we'll get somebody *else* to do the windows. Then, just when we think we're about done, a big piece of the sand castle will cave in, and I'll get pissed off and wonder why I started the goddamn thing in the first place. But finally you finish it, and you're happy about it—and then the tide suddenly comes in and washes it away, and you say, "Okay, we did all right, and it was fun. Let's go have a few beers." Making movies is that kind of experience to me.

Penthouse: After filming *The Long Goodbye*, you said that Raymond Chandler's plots served only as an opportunity for him to present a series of thumbnail essays. Do you think that might be true of your own work as well?

Altman: Sure it is, and I also think that several of my films could be described as essays. For instance, I'd always wanted to do a film on gambling, and *California Split* gave me an opportunity to delve into that world. I think it's a very good film, and that there's a certain documentary quality to it. Matter of fact, when it was edited for television, almost all the parts with the girls were cut out of it, and most of the language was censored for TV as well; anyone seeing it for the first time had to believe they were watching a documentary about gambling. But they also had to wonder what George Segal and Elliott Gould were doing in it, because there was absolutely no story left when the censors finished chopping it up.

Penthouse: Why do film studios allow their movies to be treated like that?

Altman: Because it's a by-product they sell, and they just don't care. *A Wedding* was mutilated even worse than *California Split*; the TV version of that film had nothing to do with the movie—and I mean *nothing!* In prime time the networks censor language, and syndicated TV sales are worse, because that's when a movie runs into local stations and local blue laws. It's a horrible situation. The one guy who's really been smart about all this is Woody Allen. He won't make a picture unless there'a a clause in his contract that says the film can never be sold to television. He makes less money up front because the film company has to figure in their loss of TV rights, but that's his deal, and more power to him.

Penthouse: Have you talked to film studios about how you'd like your movies shown on television?

Altman: Sure I have, but there's really no talking to these people. You make an ap-

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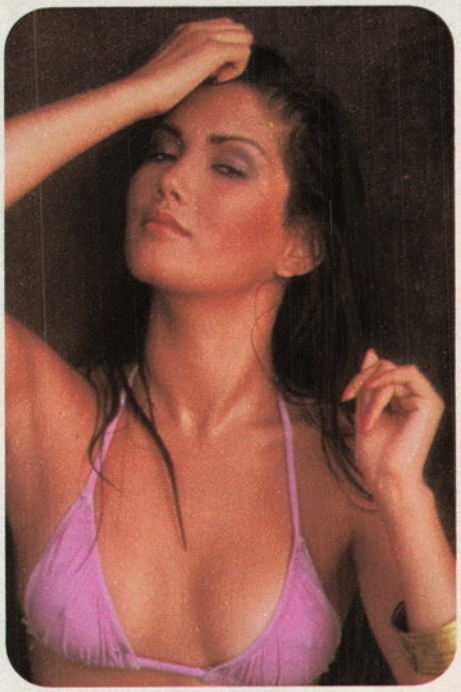
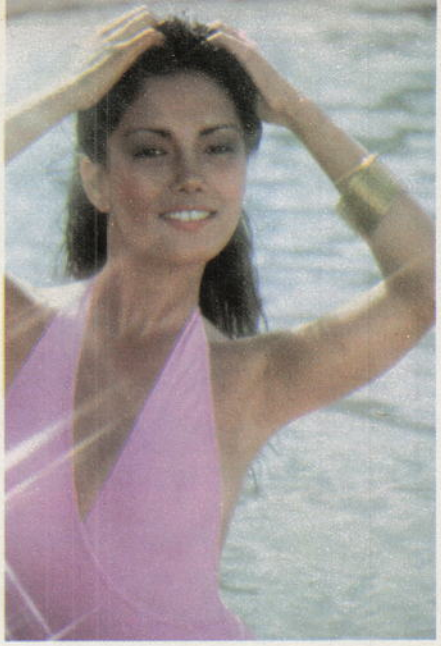


蘇絲

"Perhaps I'm somewhat inscrutable," says Suzeé, our Oriental treasure of a girl, "but there's certainly no Great Wall of China around me. When I get the feeling that a man is understanding, sincere, and a good listener, whatever defenses I *do* have come tumbling down." Despite our January Pet of the Month's lofty attractions, she sees herself as "*very* down-to-earth."

IF YOU KNEW SUZEÉ...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

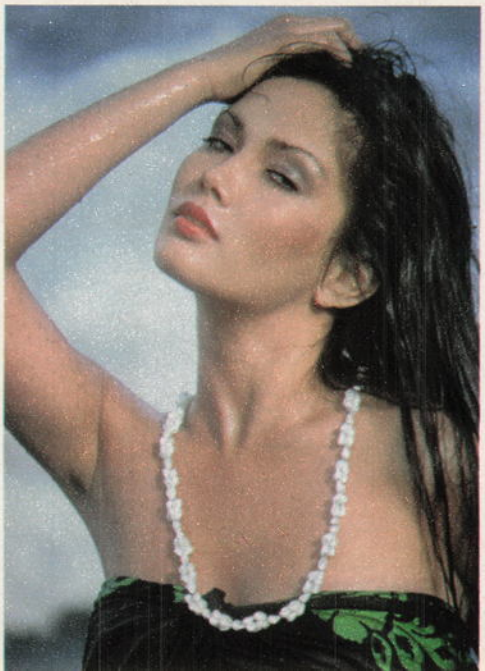


And despite her exotic heritage—half Chinese, half French—Suzeé has spent most of her young life in Philadelphia. "I realized how Americanized I'd become," she says, laughing softly, "when I chose a hot dog over an egg roll—though I *did* put hot mustard on it!"

Her favorite pastime—speaking of hot dogs—is attending home games of the Philadelphia Eagles and Phillies. "I adore the excitement of being there in person, though one time I caught a Phillies' fly ball on my right shoulder, and being so light (104 pounds), it nearly carried me with it!"

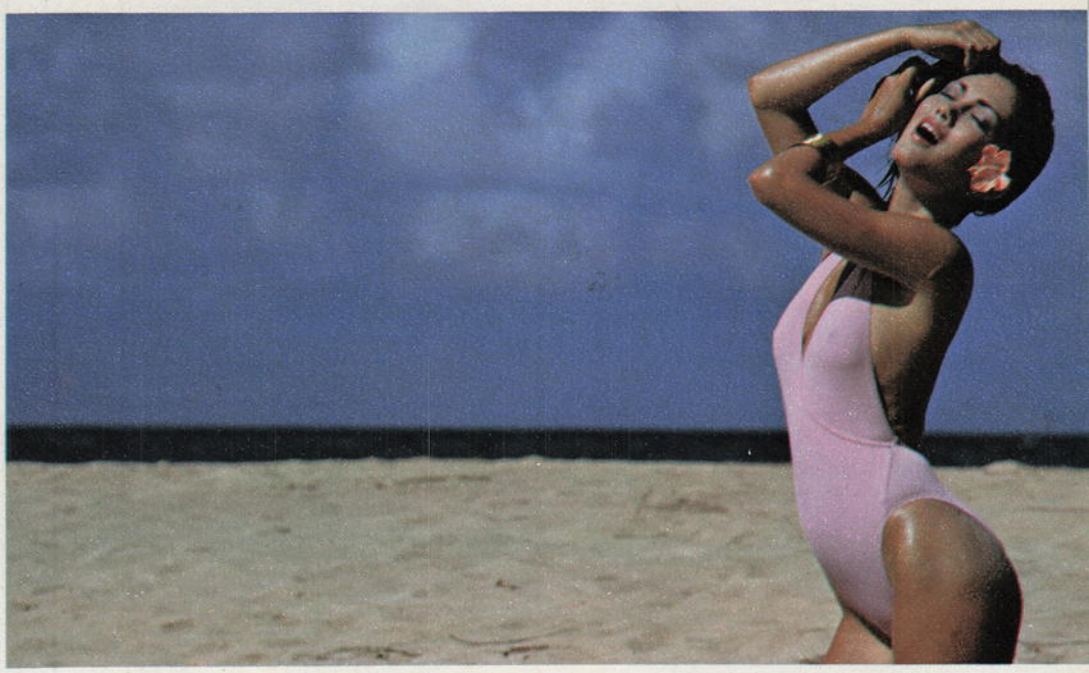
When our five-foot-six, 34-23-34 Pet was first discovered by *Penthouse*, she admitted to feeling ten feet tall! "The pictures you see here," says she, "were shot on location in Hawaii, which seemed like paradise on earth to me. It has a strange mix of Oriental, Continental, and Western flavors to it—just like I do!" she correctly observes, winsomely whetting our otherworldly appetites. "Playing in the water, flirting with the camera, knowing how men would react, was incredibly erotic, even a little one-sided. After all...what can a camera do!"

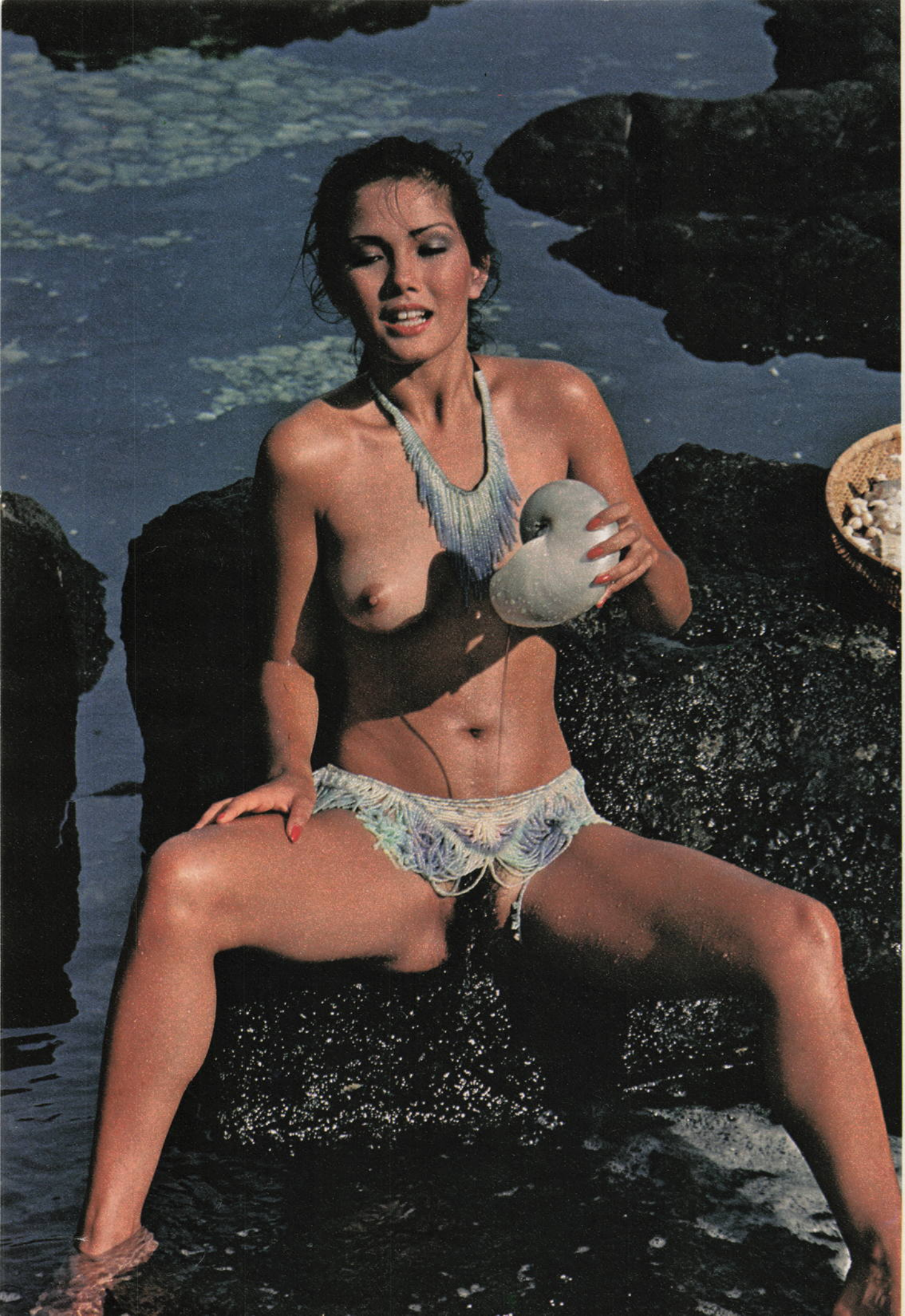
Bathing suits courtesy of Connie Banko, Miami, Fla.; Body Beads courtesy of Lor-L, Detroit, Mich.

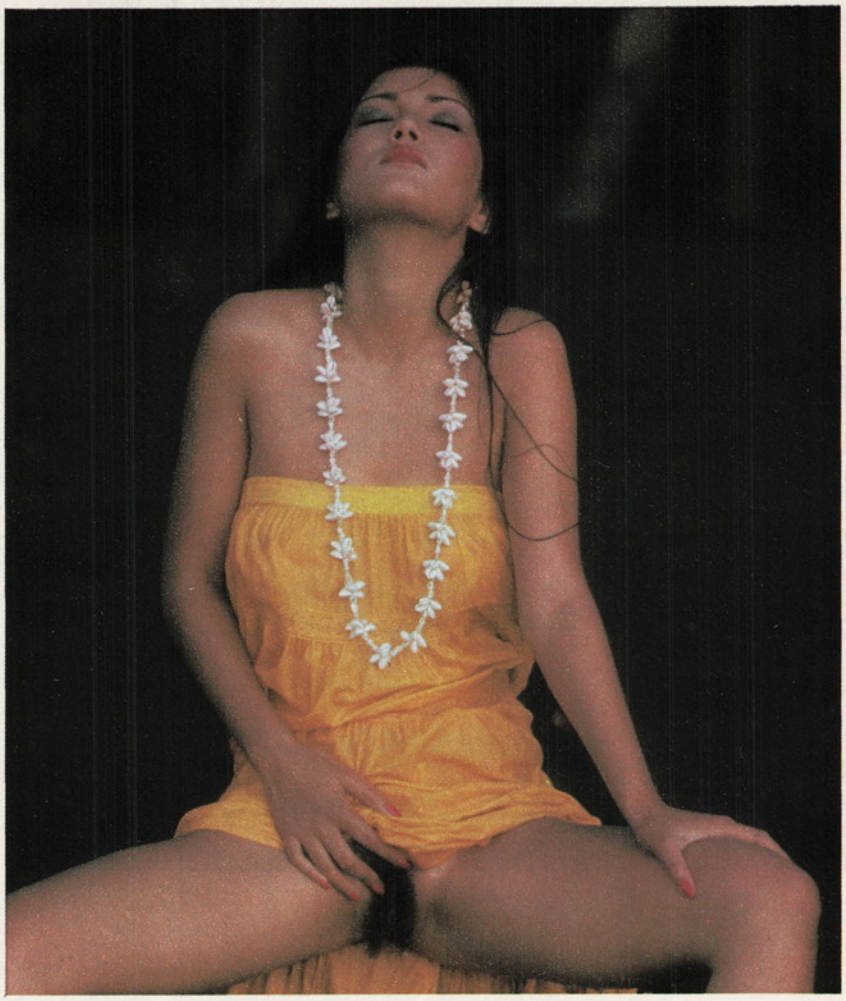


"Like most Orientals, I have a very strong sense of tradition," she says, smiling. At a dewy 18, Suzeé is the first to admit that her most exciting sexual experiences and her most romantic love affairs are still ahead of her. "I *do* have a fantasy about making love to Burt Reynolds," she admits, "and I would like to do some acting as well as modeling. Perhaps I could someday costar with him in *Smokey and the Geisha!*"

Her only immediate plan is "to grow the extra inch it takes to be a fashion model." Our flawless Pet of the Month demurely acknowledges, however, that looks are not her problem. "Of course I love all the attention from men, but sometimes they treat me not enough like a real person, too much like a china doll. I don't want that—like America and China, I want a relationship to be on an equal footing, a partnership.... What's good for one is good for both!"







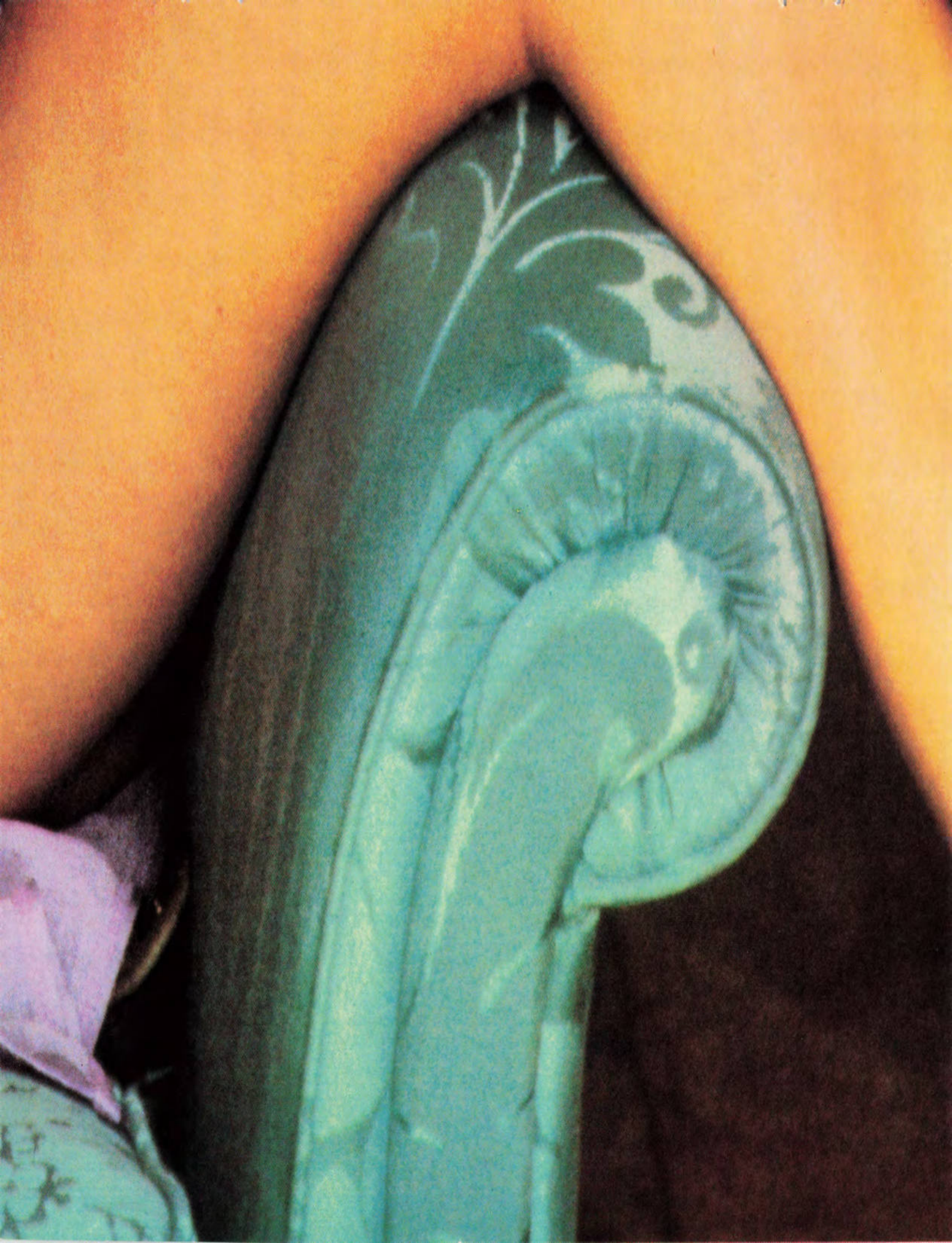
"I come from a large, loving family—with six brothers and sisters," Suzeé adds, "and I eventually would like a stable, happy home of my own—though not for at least another ten years! Right now I want to learn who I am and to try and succeed in my career while still remaining a very normal person."

"I'm convinced that this is possible. As Lao-tse, the great Chinese philosopher, once wrote, 'The softest thing in the universe/Overcomes the hardest thing in the universe.' " If it's so, sweet Suzeé, a world of men will be up to your challenge...

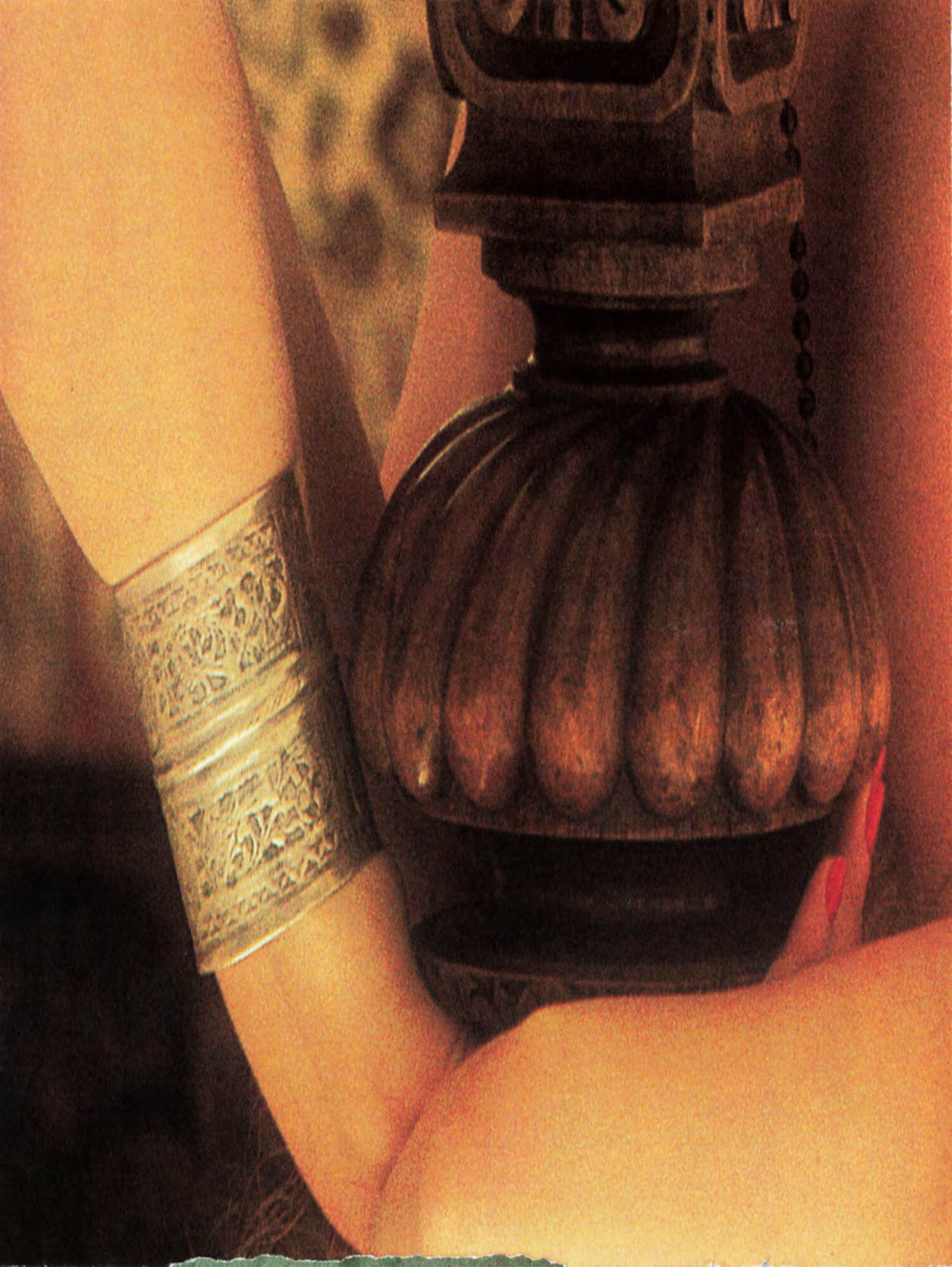
SUZEÉ/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS ISABEL (ARDIGO) LANZA
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Year
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT BRICCO

CASA
LE NOVITÀ
DEL SALONE DEL MOBILE '77:
COME SIAMO, COME ABITIAMO
DIECI ANNI CINQUANTA:
COME ERAVAMO



MISS ISABEL (ARDIGO) LANZA
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Year
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GUCCIONE



INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

pointment for a meeting, you show up—and they don't listen to what you say. They don't want people like me there, because all we do is inhibit them. I'm sure there are some good guys at the studios, but if they're there, I haven't met them.

Penthouse: Faced with all this adversity, can you still get excited about making movies?

Altman: Oh sure, because they're different each time, even down to the technical things, like trying for a new effect or seeing a landscape and envisioning what you're going to put into it and how it's going to look on film. And I still find it amazing to watch actors transform themselves into characters before a camera. It's *always* exciting. I can look at something and say, "How do you do that?" and that'll be enough to get me started on a film—the fact that I *don't* know how to do it. *Popeye* was like that, it intrigued me because no one knew what it would look like as a film. It's really hard to explain this, because it's almost like trying to describe a dream. It's vague. There are too many veils there, but you know something's behind it, even though you're not quite sure what it is until you do it.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a catalyst—someone who brings a cast and crew together and then helps cause a kind of magic to take place?

Altman: Well, I call it releasing the pigeon—once you let it go, then *everything* goes. You know something's going to happen, and something *will* happen. That's also the way I choose my films. I don't try to be a barometer of the times and say, "Oh, this would be a good subject to deal with now." Instead, somebody will tell me, "Gee, the other day I was out driving, and I saw three power-and-light trucks stopped on the highway, and five guys were taking a coffee break, and up on this electric pole, splicing some high-tension wire together, was this girl with a hard hat on and hair down to her ass." That's roughly the way I started investigating the subject of women who work in blue-collar jobs and why they do it. More than likely, that will be the next movie I'll do.

When a subject like that interests me, I'll ask questions of myself to find out what my misconceptions are about it, because I generally tend to think the same things most people think. I'll agree that some guy's an asshole and another one's a jerk because of what I've read in newspapers, and on *Power & Light*—which is what we're planning to call the film—I know that my own first impressions were "Oh, they're probably just a bunch of dykes." You find out what your own prejudicial thoughts are, and then you go out and discover what the truth is, and that's really a fine experience. I know I'm sounding kind of silly about this, but once a project gets going I'll suddenly start seeing articles about female blue-collar workers, and maybe I'll start hearing piano music, for instance, and I'll start looking at pianos. And the next thing I know I've got one of these girl electricians as a piano player. It all comes together.

Penthouse: That sounds as if your subconscious eventually lets you in on what you're thinking.

Altman: It *does*, and you have to trust it. In a lot of areas, I really tell myself, "I can solve this problem by going to sleep tonight." And that will turn out to be true, which is why people say, "Let's sleep on it." You let it come out. I think I've hated every film of mine the first time I've seen it, but I don't get into a panic about it. After seeing one of my films, I'll go to sleep thinking about it, and I'll literally stay in a halfway dream state all night long. And I *know* that I'm going to put my finger on what the problem might be and that it will be solved. The answer's going to come, probably by morning, and if I haven't come up with the solution, at least I'll have the confidence to know that it'll be there soon enough.

> The movie business has really become an *ugly* business, and it used to be a nice, glamorous, attractive industry. No more.

Penthouse: You're saying that you *never* enjoy your films the first time you see them?

Altman: Oh, it's a *terrible* experience. The first time I look at one of my films, I'll think, "Oh, shit!" because there will be a lot of things in it that I don't like. But that's part of making pictures. I think the real value of making a film is to look at all the dailies before they're edited. The people who work on a film go in at the end of the day and look at all the footage. And you see the mistakes and the good things, and you see everything repeated many times, and pretty soon it's all in your mind like a Thomas Wolfe novel. But then the film progressively gets worse as you refine it, because you're progressively getting it pared down to where uninterested parties will become interested in it. But that's probably necessary—unless you were part of the company when we made *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, it would bore you to death if you were to watch four hours of Sitting Bull's entrance.

But finally, when a film is finished there's an obligation to the people who made it to get it released, to get it seen. That's why I feel the way I do about *Health*, for everyone involved in it—from the cast to the art director to the old people in Florida who were extras—went into the movie blindly. They didn't have control of all parts of that film. I did. Well, as long as the film isn't seen, somewhere in his mind that art director, for example, is going to have his doubts about whether or not he did his work well.

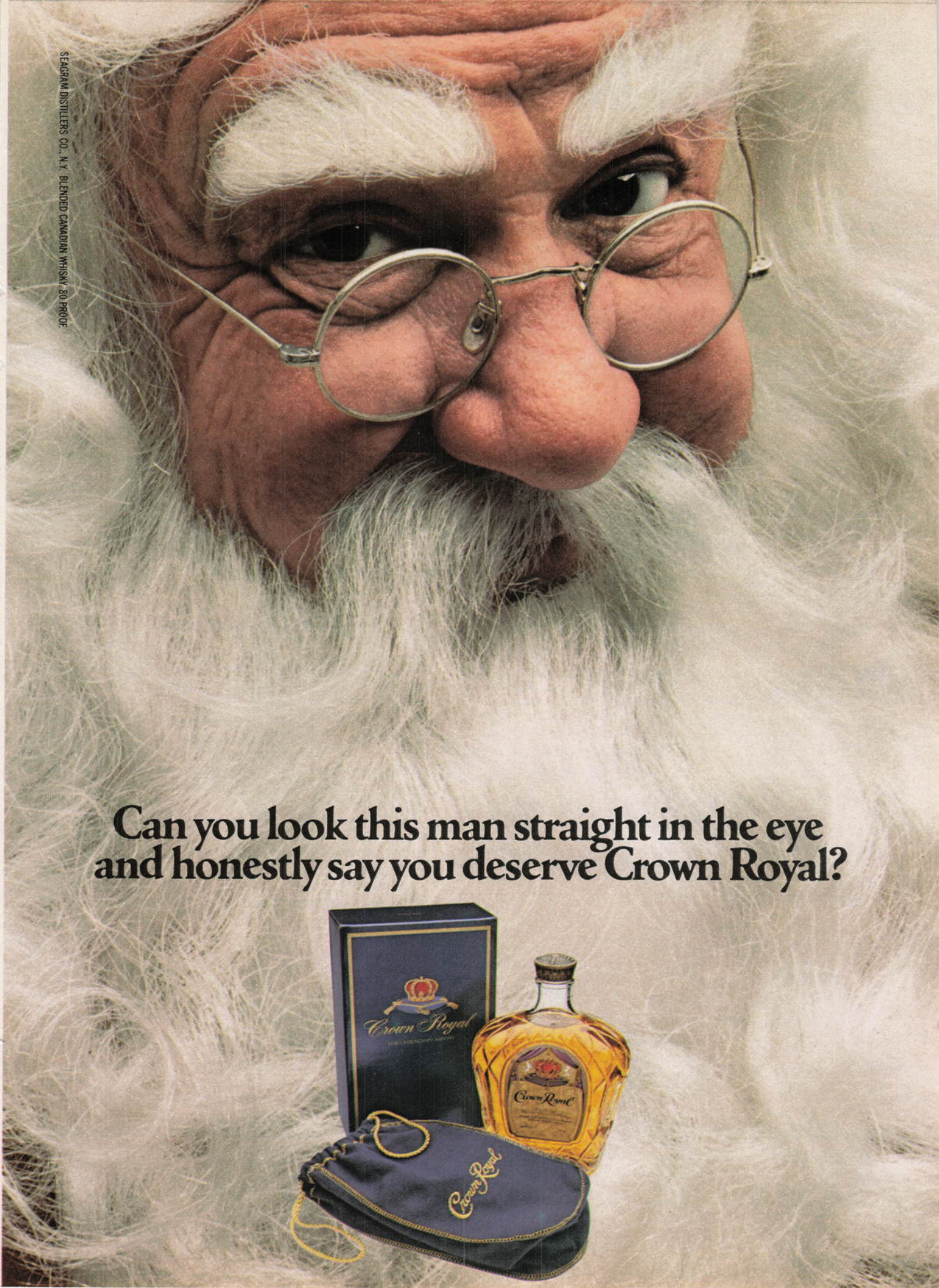
Penthouse: Doesn't it bother you in the same way?

Altman: No. It would have years ago, but I have a lot of barnacles on me. If I did a film and I couldn't find one person on earth who liked it, I guess I'd never do another one. But if I can find one person who's seen one of my movies and who says, "Jesus, I walked out of the theater and didn't eat for four days, and your picture was all I could think about, so I went back and saw it again," well, that's enough. That's really all that's necessary. I'll know it's good because a guy in Dayton, Ohio liked it, and that's a man who would know. My ego can adjust to that, and so can everyone else's. That minor response is fine, because at least you know you're not shouting into space.

Penthouse: Movie executives would undoubtedly reply that even low-budget films now cost several million dollars to produce and millions more to advertise. Faced with those hard facts of life, can you realistically expect the studios to finance films that have a limited audience at best?

Altman: They *have* to! They have an obligation to do it. They're resisting that obligation right now, and if they continue to do so, they will have destroyed much of the audience they hope to draw from. Going back to Charlton Heston's comment, I want to say that it's my responsibility not to be a victim and to *protect* the victim, which in this case might be films and the people who make them. I don't know how to explain it, but there are some things you just have to do, or else everything you've done is worthless; it would be like saying that I don't really care at all about films and I never *did* care. Look, I have done films that people have responded to, and I've seen people change as a result of films they've seen. It's like I really got to those people, like I wasn't trying to reach them but I *did* reach them.

And that's the only reason for making films. Making money is not the reason to make films, but people who do it *only* for money cannot understand that. But somehow, those old guys who once ran Hollywood understood it. They also knew that actors would probably work for nothing, because they love their work. You want to know something? The guys who are running the studios today don't even know *that!*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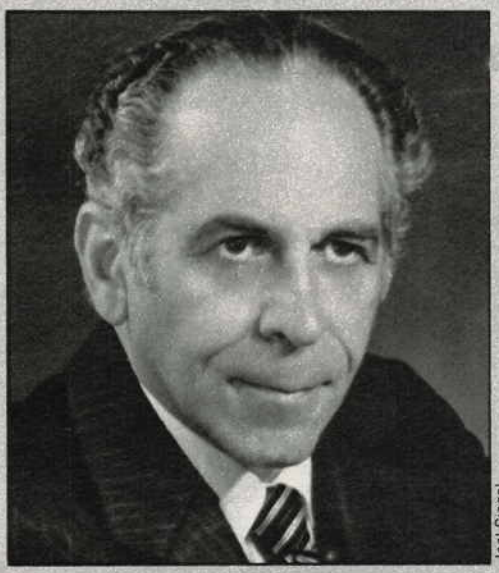


Joel Siegal

BY THOMAS SZASZ

The author is professor of psychiatry at the Upstate Medical Center of the State University of New York. Among his important books have been *Pain and Pleasure, The Myth of Mental Illness, Heresies,* and, most recently, *Sex by Prescription,* published by Doubleday.

THE CASE AGAINST SEX EDUCATION

We actually describe a sexual activity as perverse if it has given up the aim of reproduction and pursues the attainment of pleasure as an aim independent of it." This opinion—that the aim of human sexuality should be the begetting of babies—was put forward, not by the pope, but by the man widely regarded as the greatest sexual revolutionary of our century—Sigmund Freud.

William Masters and Virginia Johnson, the great sexual revolutionaries of our era, maintain the opposite view—namely, that the aim of human sexuality should be the procuring of pleasure. If a person doesn't derive pleasure from heterosexual or homosexual acts, then he or she suffers from "anorgasmia." If autoerotic acts are not pleasurable, then the person (who is always a woman) suffers from "masturbatory orgasmic inadequacy"—which Masters and Johnson define as follows: "A woman with masturbatory orgasmic inadequacy has not achieved orgasmic release by partner or self-stimulation in either homosexual or heterosexual experience. She can and does reach orgasmic expression during coital connection."

These two views highlight the procreational and recreational perspectives on sex. Which is correct or "true"? Which should sex educators teach? Obviously, the traditional Judeo-Christian sexual ethic, which Freud disguised and rationalized as "psychosexual health," and its inversion, which Masters and Johnson disguise and rationalize as "sexual adequacy," are mutually incompatible as moral prescriptions. Although the need for sexual expression can be very intense in human beings, the satisfaction of this need—unlike the satisfaction of the need for food, water, and sleep—is not essential for individual survival. Therein, in fact, lies the reason why the gratification and curbing of sexual desire serve such diverse purposes in various cultures and religions. And therein, too, lies the reason why so-called sex education, as presently practiced, is a mass of misinformation, misrepresentation, and outright fraud.

Actually, the term *sex education* conceals far more than it reveals. It conceals the specific social, educational, and economic policies used to implement sex education; the moral values secretly encouraged and discouraged; and, last but not least, the problems that derive inexorably from involving the American public-school system—and hence the state and federal governments—in defining what constitutes education in human sexuality. The upshot is that many thoughtful and well-meaning persons now endorse sex education (especially in public schools) as a good thing. They should, instead, oppose it as one of the most deplorable consequences of the combination of liberal-statist politics with medicalized morals.

Engaging in certain sexual acts (as well as refraining from some or all such acts) serves important individual and social needs, such as the expression of love, the creation of families, pleasure, domination, torture, ritual, escape from boredom, companionship, monetary gain, self-definition, and the preservation of the group. The "proper" aim of human sexuality is thus a matter of cultural and moral convention. And the masturbatory therapy of Masters and Johnson is, quite simply, the inversion and medicalization of the cardinal sin of self-abuse of traditional Judaism and Christianity. How, then, can "sex education" be taught in American public schools without its violating the beliefs of either the religionists or the sexolo-

• The basic trouble with sex education is that it replaces biology and ethics with the particular sexual ideology of "healthy sex as mental hygiene" of the ever-meddling liberal social worker.•

gists—not to mention all the rest of us?

To be sure, teaching evolution has also offended some religious sensibilities. But that problem pales in comparison with the problems posed by sex education. How the solar system, the earth, and mankind arose were matters of religious mythologizing long before they became subjects for scientific theorizing. But cosmological and evolutionary processes are not things that we, as individual human beings, do; we can only observe, reflect, and speculate about them. And "sex" is at once something we *are* and something we *do*. Accordingly, sex education could be instruction in the anatomy and physiology of the sexual organs or about the facts of reproduction, fertility, contraception, abortion, or venereal disease. Or it could be instruction about approved and disapproved sexual practices, the dangers of teenage pregnancy, and the threat of the population explosion.

Clearly, only the purely biological aspects of sexuality are a matter of science. And biology has always been, and should be, taught in schools. But biology is an insignificant element in sex education, which is concerned with human sexual *behavior*. And human sexual behavior is never morally neutral: it is either good or bad. For example, as recently as 1939, a U.S. Public Health Service manual admonished that "masturbation . . . is destructive because it breaks down self-confidence and self-control." Today a planned parenthood pamphlet aimed at teenagers advises that "if the [sexual] feeling and tension bother you, you can masturbate. Masturbation cannot hurt you, and it will make you more relaxed."

The basic presumption about sex education—the attribution that has made it possible to mobilize popular opinion and political support for it—is the same misleading claim that underlies many social policies in modern technological societies: namely, that the matter at hand is a *health problem*. As the Moonies chant their mantras, so sex educators chant phrases like "sex is a health entity." Who can be against health? Only a madman—or a "right-winger," which, in the rhetoric of Mary Calderone, the founder of SIECUS (the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States), comes to much the same thing. Calderone, the Joan of Arc of the sex education movement, never tires of claiming sex for health, as is evident in this statement: "Fundamentally, sex has always been preempted by the religions, and everybody kept hands off. By putting it into the area of health, where it scientifically belongs, by recognizing its role in physical, mental, and social well-being, we immediately freed it for objective, less emotional study." Calderone's objectivity is illustrated by her identifying the opponents of sex education as antiscientific fascists. "Sex education," she has declared, "is the best issue the right wing has discovered in years, and they're exploiting it for all it's worth." This is perhaps the most colossal example of guilt by association since the days of Joe McCarthy. Calderone's logic implies that because the "right wing" is against sex education, sex education must be a good thing and we should be for it. By that logic, because the Klu Klux Klan is against communism, we should be for it.

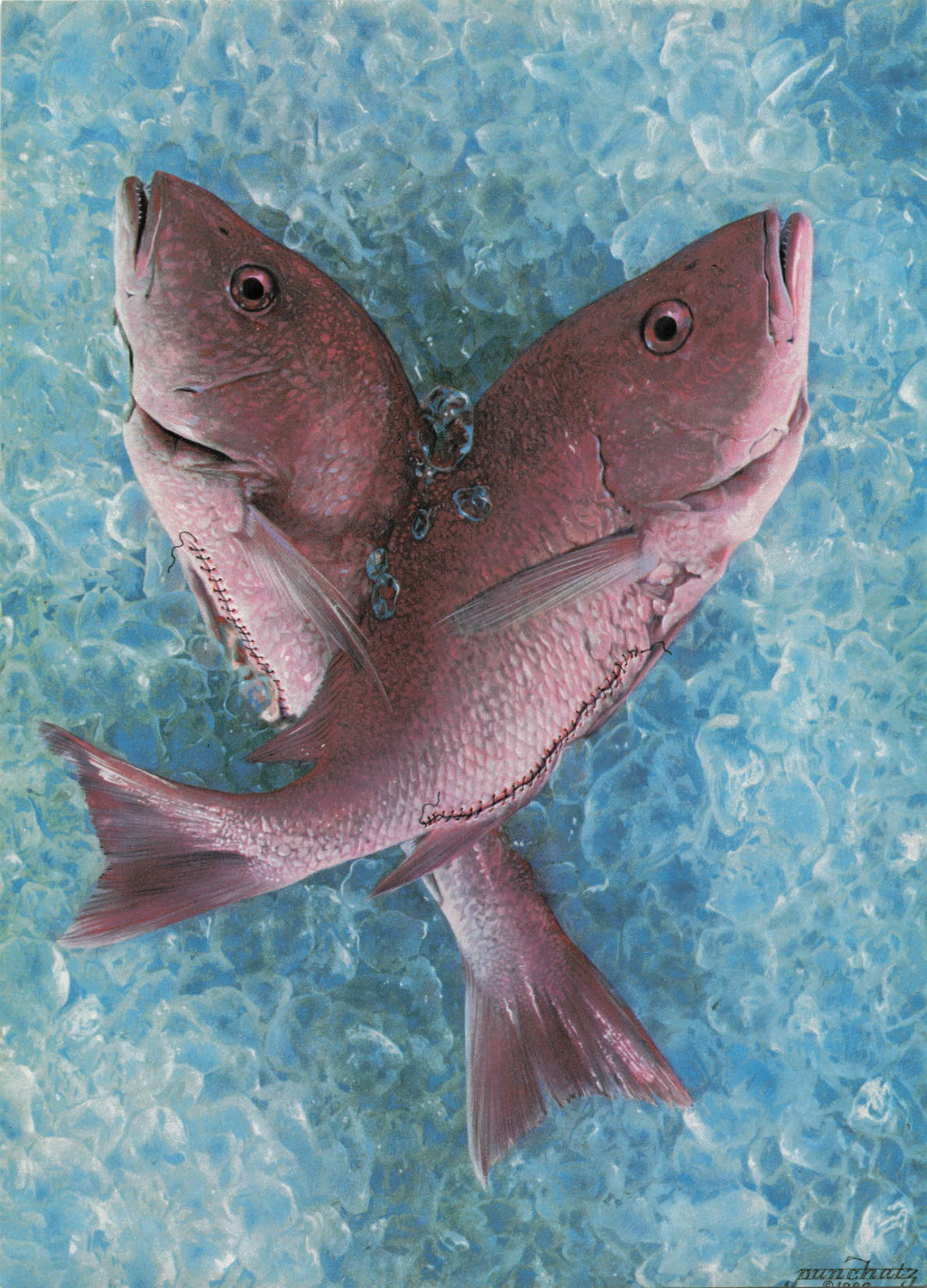
The sex educators have thus managed to convince many people that, in opposition to the bigoted "right-wingers" who stand for sexual repression, they stand for sexual liberation. Ironically, that claim, too, is an utter falsehood. Indeed, Mary Calderone has characterized herself as the very opposite of a sexually liberated person. "What kind of sexual persons would we like our children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, to become?" she asks. And she answers: "We would hope that they are *not* to be: furtive, leering, guilt-ridden, pathetic, compulsive, joyless. In other words, not like ourselves!" It seems only fair to take Calderone at her own word and to conclude that her self-characterization is correct. That conclusion is also consistent with her insistence, at a lecture, that she is "not suggesting the distribution of . . . contraceptive information to teenagers." Taken literally and seriously, this means that Calderone believes that even 19-year-old married adults should be denied access to contraceptive information. That is sex *education*?

Still, we might ask: have the sex educators abused their mandate, or is the idea of providing sex education in the public schools inherently faulty? The evidence—which I have set forth in detail in my book *Sex by Prescription* and summarize in what follows—points in the latter direction.

It would be possible, of course, to teach students the presently known facts about the biology of sex. But doing so would constitute "biology education," not "sex education." What sex educators want is not to impart information but to influence behavior. Sex education *is* teaching morality. Christian sex theorists have thus stigmatized sexual pleasure as a sin and glorified chastity as a virtue. Modern medical sex theorists are doing the same sort of thing: they are stigmatizing lack of sexual pleasure as a disease ("anorgasmia") and glorifying copulation as a treatment ("surrogate sex therapy"). But the fact is that sex is neither inherently sinful or sick, virtuous or therapeutic. Sexual ignorance can be replaced by sexual information. Sexual values can be replaced only by other sexual values.

In addition, sex education—not as an idealized abstraction but as a practical reality—suffers from another fatal flaw, related to its context rather than its content. Because the public-school system is a tax-supported institution that possesses subtle, and not-so-subtle, powers to coerce parents as well as children, it carries in its bosom the danger of politicizing whatever it touches. The risk of thus corrupting education becomes a reality as we move from the hard natural sciences toward the soft social sciences—reaching its apogee with sex education. Thus, the basic trouble with sex education is that it replaces biology and ethics with a particular sexual ideology—which is neither that of the Christian fundamentalists nor that of the readers of *Penthouse*, but is rather that of the "healthy sex as mental hygiene" of the ever-meddling, liberal-statist social worker. In short, it is precisely because sex education in the public schools is inexorably a political matter that its proponents find it necessary to deny its moral dimensions and to affirm its medical pretensions.

The propaganda of the sex education lobby and its uncritical acceptance by the leading opinion-makers of our society have made it appear that anyone who opposes sex education is against both sex and education. But that is simply not true. Because all public education is an affair of the state, the advocates of sex education support, above all else, an expansion of the scope and power of state intervention in our personal lives. In a world where we are increasingly controlled by the state, the last thing we need is to have the state program our sex lives for us, too.


punchatz

I know that what I did probably looks like very bad news on a roll, but I'm not trying to snap your strap when I say I bet you'd have done the same thing if you were ten and your life was as screwed up as mine.

You need to understand Mom to understand me. In '68, which is when I was born, we lived on an army post in Texas with Dad. When I was two Dad split for 'Nam because Mom said he was a trained killer paid to protect ruling crass interests. When he came back though in '71 he got hip and grew his hair long and wore beads and quit the army. He started doing yoga and fasting and pretty soon he was taking these two-week vows of silence where he would sit in the tree house he built for me in the backyard and all he'd do was smile and point to stuff around him.

One time we brought his uniform down to the Gulf and started collecting driftwood and made a fire and burned up the complete killer costume. After the uniform had burned up Dad knelt beside me and looked me in the eyes and said, "The meaning of life is to love everything, even flies, you got it?" It was the first thing he had said to me in a month and it was the last thing he said to anyone I know since then because the next day Mom was crying and reading a note to Grandma on the phone and the note said Dad had split for a monastery in New Zealand and wasn't ever coming back. Ever since all I've been thinking about is how come Dad didn't think as much of me and Mom as he did flies?

Mom took me to Key West with her six years ago when she came here to get her head together because my dad's splitting really blew her mind. We were supposed to stay for two weeks but then Blair came surf-sailing along and Mom decided to stay in the sack with him until the war ended. Blair owned a mechanic shop, The Fool's Tool, near the cemetery and a lot of times back then Mom would leave me with Blair when she went to work at the Yogurt Stand on Duval Street.

I hardly ever saw Blair get paid with money from a customer because most of the time he swapped with them. They'd come in for their wheels and when they'd ask how much he'd say, "For one g of nose and a source of Percodan we'll entitle it even" because like everybody else on this Key he was a drug maniac and needed the stuff to make his heart keep the faith.

One time some guy was real low on bread and dry as a desert in the drug department so Blair offered to take a puppy from the guy's dog's litter, which is how I got Leon my retarded 100-pound wolf dog who is my best friend next to Buggs and Emmett even if all Leon ever does is drool and chase rocks and sleep in front of The House Hotel and sniff Termina's crotch whenever it's real hot, which is all the time of course. Termina is Bugg's sister and she and me are pretty tight at this point. Termina's eleven but knows how to have orgasms.

Blair abandoned Mom like Dad did but I didn't care. He just split one day on a sailboat for Cayman Island. After the rent went sayonara at the end of the month at Blair's pad, Mom and me moved into The House Hotel because Mom was working in the restaurant there so the room only cost her twenty-five bucks a week. Her boss, Emmett the Huge, who got me to come here with his lawyer and make this confession, is sixty-six and fat as an elephant and real nervous with a big nose

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Ten-year-old Christopher took
his Zodiac inflatable
to pick up some red snapper for
dinner, saw some white
powder packets sewn up inside
the fish, and became
the youngest dealer in Key West.

CRISSCROSS

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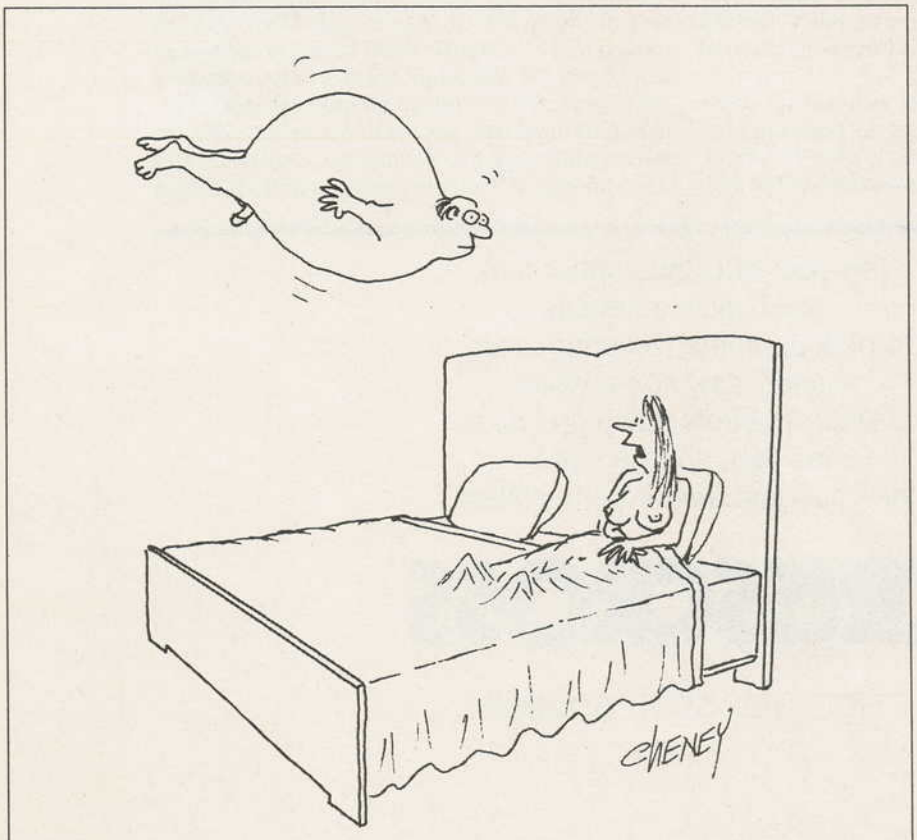
and long curly gray hair, which is cool since he used to be Stanley's barber in Montana before he bought The House with Stanley. Emmett is the only straight one in the place because he's thirty years older than anyone else though sometimes he does up a joint with me on the sun deck or in his house behind The House.

Last month Emmett came to school with me after the principal, Sadist Shapiro, had sent me home because he said my hair was too long and that I looked like an animal and I said, "Cool, fool, I ain't comin' back," and stayed away for a week. Except that Shapiro wrote Mom a letter and said that if I didn't get my hair cut and my act together and show up for classes the following week he would try to get me sent to a special school for "emotionally disturbed youths."

Emmett and I walked into Sadist's office that afternoon of the letter and found him watching cartoons on TV! Sadist told Emmett I was the worst fourth-grader in history and screwed up Miss Smethurst's class. Emmett wheezed a couple of times and nodded and told Shapiro that he had friends on Key Largo who made a living taking care of people who picked on children. But I guess now he'll have the last laugh because I'll probably wind up where he wanted me in the first place: in a cage.

Jetty is the head cook at The House restaurant. He says he's old enough to be my father so I shouldn't wise off to him. One day he asked me if I still had the Zodiac Inflatable with the motor mounted that Blair left for me and Mom. He said that if I wanted three sticks of dyno-weed and a rock album of my choice, I should take Zodiac out to his brother Snyder's shrimper, *Tchandee*, which was just south of Curry's Dock, and pick up these special fish he needed for dinner at the restaurant. I felt bad about having something to do with killing fish because of what my Dad said about loving everything—even flies!—but I still did what Jetty asked because I wanted him to give me five when I got back and maybe get stoned with me. So I took Zodiac to *Tchandee* and cut the motor and called up to Snyder and he climbed down the gunwall and tossed me these yellow snappers all locked in at the gills on this long metal hook.

I thought something was a little fishy that night when Mom served me dinner in the restaurant. Kelley was across from me. She's only nine years older than me but real sexy and Stanley's lover. Kelley's always got a runny nose that until not too long ago I believed was a cold though now I'm hip to what Kelley's into and why she laughs a lot. So I figured something was weird that night because everyone's nose sounded like Kelley's nose and Jetty served conch fritters instead of yellow snapper.



"I'm sorry, Virgil . . . I promise I won't fart during anal sex from now on."

By the last week in October, which seems like much more than a month ago now, I was going almost every day to *Tchandee* and leaving school early by just not going back after lunch. A couple of times Smethurst the Worst sent me to Sadist Shapiro's office to see what gave and I told Shapiro that Emmett and his friends in Key Largo said it was okay for me to stay away when I didn't feel like letting the school brainwash me. Shapiro looked scared and called in The Worst and told the old bag to just ignore me because someday I'd get mine and realize how disrespectful and neurotic a person I was. I said that Emmett said that Shapiro better watch his Uranus. Then I walked out even though Smethurst said, "We're not through talking to you, young man!"

I ignored her just like I ignore Mom when she says to men who only want to nail her, "I think I'm in lust with you. Do you lust me?" which she says whenever they eat with me and her at the restaurant when she isn't working. I never say anything but pretend I'm deaf and dumb and eat like a pig and Mom knows now not to get mad and just says, "My son is brain-damaged; just ignore him." But it freaks out a lot of the bastards, and I've protected Mom from some real bad cards if you ask me. But Mom doesn't respect me so much and one time she said, "Christopher, when you're a little older, I'll listen to you. But right now you're just too young to understand certain adult realities."

"Like what, for instance?" I asked her.

"Loneliness, for one," she said.

"You've got me, don't you!"

"My life doesn't revolve around you."

"Well, I don't care about you either, Mother."

"I didn't say I didn't care."

"You don't love me!"

"I love you more than you'll ever know."

"So how come you took the dirty dancing job last week?"

"It isn't *dirty*. I took it for the money."

"If it isn't dirty, how come you have to take your clothes off?"

"It's artful, Christopher. I'm trying to be artistic and make enough money so we can have our own place. It's hard for women to make money in this sexist society."

I got real mad and screamed: "I think you like being a whore!"

That's when she said, "GTF," meaning, Going Too Far, so I had to stop or else. I took off on my skateboard with Leon following behind me with a rock in his mouth and went down to Mallory Pier to watch the sun go to New Zealand.

The next day I took Leon with me on Zodiac, and I went racing all around Curry's Pier out to where the cargo boat sank off the reef a couple of years ago and I was moving pretty fast and Leon gave me that look of his which says I'd-better-get-it-together-before-we're-both-

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screwed so I slowed up and looked down at the reef at the turtle grass and the sponges and once three barracuda shot by like torpedoes, and soon I cut the engine and lay back and talked to Leon and caught some rays and pretended we were on a raft to New Zealand, and then I pressed my fingers against my eyelids and saw stars instead of orange light and it was like I was floating toward the sun. Then I smoked a J and blew it up Leon's nose so he could get off too and then we were both totally mellow and laid back and happy and so by the time I got to *Tchandee* to pick up the snapper I was cocky and told Snyder I wasn't getting paid enough and he said maybe a knuckle sandwich would do the trick and I said I was only jokin' cause I'd been tokin' but he didn't seem too happy about it.

When Leon and me got back to Curry's Dock I saw that Leon had started eating one of the fish so I pushed him away saying, "Cut the crap, kid!" but the fish was ruined and bloody at the head so after I docked Zodiac I sat on the wharf and checked out the fish. They were okay except the one with the bad head so I took it off the gill lock and started to chuck him back in the water when I noticed some thread sticking out of him. Then I could see his whole belly was tied up and so I sat down under a palm and saw that all the snapper were sewed up in the stomach though it wasn't real obvious or anything. I opened up the bloody fish all the way and found this white powder wrapped in a sandwich baggy and I couldn't figure it out other than to know something fishy was going on behind locked gills! I opened the bag and put it to my nose and sniffed it and some went up my nostrils and burned a little. I tried a little taste of it and pretty soon my tongue didn't feel like it was there anymore and my nose felt like it does when it's cold outside and I kept sniffing like I was sick and it reminded me of nights on the patio of The House during softball parties when everyone walked around like they had enough snot to start a plague. So I figured I'd found out something I wasn't supposed to have and that was how come Snyder told me not to be cute. I didn't know what to do about the missing fish and the bag I had in my hand though I figured I'd better tell Jetty about it, but then I got an amazing idea that made my heart beat fast, so I just put the fish in the basket of Bicycle and rode home.

When I got back to The House, I brought Jetty the fish and he gave me two J's and a five to buy a rock album. He said, "Thanks. Now beat it." So I did, hoping he wouldn't count the fish and the next day I was real scared to go into breakfast but when he saw me he called me "little troll of misery," and didn't say anything bad so I figured it was cool. I had hid the stuff in a finger of my ball glove and put it in the very back of the closet with some of Mom's crap and since it was Saturday after breakfast I went to Emmett's house with my glove on like I was off to play ball. Emmett was in the kitchen eating enough for a large family. He was smoking as usual and looked pretty lonesome and he was cursing and trying to figure out what he called "accounts payable." I said, "If I show you something you swear to God you won't tell anyone?" He said, "Okay, I swear to God," and lit another cigarette and folded his hand on his stomach and leaned back and stared at me, so I took out the bag from my glove and said, "What is this?" and he took the bag and put it to his nose and sniffed and then he put some on his gums and looked at me suspiciously.

"Leon found it!" I said.

"Where?"

"Came home with it in his mouth."

"You telling the truth?"

"What is it already?" I just looked at the bag in his hand and then looked up fast at him.

"Toot," he said.

"Huh?"

"Coke." He looked down at it again.

"Give it back now." I put out my hand. He gave it to me and said, "You have plans for this?"

"Ask me no questions. I'll tell you no lies."

"You want to go to jail?"

"I wanna help Mom" is all I said. "I wanna get some bread so she can stop dancing."

He nodded to the bag and said, "You've got a gram in that bag."

I looked down at the bag in my hand and then I stuffed it back in my glove.

"I'll give you a hundred for it right now," Emmett said.

"You can have it for fifty."

"Okay," he said softly. "I'll take it for fifty. I don't want you in trouble." He took out two twenties and a ten from his wallet and looked at me. "You're not working undercover, are you?"

I didn't know what he meant so I said, "What do you think—I'm a sex maniac!" I stashed the money and took off. Before I reached outside, I heard Emmett flush the toilet.

Sunday a band plays at Sand's beach and everyone from The House goes there when the kitchen closes at two. It's like a big family day and I dig it and so does Mom who dances in the sand when the band plays and I mostly play Frisbee with Buggs and Leon.

I was on the dock with Buggs checking out a man-o'-war blob on the water when Jetty came out to meet some dude who had pulled up in a Pacemaker Motor Yacht with a topless lady and Jetty went aboard walking real slow so I knew he was stoned out. I watched Jetty shake hands with this guy who was wearing sunglasses. He sounded like what Emmett says is a Fire Island dialect with a little Frisco thrown in. They were sitting

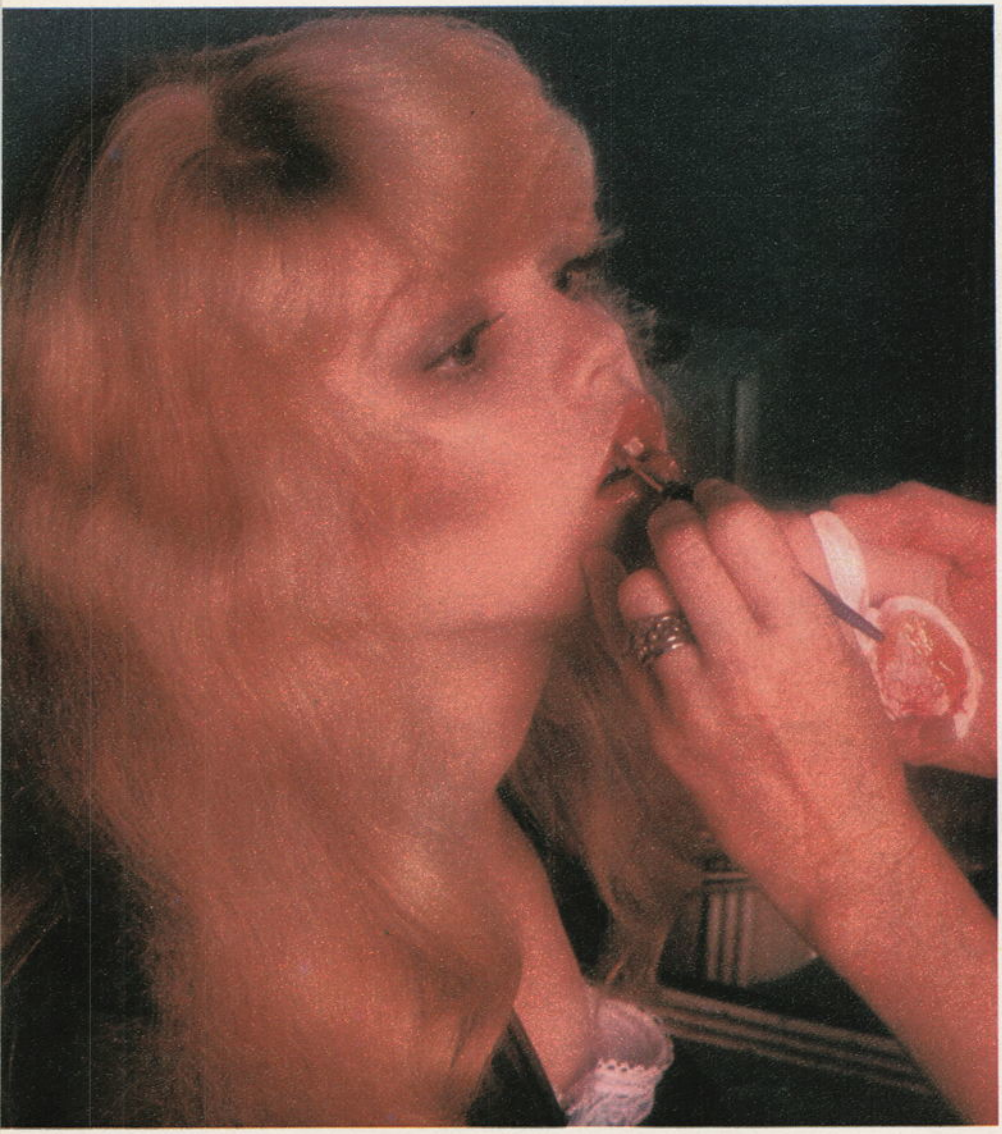
CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING LADY

I weigh seventy-five pounds, stand four feet seven inches in my little white socks, and, believe it or not, I'm nineteen years old!" Wendy Welles defiantly declares, flashing her driver's license as proof. Though our eyes deceive us, the document bears her out. Still, even Wendy admits that with her tiny size, huge green eyes, and 34-22-32-inch body, she can look all of 12 or 13 to the casual observer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"Everybody marvels at my ability to transform myself . . . . In minutes I can become a little girl about half my age."



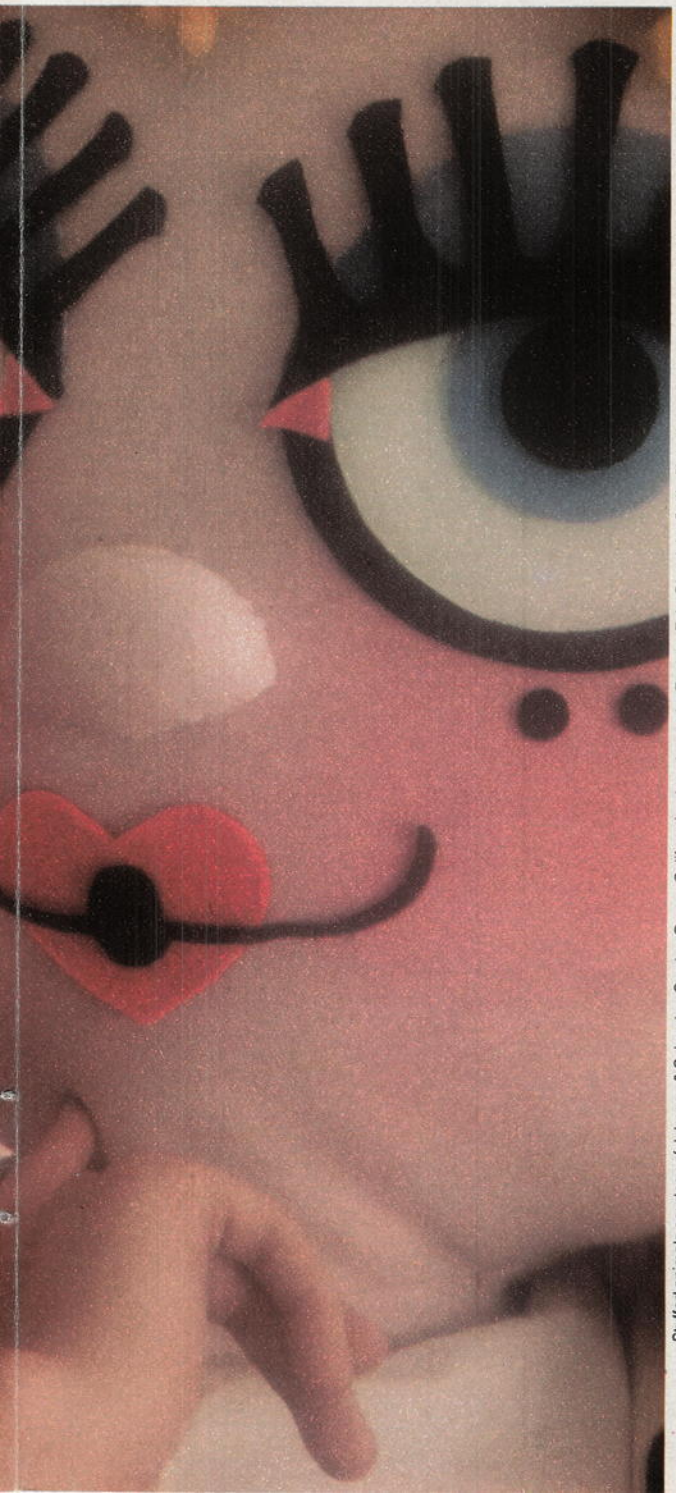
"In a way, I'm very lucky. I represent almost everything a man looks for in a woman! The adoring little girl that makes him feel fatherly and protective, the naive adolescent who makes him want to be a gentle and patient teacher, the ripe and womanly side that makes him all sexy and adoring. And everybody marvels at my ability to transform myself. I'm just like an actress in costume. In minutes I can become a little girl about half my age. I plait my hair, which is thick, put on frilly outfits, and use cosmetics to make myself *down* instead of up."

"Lots of men call me 'Child-Woman,' " she says. "Part of me longs for all the freedom and innocence of childhood, but another part of me really loves being grown up. There's all the mysteries of love and all the pleasures of sex to be explored."

"My ideal fantasy, of course, is to be both things at once...to look and act and be treated like a little girl but *feel* like a totally grown-up woman inside." We were not difficult to convince, and staff photographer Earl Miller devised this rather ingenious layout as a means of fulfilling one little girl's fantasy whilst not ignoring the immoderate and collective needs of the reading millions.

"As grown-ups, we learn to be more careful. We stifle our basic impulses...like touching ourselves. We begin to feel guilty about our own thoughts, our own bodies, about all the things that seemed so normal and natural just the other day. Where does shame come from? We're not born with shame. Shame is ignorance and conformity and personal weakness. It's giving in to the system...giving up your own values for the values of the crowd. What a sad and faceless world that would be!"

How did we ever pick on something as natural as our own bodies to feel shy and guilty about?



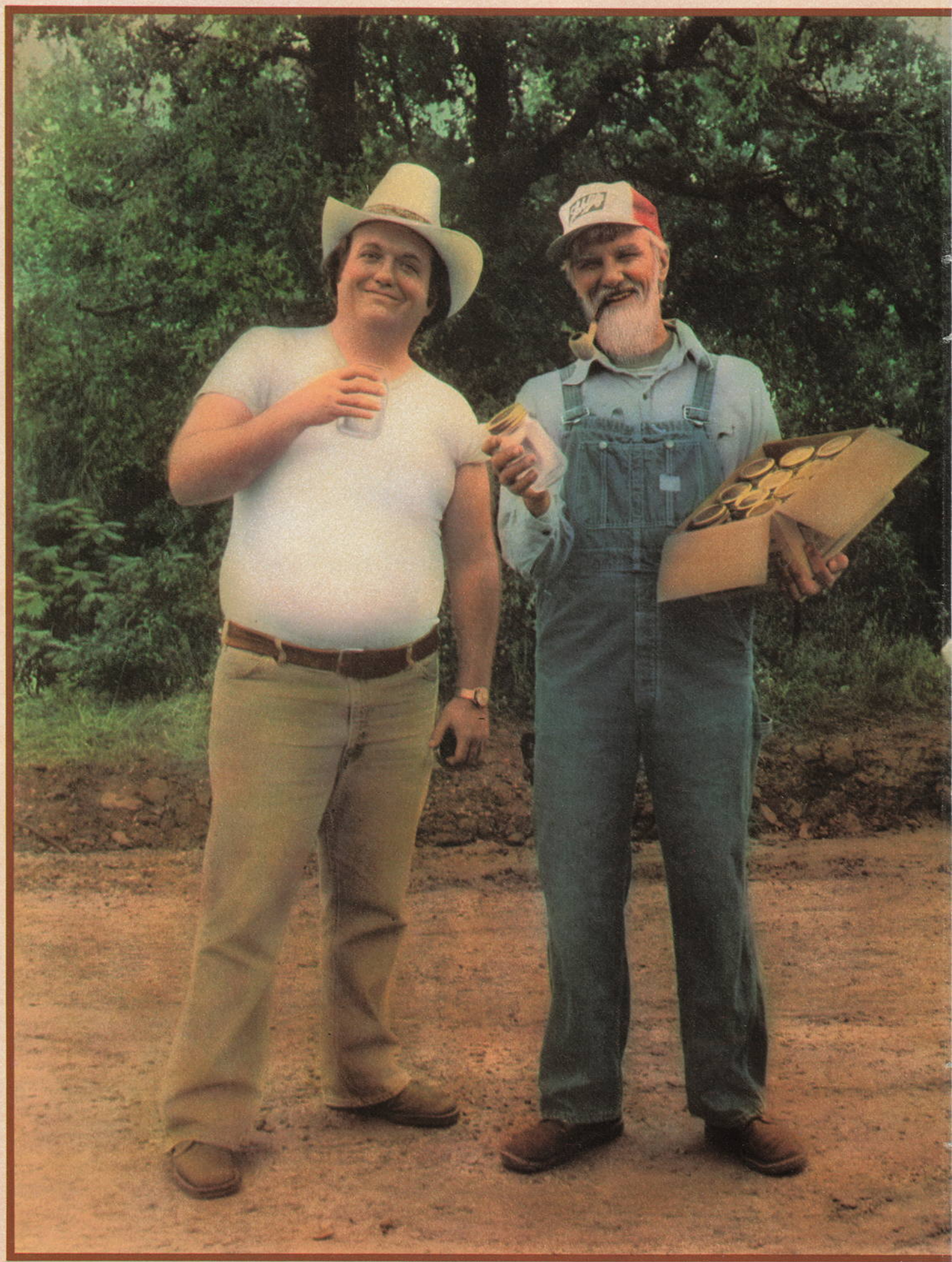
Stuffed animals courtesy of Johnson & Schrader, Garden Grove, Calif.; animal costumes by Fantasy Fair, Glendale, Calif.; Silver fox bedspread courtesy of Knights, Ltd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

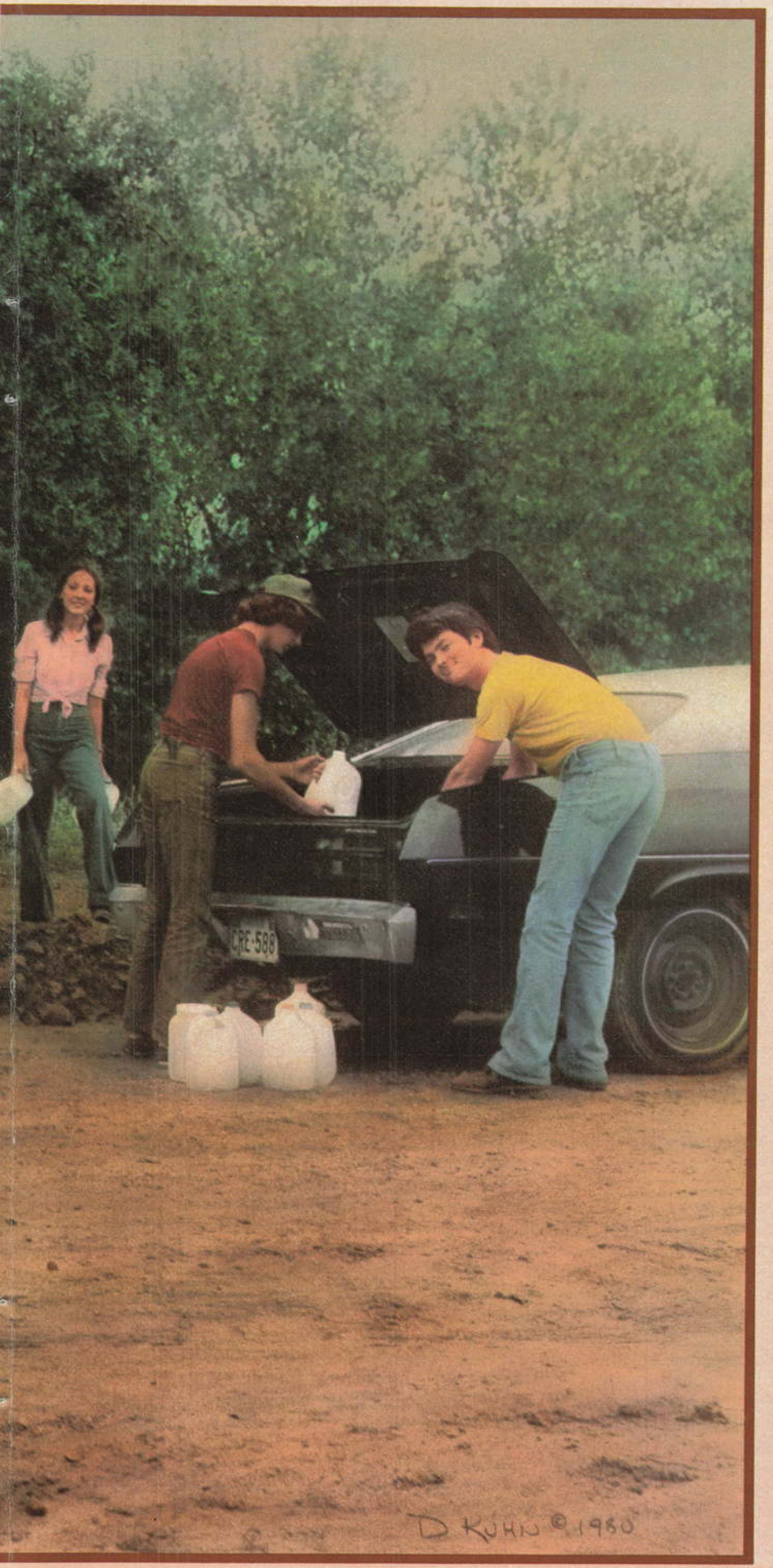
"As children, shyness and inhibitions have no meaning... nakedness, after all, is what little kids call their 'birthday suit.' I love to display myself nude. It's thrilling, and it's fun, and I can do it proudly. I don't think God intended us to keep his work secret and hidden. How did we ever pick on something so totally natural as our own bodies to feel shy and guilty about?"

"Of course," she concedes, "there are some parts of childhood that really aren't all that great—all the things we don't know or can't understand yet or nobody will explain. Once, when I was very young, I felt the tremors of an earthquake. I actually felt the earth move beneath me and rushed out of my house in terror, stark naked! My father found me, grabbed me up in his arms, and hugged and kissed me for being safe and then blackened my bottom so I couldn't sit down for two days for being stark naked in the street. To him both things were acts of love. To me, a little kid, it made my values more confusing than ever."

"Being cute and small can also mean being defenseless—at the mercy of everybody else, that is. My arms are too short to box with God, and my legs," says she, "are much too short to outrun the devils that chase me. Like all girls—and like all grown-up women, I guess—I feel as if my feminine self is like a magic charm, as if I'll always be protected, loved, and pampered. The teddy bears we cling to as little children will someday be replaced by good-hearted men with

strong, loving, bear-hugging arms... Maybe I'm living in a fairy tale," admits our beautiful dreamer, "but I still think that everybody has an ideal mate. Someone, out there, is made specially for them. It's a question of time and patience and faith. I really believe that someday I'll fall madly in love and live happily ever after. I believe that, because I believe in love. When the one that was made specially for me comes along, I'll know it, and he'll know it . . . instantly!"





The cradle of southern stock car racing is the ongoing duel between moonshiners and the Feds at 125 mph on two-lane blacktops.

MOUNTAIN WAR

BY WILLIAM NEELY

Big Walter double-clutched the dusty, scowling Dodge Charger and swung it left out of the dirt road, clipping the tips off the bushes that nearly hid the road from view. The car bounded onto County Route 606, about halfway between Nola and Ferrum in the mountain country of southwest Virginia. Right behind Big Walter, with a handy-dandy, easy-to-install, magnetic flashing red roof light, was an otherwise plain-black Ford. The man in the passenger seat held a sawed-off shotgun. His knuckles were white, and his eyes were open as wide as the driver's.

The high beams of the sliding Dodge raked across a stand of white oak and the ass-end did a hula, barely missing a couple of the trees as the right rear wheel dropped off the edge of the road and threw a spray of gravel high into the trees.

Big Walker rammed down hard on the gas, and the car straightened out. You could hear him change gears again, and behind him floated two small puffs of blue smoke where the tires had bitten into the asphalt. He rocketed around the curve, where there was a sheer drop-off going down to Philpott Reservoir, and the rear-end swung around and seemed to hang out over the edge. His tires got another bite, and the car disappeared around the turn. Big Walter careened through three more turns, putting more distance with each one between his car and the one in pursuit. It was like watching Manolete work the bulls.

It was also a page out of the goddamn past.

Big Walter, whose last name will remain anonymous because, well, primarily because he is BIG Walter and, at the drop of a fruit jar, will blow your head off, is one of what the Federal Department of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (ATF) in Washington likes to refer to as a "vanishing breed." He is a "wheelman," which, in mountain moonshine terms,

ILLUSTRATION BY DEBBIE KUHN

means one of the best drivers this side of a NASCAR track. He hauls white liquor from the still to the marketplace, occasionally, as tonight, with a Fed or any one of half a dozen kinds of cops hot after him.

You can run through the alphabet; they're all out to stop the illegal moonshine activities—the ABC, the ATF, the FBI, the state and county; hell, if somebody would give them a hot car, the WCTU would be after him. But despite what a lot of people say, the moonshine business is alive and well here in Franklin County, and most folks are rightly proud of it.

But let's get back to Big Walter. The sound coming from the twin exhaust pipes of the blue Dodge is one that comes only from a *really* hot car; it sounds an awful lot like black thunder. And the wail from the fat Goodyear radials comes only from a well-executed four-wheel drift. It is sheer music—the sound that inspires men to greatness here in the South, like the far-off bay of a bluetick hound on a clear fall night. Granted, a slug or two from a fruit jar doesn't hurt the scenario a bit.

As the Dodge swung around the last turn before State Route 40—where he could open it up and be on his way, thank you—his lights caught the tableau in front of him.

Roadblock!

There were two Fords, nose to nose, blocking the road, and a crowd of men standing around with guns and determined looks on their faces. For most men, it would have been the end of the line, but Big Walter dragged the car down a gear, and he hunkered up his shoulders in exactly the same manner as Richard Petty when something dreadful happens in front of him on the racetrack—in that millisecond when he calls on his supersense to tell him what to do.

Big Walter got the Dodge over to the right-hand side of the road, and he slammed down his left foot as hard as he could on the emergency brake, locking up the rear wheels. He turned the steering wheel about a quarter of a turn to the left, and when the rear end started to swing around, he calmly brought the wheel back straight. The howl from the tires shook a few nuts loose from the shagbark hickory trees, and the Dodge whipped around the other way as neatly as in the movies—better perhaps, because it was the moonshiners who *invented* the maneuver. It's called a "bootleg turn," in fact.

When the car was headed straight again, back south on 606, he tromped down on the gas and worked up through the gears, deftly popping into each one as his feet worked like computers, double-clutching and nudging the accelerator to keep up the revs between each gear change. He passed the black Ford, which was now going in the *opposite* direction, and he popped the big forefinger of his left hand into the air and drew a circle with it. The officer returned the gesture with one of his own: a lazy go-on-home-the-race-is-over wave.

In the back of the Dodge where the seat had once been, packed in five-gallon cans, was wall-to-wall white lightning, covered with a shabby old blanket that had, like the moonshine business itself, seen better days. On this particular night Big Walter would deliver the potent product to Bassett instead of Roanoke. In this business it helps to have alternate markets.

Franklin County, Va., has been the moonshine capital of America for a long time—although Bedford County, Tenn., and a few others challenge it—and it isn't likely that things will change. B. B. Dickerson, the director of ATF back in Washington, says that he has it under control, but there are still "blind tigers," where a man can buy a gallon of white lightning, or any number of "nip joints," where you can buy it by the drink. They are all over Franklin and the surrounding counties of Henry, Roanoke, Patrick, or Floyd.

The sound coming from the twin exhaust pipes of the Dodge is one that comes only from a *really* hot car; it sounds an awful lot like black thunder.

Enough moonshine is sold that one company in Roanoke County makes gallon plastic jugs a few mils thicker than the average milk container, just for the liquor trade. Gone is the legendary mason or fruit jar, except in isolated instances when moonshiners put their best-of-the-run product in glass jars as a symbol of quality, sort of a maker's mark.

Most of the moonshine made in Franklin County is sold in the ghetto areas of the bigger cities of Virginia and North Carolina, where the wholesale price is six dollars a gallon or $30 for a six-gallon case. From there, the bootlegger gets whatever the market will bear. Moonshine is selling particularly well now because times are tough in certain areas of the South, and during times of recession many people fall back on cheaper liquor.

"The welfare program slowed it down a lot," says a reluctant-to-be-named Virginia ABC official. "I mean, why would a man risk prison for making non-tax-paid whiskey when he can lie back and collect unemployment checks, welfare, and food stamps? He'd be crazy. But there *are* some crazy ones. I guess it's in their blood."

It is a time-honored—and somewhat respected—profession in these parts. And there are a lot of people who grew up believing that "store-bought" whiskey would kill you. "Hell, it's nothing more'n a lot of chemicals, anyway," says Woodroe, an old-time moonshine drinker from Danville. He sits erect on a cane-bottomed, ladder-backed chair in the "sitting room" of his clapboard house on the edge of town. His wife shuffles around in the kitchen, humming softly "Rock of Ages" as she puts the finishing touches on the breakfast of biscuits and white gravy. Woodroe's large, leathery hands are slung in the straps of his bib overalls. He removes one from time to time to gesture lazily. "It ain't never been near a still, and I sure'd hate to trust *any*thing that wasn't made up there." He points up toward the mountains, where clear water runs in the streams and the smell of Scotch pine and cedar mingle with the dusky aroma of leaves turning to black soil in the woods. "Hell, a man just can't *help* makin' whiskey up there," he said.

It's hard to disagree with logic like that.

But law-enforcement officials from every branch of government do disagree with Woodroe, so much that they are out breaking up stills, from time to time, and carting people off to the federal penitentiary in Atlanta for making illegal whiskey. Even though the whiskey business is a mere shadow of its heyday in the forties and fifties, it still persists.

A recent raid in Franklin County uncovered a still so well camouflaged that the most sophisticated devices were unable to detect it; the airplanes and the heat-sensing infrared equipment completely missed it. It might have escaped detection even longer if one officer hadn't had a gnawing feeling that there was "something just not right" about the cemetery up there in the hills. He passed it by a dozen times before the realization hit him: the tombstones were all new! Upon closer investigation, he found that they were also all *fake*, as were the plastic flowers on the mock graves. A road ran up the mountainside to the cemetery and stopped at the row of pine trees behind it. Most of the trees, it turned out, were freshly cut and set down in pieces of pipe buried in the ground. When the trees were lifted out, it became evident that the road went on—on to the damndest moonshine still that anybody had seen around there in years.

It keeps life interesting.

Another raid uncovered a site with 18 800-gallon stills in operation. Production records crudely scrawled on the side of a cardboard box indicated that after the moonshiner bought his sugar and grain and yeast and paid his still hands, he cleared about $8,000 per week.

Keep it in mind that there are few actual names in this story for obvious reasons: You don't go out into the hills of southwestern Virginia and *ask* names, and if one happens by, you don't reveal it. You also don't take along with you a tape recorder

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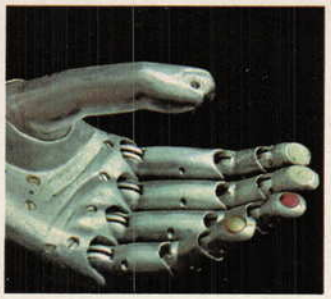

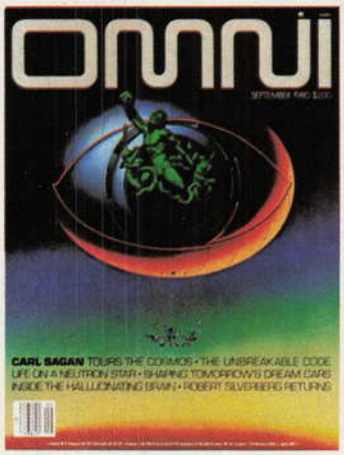
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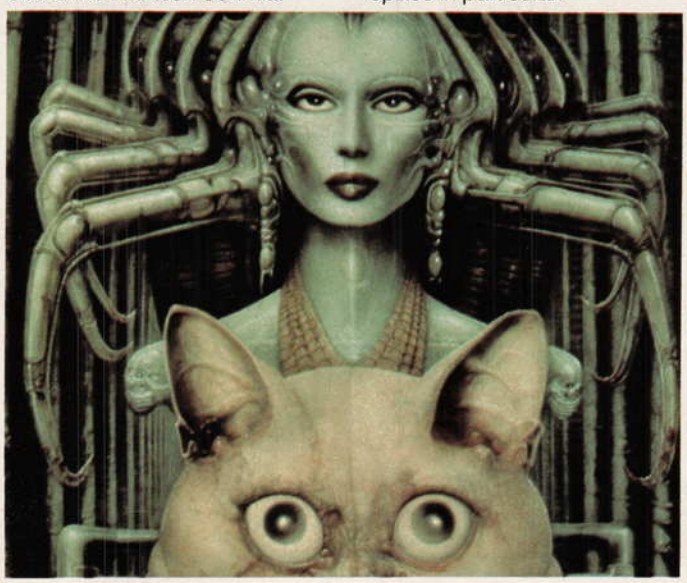

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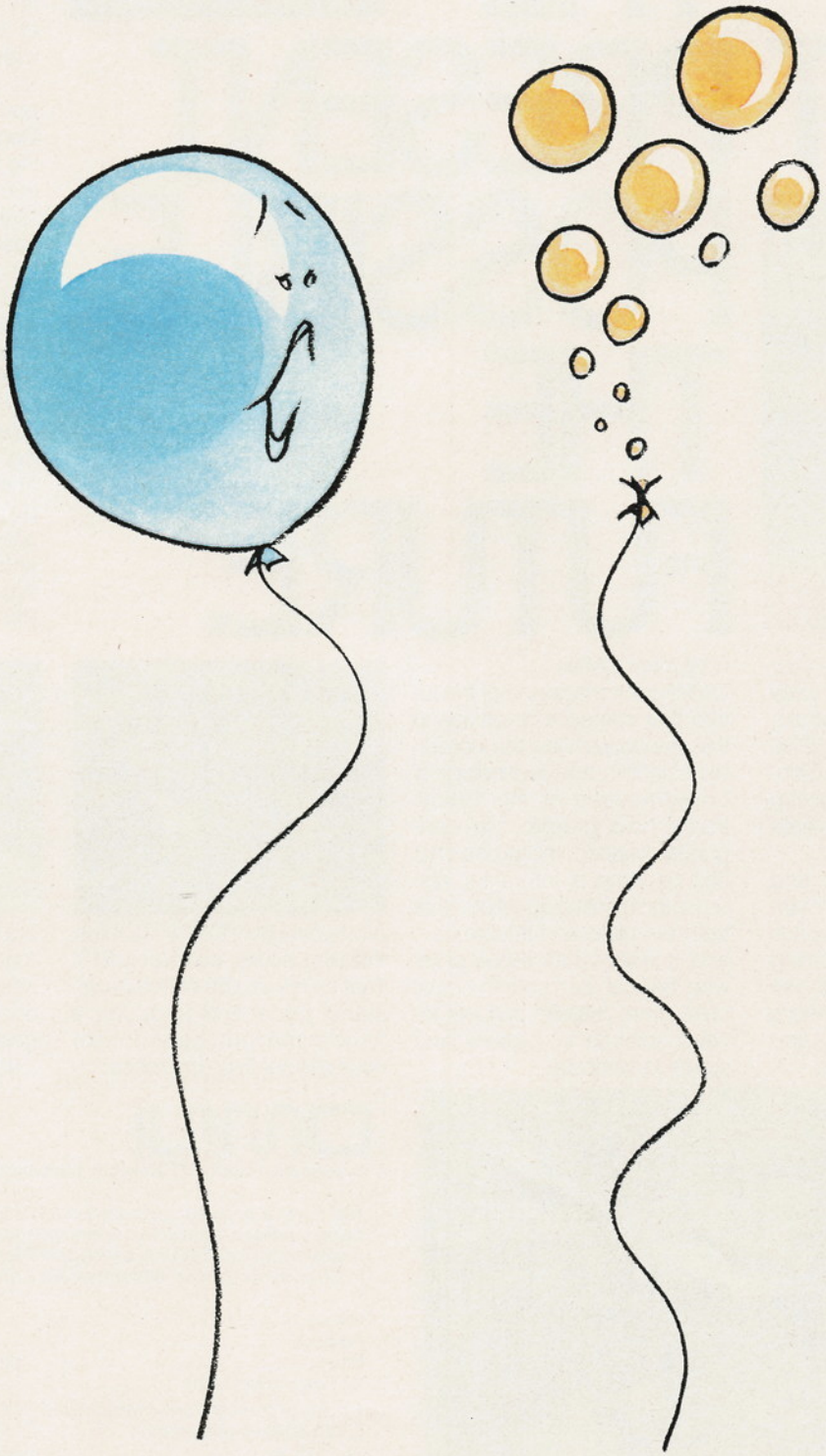
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Beer effects me the same way."

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or a camera. What you do is this: you put on a scrubby pair of jeans and a STP T-shirt and a pair of muddy, shit-kickin' boots. And you keep pretty damn quiet. You let your guide do most of the talking (who, in this case, turns out to be a former moonshiner *and* a former race driver, the perfect combination). With credentials like that, you can take their daughters.

Stills are tough to find, because *they* know the places *you* are not likely to be and they camouflage them well enough that you might walk within 20 feet of one and not even notice it—unless you're trained to recognize the sweet, slightly acid aroma of cooking mash. No longer is there even a telltale trace of wood smoke, because they heat mash with propane. If an outsider happens by the general area, he has probably broken part of an ankle-high network of black thread that is laced between the trees. Next time he comes back, the still is gone. Often animals break the thread, but it is not worth risking a possible three-year term in prison and/or a $10,000 fine.

Most Franklin County stills have submarine-shaped boilers. Nobody knows why anymore; it's just that "they've always been that way." They are made of a wooden frame and covered with galvanized sheet metal, and the mash is fermented and cooked right inside the still. Copper gave way years ago to cheaper materials in still construction.

One inventive moonshiner buried lines from his still down the mountain to his house so that all he had to do was to go up and light the fire and wait until it boiled, ran through the various stages of steam and condensation, and then flowed down the lines into a large tub in the kitchen, where it was bottled. A wheelman then took it to market. Simple.

It is not quite that simple, say authorities. There is danger of lead poisoning from the metals used in the stills or from the soldered joints. Some moonshiners use automotive radiators—often four or five welded together—instead of the more traditional cooling coils, and any residue of ethylene glycol (antifreeze) left in them could prove fatal.

"The people making moonshine today, for the most part, are a different breed," says a local ATF officer. "It used to be that they made *sippin'* whiskey, but today they make *sellin'* whiskey. They don't give a damn if it will kill you or not. The old-time moonshiner was an honorable man. He might not tell you much, but what he told you was the truth. His product was as good as he could possibly make it. And I'll tell you one thing: you didn't have to bring him in. If you arrested him and told him to be at the courthouse or the jail at a certain time, he would be there. He never did anything else illegal in his life (except to make liquor), and he felt he had a God-given right to do that.

"I've been in the law-enforcement business for twenty-one years," says Quint Overton, the popular high sheriff of Franklin County, "and I've never had a man not show up when I told him to. I've had a lot of them ask if they could clean up before they came to jail, because makin' whiskey is a dirty job. Man, it's hard work."

Overton is a striking man, well over six feet tall, with exactly the same chiseled Scotch-Irish features of many of the people he occasionally has to arrest. His cubby hole of an office is in the basement of an old stone building adjacent to the jail, where two moonshiners await trial at this very moment. A Frederic Remington print of a cattle drive adorns the wall behind his desk. A map of Franklin County is the only other thing that disturbs the monotony of the sterile white walls.

"They'll help you find *real* criminals—I mean, people who are robbing and murdering other people. We don't have that many deputies that we can put a man out to lay on a still site for days. We got murders and rape and robberies. Now I ask you, which is more important?

The man in the passenger seat held a sawed-off shotgun. His knuckles were white, and his eyes were open wide.

"But those people from Washington don't understand. They come down here to make a raid, and if you tell them to 'go over behind that oak tree and be quiet,' they'll ask 'Which one's the oak tree?' Only tree they know is a Christmas tree."

The sheriff was referring to raids conducted by ATF people from Washington—particularly one in January 1980, which local law-enforcement people say was strictly for show.

Beverly Andrews Davis, Jr., 82, is probably the most respected man around the courthouse in Rocky Mounty, the Franklin County seat. If you called Central Casting and asked them to send over an old-time southern lawyer, they would send you Beverly Andrews Davis, Jr. With a great mane of white hair and a chalk-stripe suit, he would be the man Hollywood would have represent Billy Joe and Tommy Bob, moonshiners. He did, in fact. In his more than 50 years of practicing law he has come to be known as "Mr. Andrew." He has also represented more moonshiners than any other man around.

"The big raid [January 1980] was a tempest in a teapot," says Mr. Andrew. "Why, they didn't even tell their local ATF people or the sheriff or the ABC people. It amounted to nothing. Dickerson spent a fortune—up to thirty-five hundred dollars for reports on stills—to put on a show. They started buying *pints* from bootleggers in June of 1979. They didn't make any arrests then; they just saved it all for the January raid, then notified every news media outlet from New York to Atlanta and brought a lot of them in here for the raid. *Then* they issued warrants. They even arrested people like poor old Amos Lowe over here, who's seventy-eight and a diabetic and can hardly see, and they handcuffed him and brought him in. They *handcuffed* them all. And they brought them in in government cars so the TV cameras could photograph them.

"On this *big raid* they maybe destroyed five stills," Mr. Andrew continues, pacing the floor of his law office. He, like Sheriff Overton, becomes animated when talking of the ATF raid, but each man speaks with a clear-eyed look of sincerity. "You know, I've heard that they even hauled some moonshine *into* one of the stills so they could raid it in front of the news media, and they offered tastes of it to them.

"Dickerson said he was going to dry up Franklin County. Well, he talks like moonshine liquor is running down the gutters on both sides of the street. And, you know, years ago it was the officers who put all of them *in* the liquor business. Whether a fellow wanted to make it or not, they insisted he did, and then they divided up the county and collected protection money from the supposed moonshiners.

"But this time they brought in Big Boy Quinn up here, brought him in handcuffed. And Ralph Hale, they sent him to prison. He's got a wife and three babies, works day and night. He's the kindest man you ever knew, goes to an old lady by the name of Miz Shively and checks on her, brings her groceries. He sends money to starving kids in India, even adopted one through the mail, sends fifty dollars a month to him. I mean, he's not like a damn gangster who would kill you for two dollars. But they sent him to prison."

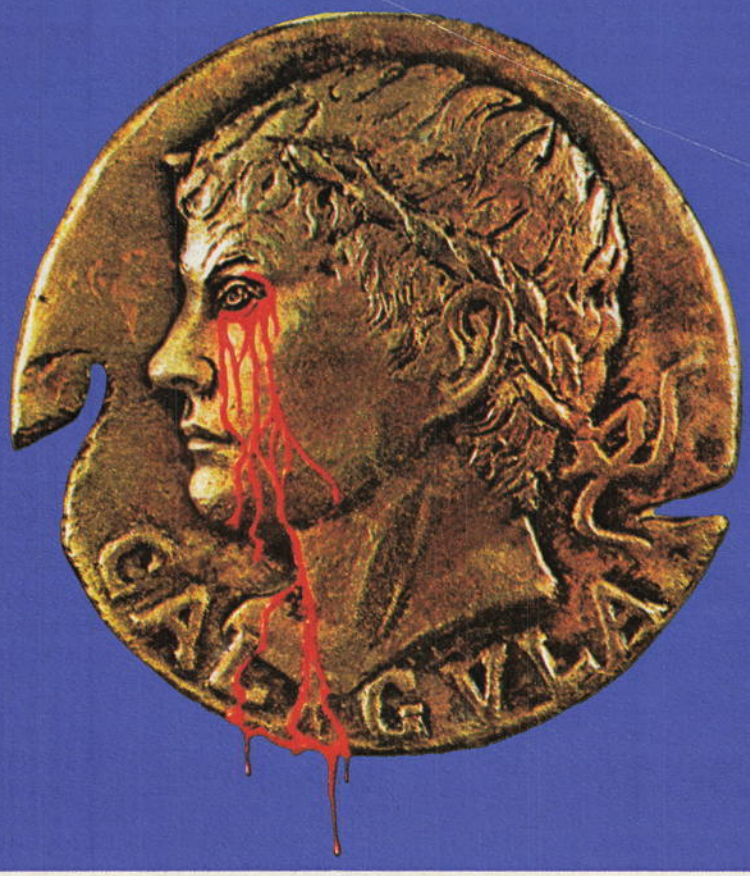
In reference to Dickerson's statement that "most moonshine is poison and sometimes deadly," Mr. Andrew says: "If that's true, why was he giving drinks away, if it was going to kill them? But one woman in the media group testified that they did." And about Dickerson's belief that "most stills are run by well-organized criminal enterprises" he says: "It's just not true. He's trying to put on a show."

One of the men brought in during the raid was perhaps more indignant than the rest about being handcuffed, mainly because a thing like this had never happened before.

"Hell, we were treated like *criminals*," he said.

"They blew up stills that had already been destroyed," says Sheriff Overton. "And they made several charges on the same still. You know, they can do what they want, but they'll never stop it here.

CALIGULA
THE MUSIC



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Hell, they even make moonshine in *jail*, from fruit mash. They boil it down; heat it by settin' fire to a roll of toilet paper.

"There are so many mountains up there, and they've been makin' it for generations. And I'll guarantee you, they'll make it when I'm dead and gone."

The mountains also are appealing to a younger generation, many of whom have forsaken the age-old tradition of white liquor for a newer illegal substance—marijuana. For one thing, it is a lot easier work. They simply carry a pocketful of seeds up the mountain, plant them, and go back a few weeks later and harvest their crop. There are no stills to finance and build, no bags of sugar or stacks of plastic jugs to tote up there, and the revenue is far better. Of course, the penalty, too, is much greater if they are caught, but that doesn't seem to deter them. Most local officials feel that in the southern mountains there are as many people involved in growing pot today as there are in making whiskey. But that's a "whole 'nother ball game," as they say down here, and we will have to change T-shirts and come back for that one. Let's see, maybe the Waylon 'n' Willie one will do nicely.

The marijuana market, however, seems to have had little effect on the moonshine trade. They appear to have little in common, and perhaps it *is* a whole 'nother ball game. There are a lot of people who still *prefer* white liquor to red liquor (the legal kind available through normal channels).

"It's a taste you can't match with legal whiskey," says one agent in Roanoke County. "Not that it's better, mind you; it's just distinct. And I'll tell you—off the record, of course—we haven't had all that many examples of poison whiskey over the years. If you know who you're buying it from, more than likely, it'll be all right. Just stay away from this new breed of moonshiner. Find yourself an old-timer, and you'll find somebody you can trust."

It is a statement heard often among the veteran law officers—the ones who "have been to the mountain" many times.

The fondest memories, it seems, are of the old-time wheelmen. There are precious few Big Walters today, but in the days right before and after World War II, the hill country of the South—from West Virginia through the Carolinas—was crawling, or rather *roaring*, with them. The most famous ones later became known nationwide through NASCAR, the premier southern automobile racing circuit. In fact, if it hadn't been for moonshine whiskey, there might never have been a NASCAR; at least, it wouldn't have had the wild and woolly start it did.

Names like Junior Johnson, Bob Flock, Buddy Shuman, and Curtis Turner were associated with whiskey running long before they became stock-car-racing greats. In fact, some of their wildest and certainly bravest deeds were done on the dark back roads of Virginia and the Carolinas, running wide open, often with their headlights off, and a Fed hot on their tail.

Curtis Turner stories seem to be the most popular, maybe because Ol' Pops is gone now, but probably because most of the wild tales are *true*. And if you want to get anybody who ever had anything to do with moonshine to reflect upon the good old days, just mention Curtis's name.

Willard Fansler, a retired United States probation officer who lives way back in the Shenandoah Valley in Basye, Va., is no exception with regard to the Turner legend. He sank deep in his reclining chair, stuffed the unlighted stump of a cigar into the corner of his mouth, and stared straight into the past:

"I rode with Curtis once in a chase," he said. "I wasn't a probation officer then. In fact, I was getting ready to build a race car for him. We were being chased down this gravel road. I mean, he was flying when he went into this turn, and the car was sliding sideways, right for a telephone pole, with the cops right behind us. That pole kept getting closer, and I already had my eyes closed and was all hunkered up, waitin' for the crash. But right at the last second Curtis whipped the wheel around, and the car straightened out just as nice as you please. When I say 'last second,' I mean *last second*, because I don't think the cops ever saw the pole, leastwise not till they hit it. Clipped it right off. Well, ol' Curtis turned to me and said, 'Damn, I just love to drive a gravel road.'

> The wail from the fat Goodyear radials is sheer music, like the far-off bay of a bluetick hound on a clear fall night.

"Then one night Curtis and I were out on the four-lane outside Roanoke. It was late, and we had my car and his—the whiskey car. We were trying to get it runnin' right. Well, Curtis would run down the road wide open for a couple of miles and then turn around and come back, and we would make adjustments to the magneto. And I could always tell when he was coming back because I could hear the tires screaming when he turned around—even a couple of miles away. That's one thing about Curtis; he drove only one way, flat out—whether anybody was chasing him or not. I never saw him drive any other way. And when he turned around, it was always in a cloud of smoke from the tires. But anyway here comes Curtis, and he slides right up to me and says, 'Hurry up, Hoss. It's gettin' about right. Set 'er up a couple more notches and hurry up; there's a cop on his way.' Turns out Curtis had passed the cop and done a bootleg turn in front of him, and he knew damn well that as soon as the cop got turned around, he'd be after him. Sure enough, in the couple of seconds it took me to set the magneto, we could see the flashing lights coming. As Curtis pulled away, he leaned out the window and yelled, 'You go on home and go to bed; I'll carry him back to the country.' That's how close he always lived to the raw edge."

You could tell that the man telling the story had drifted back a long way in time, to an era a lot of people think was a better way of life—one not fraught with 55-mile-per-hour speed limits and trumped-up moonshine busts. "He was somethin' else, Ol' Pops was," he said. "You know, fences, ditches, banks, they didn't mean a thing in the world to Curtis."

Bill Tuthill, who was one of the people who helped Bill France in the early days of NASCAR, recalls many stories connecting whiskey running and racing.

"Man, they could drive. Those guys drove those back roads at night with their lights off, and they flew. They had Cadillac engines and two-speed Columbia rear ends and super chargers. They were the real racers of the day, these 'runners,' but a lot of them never got to the race track, because they spent so much time in jail.

"Why, at Lakewood [a race track in Atlanta] they had a ban on anybody racing that had ever been arrested," he says. "That made for some pretty funny episodes. Once the cops tried to stop the races, and the fans ran off the cops. And they wouldn't let Bob Flock race at Lakewood, because he had been arrested for hauling moonshine. So one night he waited until the race had already started—they were already running—and he just came onto the track in the back straightaway. Well, when the cops found out that he was in the race, they started chasing him. On the track. It was like an episode of the Keystone Cops; the race cars came sliding around that old dirt track, pushing and bumping, with dust flying, and here came the cops, right in the middle of the action.

"After several laps Bob gave the high sign to his buddies in the pits," Tuthill continued, "and the next time around, Bob came right down through the pits and right out the back gate the guys had opened for him. He went right out onto the street with the cops hot in pursuit. Right through downtown Atlanta. He finally gave himself up, because he was running out of gas. 'Well, hell, what did I do wrong?' he asked, as he got out of his race car."

Flock was not the only one who became the target of the law because of his illegal whiskey endeavors, Tuthill recalls.

"There were a couple of guys down here that got caught for making and selling peach brandy. I can't even remember their names, but I remember the incident.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

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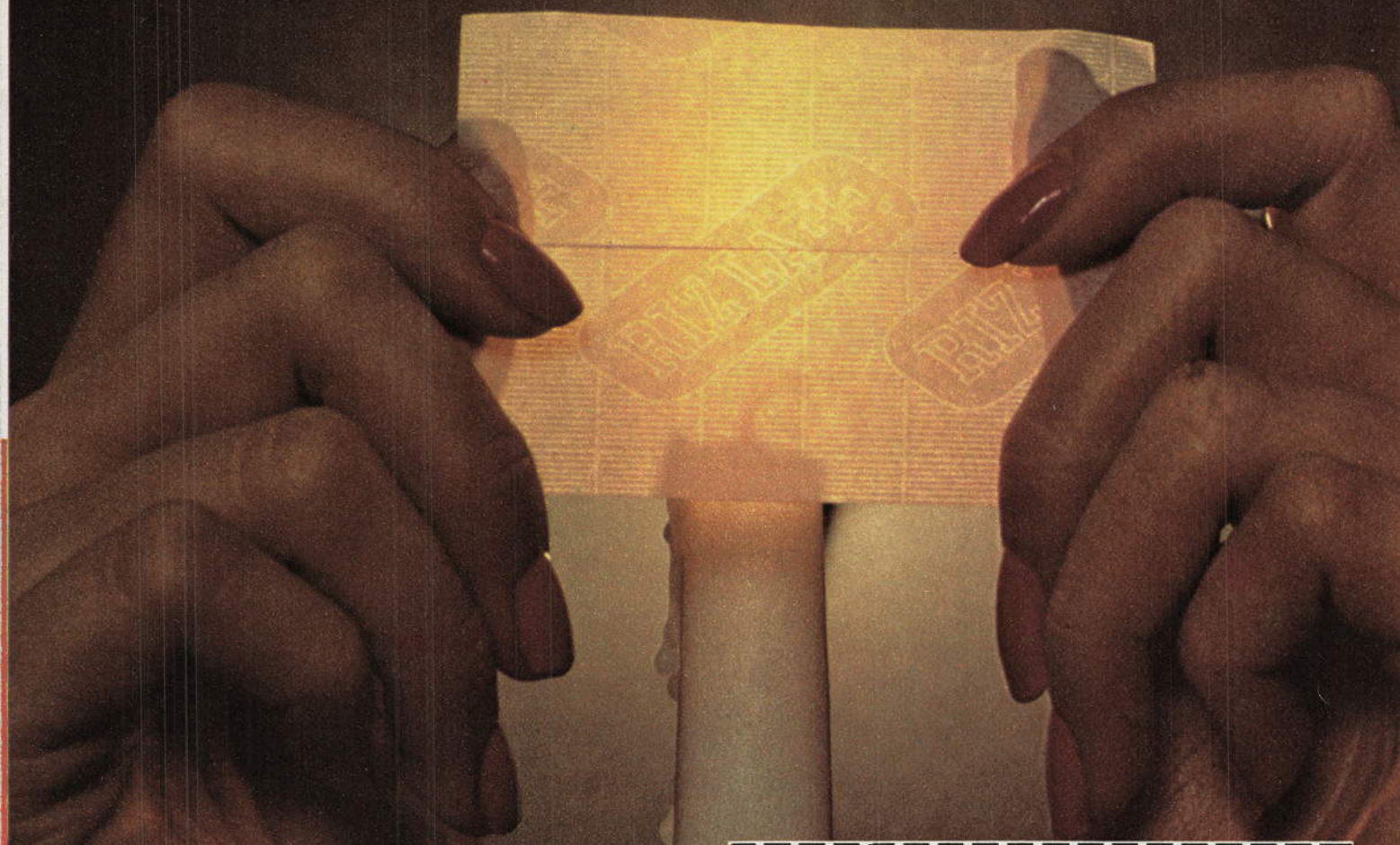

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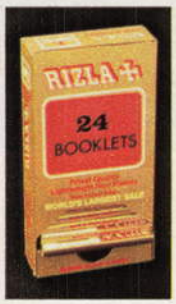

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SMALL IS POWERFUL

The big, sexy stereo of yesterday is under attack from smaller, and often better, micro-components.

BY IVAN BERGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID HEDRICH

Big, elaborate components can make a hi-fi system look impressive. But smaller ones can often *sound* just as impressive while saving space—and, sometimes, marriages between hi-fi buffs who want that hi-fi to stay inconspicuous. Thanks both to technical innovations, such as the integrated circuit, and to customers willing to recognize that sound and size have little to do with one another, there's a growing trend toward shrinking equipment.

Turntables, of course, are the biggest challenge: if the record is 12 inches in diameter, how small can the turntable be? "Twelve inches square" is Technics' answer in their SL-10, the smallest quality turntable ever—a record not likely to be beaten. Since conventional, pivoting tone arms have to be fairly long to track the record in a reasonably flat arc that won't cause distortion, Technics had to use an alternative arm design, one that would ride sideways across the disc instead of swinging across it and would, consequently, have even less tracking distortion than a conventional arm.

To further conserve shelf space, Technics offers a table that can be played while standing on edge, as can Mitsubishi's slightly larger LT-3V turntable. For those whose problem is space above the turntable for loading records, Aiwa's new AP-D50U slides the record out on a loading tray so that only four and a half inches of vertical space is needed to accommodate this turntable.

The only way to shrink a turntable farther would be to shrink the disc. Philips has proposed, and Sony has seconded, a digital disc only four and three-quarters inches across—but this would require a totally new, laser-based player.

Other components, though, can shrink a lot, and they have. Over the last few years, "mini-components" or "micro-components," roughly cigar-box-sized, have been produced by many manufacturers: Aiwa, Akai, Fisher, Hitachi, JVC, Mitsubishi, Pioneer, Randix Audiologic, Sharp, Sony, Technics, Toshiba . . . the list keeps growing while the components keep shrinking. About the only serious performance restriction on these smaller systems is their amplifier power: most of the micro-amplifiers have between 20 and 35 watts of power per channel, though a few (from Aiwa, JVC, and Sony) are in the 50-to-55 watt range and Mitsubishi's M-A01 amp delivers 70 watts per channel. If that's still not enough power, Toshiba's M15 amp can be switched from a 40-watt, two-channel stereo amp to a 90-watt, monophonic single-channel—you simply add a second amp for stereo. Or you can tuck away a compact 200-watt-per-channel power amp from Adcom or Carver; the styling won't match that of the other components, but the performance certainly will.

Minis give you a wide choice in components, too. You can build your systems around a separate amp and preamp

(clockwise from upper right) The micros from AKAI are the UC-F5 cassette player/($495), the SW-N5 speakers ($314.95 a pair), the DT-120 audio timer ($75), the UC-W5 amplifier ($314.95), the UC-A5 preamplifier ($239.95), and the UC-S5 AM/FM tuner ($345). The ADC MS650 ($145 each) can handle up to 150 watts. The AIWA AX-S5OU receiver ($380) has a quartz digital synthesizer tuner, and the SD-L5OU tape deck ($320) has metal capability. The TECHNICS SL-10 turntable ($600) is a space saver, as are the components in their micro-series: the SB-F1 speakers ($230 a pair), the ST-CO3 tuner ($350), the SU-CO3 amplifier ($340), and the RS-MO2 cassette player ($500). The SHARP system, with tape player, amplifier, and speakers ($1,000), is both powerful and portable. (All prices suggested retail.)

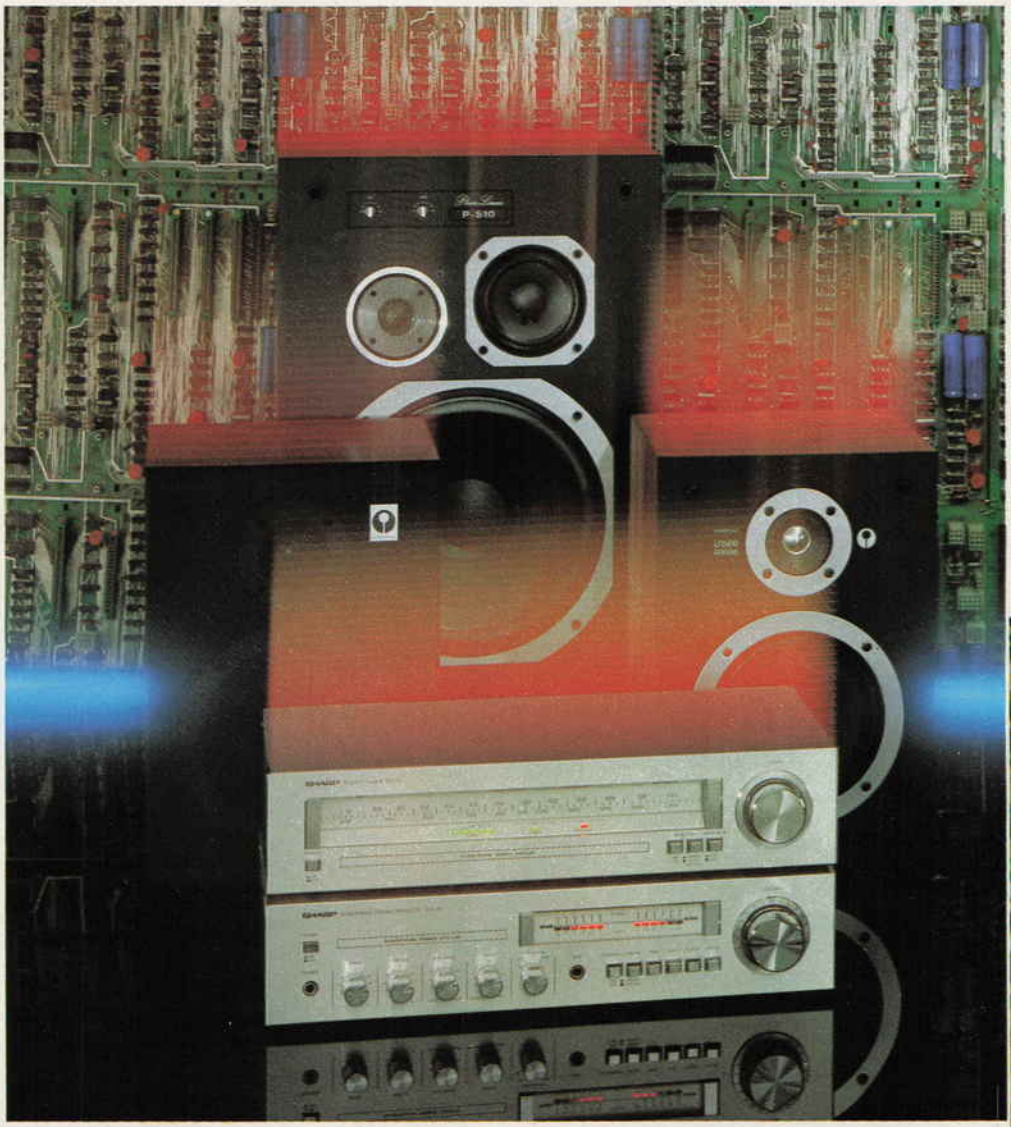
(Aiwa, Akai, Mitsubishi, Technics, Toshiba), an integrated amp (Fisher, Hitachi, JVC, and Sony plus all of the above save Mitsubishi), or even a preamp plus speakers with built-in amps (Sony). If you prefer a receiver, Pioneer's micro-component system is built around one of those. Radio Shack also offers a micro-receiver, the STA-7, low in power (just ten watts per channel) but sleekly styled and very low in price ($180).

Most mini-component makers make tape decks, too—cassette decks, naturally enough. Most mini-decks are twice as high as the mini-tuners and preamps are. They have to be: stand a cassette up, add an inch or so for tape heads and whatever holds the back of the cassette in place, and you already have a package higher than a mini-tuner. Aiwa and Pioneer have solutions to that problem, though, with decks that play the tape in a horizontal position. Aiwa's micro-component tape decks load like car stereos—just push the tape into the slot. On Pioneer's CT-3000, a tray slides out to take the tape. Some standard-size but low-slung components, such as Harman-Kardon's HK-705 and Sony's TC-K88B, have slide-out tape trays, too.

The only other way to shrink a tape deck is to shrink the tape—and that's coming. Stereo tape decks using micro-cassettes, about one-fourth the size of standard cassette tapes, should be available from Fisher early next year. And Olympus (who invented the micro-cassette) has shown prototypes of a similar home stereo recorder plus an ultracompact stereo playback unit.

These systems are small enough to pack up and take with you, and several are designed for exactly that. Aiwa's Traveller series can operate on standard, 120-volt house current or from a car's 12-volt battery; a carrying case, rechargeable battery pack, and phono equalizer (there's no regular phono input on its nine-watts-per-channel integrated amplifier) are available as accessories. Hitachi's new M-1 system, with slightly greater power, can also run off house current or a 12-volt battery and is somewhat more elaborate. Radio Shack's new STA-7M receiver can run on AC or batteries. Technics' ST-C03 tuner can run on a 4.5-volt battery, though its matching amplifier can't.

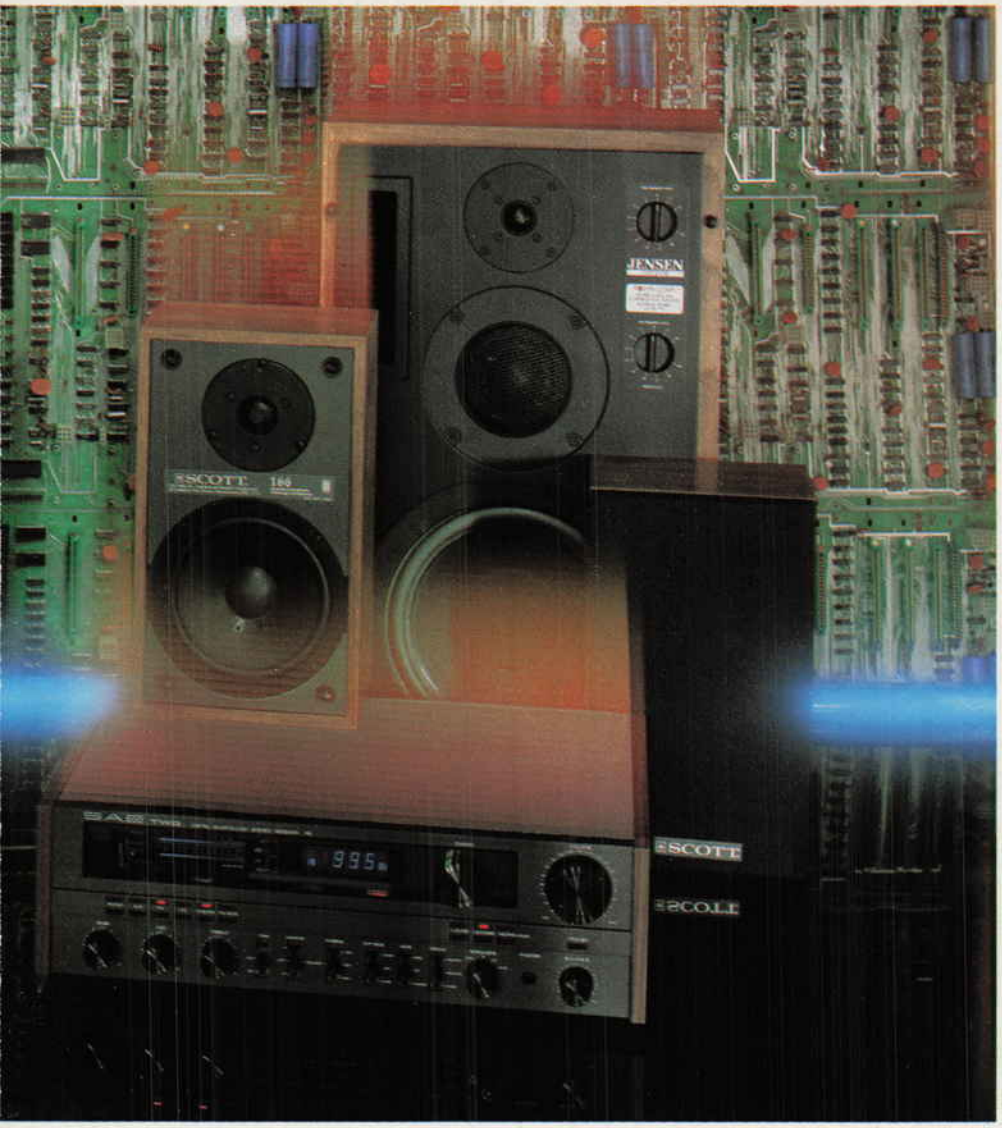
Micro-component systems don't restrict you to the bare-bones minimum of amp, preamp, tuner, cassette deck, and turntable, either. There are lots of micro-extras you can add to them. Randix's Audiologic series includes an equalizer, for precise tone shaping, and MXR makes an even more elaborate, more compact ten-band model equalizer. Also quite compact are SAE's Model 4100 time-delay ambience system, which will make small rooms "sound" bigger, and their Model 5000 noise reduction system for minimizing clicks and pops in record listening.



Wireless remote controls are available for Akai and Aiwa minis. Akai, Aiwa, and Fisher offer timers, too, so that you can tape programs without going home to turn on the machinery. And Aiwa also offers a "High-Com" noise reduction system, even more effective than the standard Dolby noise-reduction system. (There's a trade-off, though: while Dolby tapes can be played on any cassette deck, tapes made with High-Com processing won't sound right unless played back through a High-Com system—and there aren't too many of those around yet.) Many micro makers also offer a choice of optional rack for holding equipment neatly.

Most of the mini-systems use mini-speakers, too, but so do many full-sized systems nowadays. Mini-speakers, by the laws of physics, can't match big speakers for low-bass performance or for efficiency (sound volume per watt of amplifier power); but they match big speakers for everything else, and they can have fairly deep bass, too, if you sacrifice enough efficiency. Some speaker companies, such as ADS and Visonik, have built their reputations largely on mini-speakers.

Most mini-speakers are built into die-cast metal cabinets having black or silvered finishes and little to distinguish one from the other. But there are exceptions. Technics' three models have their tweeters mounted in dished recesses so that high-frequency sound will start as far back in the cabinet as does that of the deeper woofers' low-frequency sounds. Infinity's Infinitesimal speakers are finished in black, with rounded corners and oak end panels; optional brackets allow easy mounting in a car or elsewhere. The Infinitesimals use unique EMIT (Electromagnetic Induction Tweeters, with flat planar diaphragms whose entire surface is driven, as opposed to the usual rim-driven dome tweeters and center-driven cones; similar tweeters are used on Infinity's new, $20,000 system. Ultralinear's CARponent M-14 has a conventional-looking box cabinet covered in your choice of simulated walnut or (for fewer rear-window reflections when used in a car) in matte black. ADC's first entry into the speaker market (they're best known for cartridges) includes a two-way speaker, the MS650, with an oak cabinet shaped like a truncated pyramid to increase rigidity and distribute resonances. Built with vented magnets



for air cooling and a ferrofluid coolant in the magnet gap, the MS650 can handle up to 150 watts of power—unusual even in larger systems.

Running just a little further up the size scale come minis from two companies known for their larger systems, Bozak and Rank Wharfedale. Bozak's MB-80, just over a foot in its longest dimension, can handle 35 watts of power but has a power limiter that protects its tweeter, and it flashes when exposed to excess high-frequency signals from the amplifier. (Such signals are not caused by using too high-powered an amplifier but by using one with insufficient power, which generates spurious highs by "clipping" when it reaches its power limit.) Like Bozak's larger systems, the woofer has an aluminum cone (for greater rigidity), heat dissipation, and resistance to aging. Rank Wharfedale's Laser 40 is based on the company's pioneering use of laser holography to examine speaker cone behavior; it has a 170 mm (6.7-inch) woofer and a cone tweeter.

Two other well-known stereo manufacturers offer bookshelf-sized versions of their speaker systems. The Jensen System C is a three-way, four-driver system. In addition to the three forward-facing drivers, a rear-firing driver deflects supplementary energy throughout the listening area, giving you improved polar response and stereo imaging. The Phase Linear P-510 speaker system makes use of boron alloy, the second-hardest substance (after diamond), in its tweeter to suppress undesirable high-range resonance and to make your music accurate, bright, and clear. The mid-range speaker unit and woofer also incorporate the latest technology in cone structure.

Even so-called full-sized components are getting smaller these days . . . or rather, lower. The trend is to the sleek and low-slung, or "slim-line," styling, as it's called officially by Kenwood and H. H. Scott and unofficially by Philips.

Smallest of these three slim-line lines is Kenwood's "80" series. Each piece is just $3\frac{1}{16}$ inches tall by $17\frac{5}{16}$ inches wide, and the line includes a 27-watt-per-channel receiver, integrated amplifiers of 30 and 38 watts per channel, an FM and an AM-FM tuner, a digital clock/timer, a graphic equalizer for tone shaping, a reverberation amplifier to make your room sound bigger, and a power meter display to show how much power your system's putting out at any instant.

Scott's slim-lines are a bit chunkier—four inches high by 17 long—but it's still pretty sleek stuff. Included in this series are three amplifiers (25, 30, and 45 watts per channel), two FM/AM tuners, and two cassette tape decks. Accessories are available for mounting all Scott's slim-lines in professional 19-inch racks.

Philips' slim-line series mounts directly into such racks, which accounts for the extra width (19 inches). That extra width combines with ultra-low $2\frac{1}{2}$-inch height to make these units look unusually low-slung, even when compared with the Kenwoods. Finished in black, the components in this new Philips series include a 100-watt channel amplifier, a preamp, a programmable timer that can switch the components on and off over a whole week, and an FM/AM tuner with four different tuning methods. You can press a button to tune up or down the band till you find the station you want, or you can have the tuner search up and down for you and stop when it finds a station. You can also call up any of a dozen FM *and* AM stations with a single button push, or you can enter the station's frequency on a keyboard.

But as the number of features goes up, so must the size, if only to accommodate all the necessary controls on the front panel. That, not performance, is the main trade-off. Somewhere between small and Spartan components, at one end of the scale, and components as large and complex as a 747's cockpit are exactly the right ones for you.

Of course, there's the old American prejudice to contend with, that bigger must be better. Sometimes it is—but not always. Let your ears be your guide: shut your eyes and concentrate, without knowing which component you're listening to (a sound rule in any audio comparison). Most of the time minis will sound just as good as bigger stuff; sometimes, because they're newer, they'll even sound better.

Good things can come in *very* small packages indeed.

(clockwise from upper right) The JENSEN SYSTEM C ($399 each) is a three-way, four-driver system, with improved polar response and stereo imaging. The H.H. SCOTT PS 166 speakers ($119 each) can handle up to 100 watts of power while delivering a low, flat frequency response. The SAE 2-R6 ($675) is a stereo receiver with quartz readout and dual fluorescent bar graph. The SHARP SM-30 stereo amplifier and the ST-30 AM/FM stereo tuner ($389.95 for both) offer a high-tech look with all of the conventional features in a slim-line package. The WHARFEDALE Laser 40 speakers ($105 each) are designed with the use of laser holography. The PHASE LINEAR P 510 speaker system ($300 each) is a bookshelf version of their famous quality full-sized loudspeakers. (Tapes supplied by BASF, Fuji, Maxell, Memorex, Sony, and TDK.)

ROAD SOUNDS

Paradoxically, the trend in car stereo is toward both easier operation and more controls. Those extra controls simplify your life because many of them control automatic convenience features.

Take tuning, for example. Most of the sets shown here let you tune in anywhere from 5 to 15 of your favorite stations just by touching a button. Some of them can also scan the frequency bands to find stations for you—handy when you travel beyond familiar radio territory. A few even lock in on exact frequencies so that you needn't fiddle to get the tuning right.

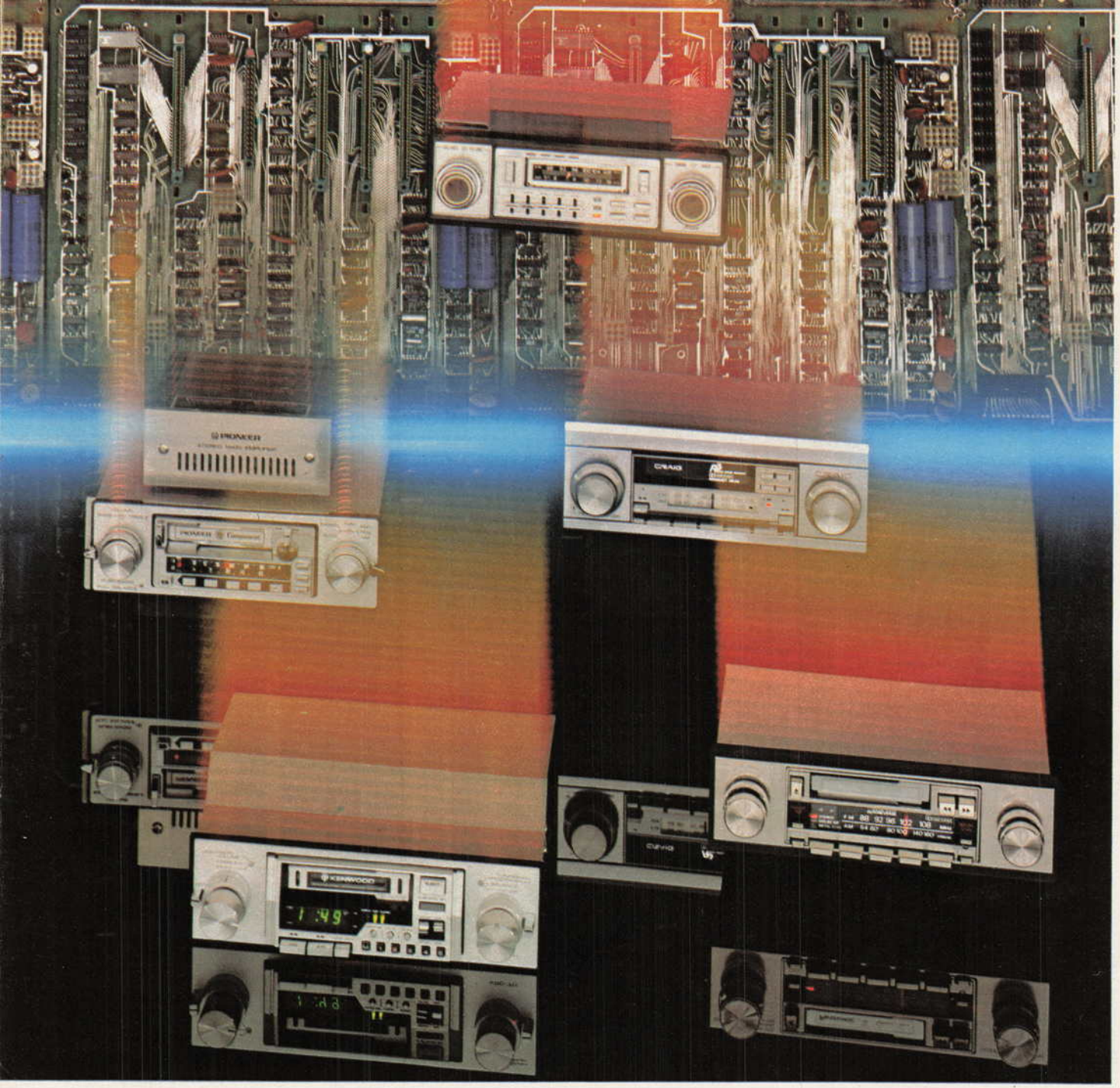
As stations recede into the distance and their signals fade away, such sets as the Alpine, Jensen, Kenwood, and Pioneer models shown here keep the sound clear even as the station deteriorates. These sets reduce stereo separation as the signal fades and keep down noise and distortion without eliminating the stereo effect. Pioneer's KEX-20 also reduces volume and filters out high frequencies, while Kenwood's KRC-711 can keep a tape on standby, switching to it when the signal becomes too weak to listen to.

Another Kenwood model will seek out other stations when the one you're listening to grows too weak. Sony's XT-1 tuner can cure that problem: by switching its way through ten preselected stations, moving to the next as each fades out.

For more convenient tape listening, most of the sets shown here have automatic reverse to play both sides of the tape for you, and nearly half these decks will also pop the tape out automatically, when you turn off the power, to protect both tape and deck.

The Alpine and Kenwood cassette decks, shown here, are also among the many that can zip ahead and find the next song for you if you don't like the one currently on the tape. Like all the conveniences listed so far, this one's also a safety feature—the more fiddling you have to do with your stereo, the less attention you'll be paying to the road.

Not all those switches control just convenience features, though. A lot of them are there to give you better sound. The vast majority of the sets shown here (and quite a few of the others on the market) now have switches to match regular, CrO_2, and the new metal tapes for correct frequency response and for switching in Dolby noise reduction for Dolbyized tapes (and for FM stations broadcasting with Dolby). Many sets let you switch in loud-



ness compensation so that your ears can't trick you into thinking there's no bass when the volume goes down.

Other buttons help you get better FM reception. Switchable muting on Jet Sound units turns off the roar between FM stations without stifling the weak stations you want to listen to despite the noise. Sets that switch to mono help you listen to those weak signals, too—and many combine the muting-off and mono functions in one switch. Local-distant switches help you get clean reception of weak, distant stations without swamping your tuner with strong, local stations.

Sparkomatic's filter switch, a rarity, helps filter out high-frequency noise and distortion in both radio and tape listening. Kraco's KG-E-801 has a built-in five-band equalizer for more precise tone adjustment than you can get from the usual bass and treble controls (which were a big advance over the single "tone" control found on older or less expensive sets); and its weather band switch gives you instant weather reports in most of the U.S.

Don't think the car-sound manufacturers are pulling a fast one, though, when you discover that the prices of such models as the Alpine, Audiovox, and Craig, shown here (among many others from most manufacturers), do not include a power amplifier. Since the power amplifier sections that can be built into a tiny, in-dash unit are usually very modest, the high-powered models often have external amplifier sections. And as long as the amp's a separate unit anyway, why not price it separately so that you can choose the power you want? If the power of Pioneer's GM-40 amp (ten watts per channel), shown here, isn't enough, you can get Pioneer's GM-120, with three times the power, for just $80 more.

(clockwise from upper right) KRACO's KG-E 801 ($199.95) has a built-in equalizer. The CRAIG R230 ($379.95) has automatic reverse. PANASONIC's CQ-S780 ($289.95) has metal tape capability. The KENWOOD KRC 711 ($499) will switch to the tape when a radio signal becomes too weak. PIONEER's KEX 20 ($299.95) is shown with power amplifier GM 40 ($69.95). The JENSEN R 406 ($289.95) is their first pushbutton AM/FM cassette receiver. ALPINE's 7307 ($379.95) is shown with graphic equalizer 3000 ($199.95). The SPARKOMATIC SR 3400 ($269.95) has a filter switch. ULTRA-LINEAR's M 14 speakers ($149.95 each) can also be used in the home. The AUDIOVOX HCM 005 ($439.95) requires a preamp not shown.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 206.

CRISSCROSS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

in chairs smoking cigarettes.

"Let me be discreet," the guy said. "Has Jetty done his thing?"

Jetty nodded.

"Oh, fine. Jetty's been a good boy. All right then, let me ask what quantity Jetty is anticipating?"

"Depends," Jetty said.

"Listen, doll, this isn't salesman time. This stuff is *monster!*"

Jetty looked at the ocean. "I don't know if it's monster," he said. "You can do a one and one if you want."

"I've been running for seventy-two hours," the guy said. "Can't you hear it in my voice? Doesn't that tell you the entire story! This stuff is *God*, Jetty!"

"Listen," Jetty said, "one g for nine zero."

"One g?"

"You got it, Ira."

"Nine zero is a rather strange figure. Is the nose really worth Miami prices?"

"Tourist season, Ira."

"Who's copping here, doll? I thought I was carrying the bags."

Jetty said: "Come on, man. I heard you were nomad."

"I was under the conception you were talking Hi-Ho Silver."

"We don't play with that stuff, Ira." Jetty stood up and said, "Later, fella," and got back on the pier and passed us with a wink and rolled his eyes and me and Buggs didn't hang around the pier because Ira was looking at us so we split like schizos and played army deserters in Sweden on the beach by getting high and pretending we couldn't go back to America.

Next day I went to South Beach with one thing in mind and when I saw some fellow longhairs who I knew weren't locals I sat on a towel near them and listened. One of them said, "I'm really into gettin' Key Wasted this week, man!" and the other said, "I know how you feel, bro'!" So I took a deep breath and went up to them and said, "Howdy!" and they said, "What's happenin', man!" like I was a little fool who they could goof on. But I sat down with them and said, "You dudes wanna do a J?" and they said, "Posolutely, hombre!" So we did a J though I didn't take much in because I didn't want to be too high and later I tried to be cool the way Jetty was on the boat with the Fire Island dude. I said: "You guys hip to a little one and one?" I started sniffing like I had a cold so his friend, who had long red hair and a mustache, said, "You serious, man? Toot?"

"For a g," I whispered, "nine zero."

"Don't be so tough," the guy with the Afro said, but his friend was hip to things and said, "We'll give you seventy-five a gram, man, no more."

"Eighty or nothing," I said.

"Where do we toot?" the red-haired guy said.

I didn't know what else to say so I said, "This stuff is really monster!" and then I got scared and my leg was shaking but the red-haired guy said his car was good so when we got inside I took out the bag and he had a penknife with him and dipped it in and put some on a book and made two lines of it and then he pulled a straw from a Burger Bliss cup and sucked the stuff up his nose and put his head back and in about five minutes he was sniffing and said, "A mighty fine set of rails!" Then he wanted to know who I worked for, and all I said was "Please, just gimme the money now, okay." And he did. We shook hands soul style on the beach and the guy with the Afro said, "Maybe we'll see you around again, huh?" And I said, "Never can tell," and the hip guy with the red hair said, "Let's do business," and then I took off on Bicycle feeling real proud and happy about being able to make it in the real world.

After Mom finished working dinner I was in the room with her while she was getting dressed for dancing and I asked her how much she made a week stripping and she said it depended on tips and I said how much with the best tips and she said if she worked regular three nights a week she made seventy-five dollars plus tips which sometimes made it over one hundred bucks or a little more, so I said, "If I make that much on my own will you quit dancing?"

She said: "How you gonna do that?"

"You can't ask questions," I said.

"You gettin' in trouble?" she said.

"Just answer me what I asked," I said.

"I like dancing," she said. "Why should I stop?"

"You won't stop then?"

"You've got to let me live my life," she said. "I let you live yours, don't I?"

I tried to get out of the room real fast but Mom grabbed me by the arm and said, "What?" and I said, "Lemme go," but it was too late because I was crying and couldn't stop.

"Christopher Crosse," she said, "how come you're always guilt-trippin' me?" But I couldn't talk because I was crying so I just buried my head in Mom's shoulder and held on tight and tried to forget where we were and how Mom and me lived and why Dad was gone. Then I got tough with myself and stood up and moved away and said: "Never mind about me. It's a sex problem. I don't want to talk about it."

Mom joked and said, "She isn't pregnant, is she?" I wiped my eyes and said, "I gotta marry her and that's that." Then I raced from the room through the lobby and Leon followed me off the porch and we ran to the city cemetery and I cried some more because I was really mad and didn't know what to do.

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Next day I went to school all day and got back two F's on a geography quiz and a vocabulary test and after school Jetty was on the front porch smoking a cigarette while taking a break from work and said, "No more fish for a while," and I said, "Why not!" and he said, "Yellow snapper ain't selling worth shit in the restaurant." Then he said, "Look, Coke, I got some manicotti noodles some people in town want so you wanna deliver 'em for me for a couple of J's?" I said, "Sure," so we went into the kitchen and he gave me these three white boxes in bags and said, "They'll each give you an envelope with bread in them. Just bring them back to me, okay?"

Then Jetty gave me fifty cents and said, "Buy a Guru Chew. You dig 'em, right?" And I said, "Gracias," and rode off with the addresses in my head because Jetty said I'd just better remember them, that's all, and I checked one of the boxes out behind a tree at the end of the block and saw inside that it was coke not manicotti noodles but I delivered them anyway and didn't take any because I figured people would complain and I'd get caught. I delivered them to people I'd seen eating at the restaurant and they gave me an envelope just like Jetty said without me even asking and so I bought a Guru Chew and came back to The House and Jetty and me blew a joint on the sun deck before dinner began. Mom was there talking to this new guest who was the writer she liked and she laughed at everything he said and hardly noticed me or Jetty.

I began to figure it'd be pretty whacked out on my part to tool over all my bread to Mom since all she was going to do with it was drink and keep dancing it away so the next day I went to the bank during lunch hour and opened a savings account. The lady, Miss Bramazerro, was a real straight person and started asking 20 million questions for the FBI or something which surprised me because I figured she'd be more than happy to get my bread. She asked me my name so I said Chris Crosse and she said was that my real name so I said my real name was Christopher Crosse but that she could call me Jesus H. Christ if she got her kicks that way and then she asked me about my parents and what they did and when I told her Dad was in a monastery in New Zealand she didn't believe me so then I said, "Look, I'm not shitting you, okay?" So she asked me about Mom and I said, "Dancer," and then she asked about me and I said I was the success story in the family and that I operated a profitable health food stand at the ball park and that's when I dumped the hundred bucks on the desk between us figuring that now she'd treat me with a little respect but all she said was "I can't take your money, Mr. Crosse, until you have it cosigned by a parent or guardian." I just shook my head and left because I could see she was a total robot who probably thought drinking cocktails on a patio was hot shit.

But I know when they've got me by the short hairs even though I don't have any so I rode Bicycle to The House and had Emmett sign the form and then I went back to the bank and Miss Bramazerro gave me a bank book which said I had a hundred big ones in the vault.

That afternoon I cut school and went to the beach with Buggs and Leon. I saw the two who'd bought the cocaine from me and I gave them the peace sign and the hip guy came up to me and said, "What's your name anyway?" but I didn't want to tell them because maybe they'd tell Mom so I just said, "Call me Coke." So he said, "What can you do for our friends, Coke?" and he pointed to two other guys. One had curly brown hair with lots of freckles on his face and he seemed old as Stanley and another guy had blond hair like a California surfer and he also looked pretty old so I got nervous but they seemed pretty hip.

The red-haired guy who bought stuff from me said, "They're basically just interested in toot."

"Maybe," I said.

We went up to them. "Ten g's worth," the brown-haired guy said.

"Ten g's!" I said.

"Ten too many for you to handle?" the blond guy asked.

"Maybe."

"We'll give you seven a g," the brown-haired guy said.

"You mean seventy bucks a bag!" I said.

"Hey, man!" The blond-haired guy looked around and winced. "I thought you wanted to be cool. You fucking with our craniums?"

"Sorry," I said.

"Look," the brown-haired guy said, "we'll give you five hundred for ten grams."

"You said seventy a bag!" My heart really was going berserk and I told myself not to let these dudes hustle me so I said, "It's eight a bag or nothing."

"Ten g's is a pretty heavy catch," the blond-haired guy said.

"You heard me," I said. Buggs started coming over to see what was up.

"You take a check?" the blond said.

I said, "Green stuff, mister!"

I flipped the Frisbee to Buggs to keep him away and waved that he should move back. I walked away from the three. My heart was making it hard for me to breathe. The blond said:

"My name's Krystle. How's this Thursday right here sound?"

I said, "Thursday's Thanksgiving."

He said, "I know, man, but room rates

"Gee, those guys at the garage are really stupid! Look, they only charged you five bucks for a new transmission!"

"Bring around the Nova, Peter. It has a Jensen."

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double Thursday and we're splittin'. Whataya say?"

I thought and said, "Okay."

"Here?" he said.

"Queer Pier," I said. "Two o'clock sharp."

"We'll be there," he said. "Hang loose."

"It's cool," I said and spun the Frisbee into the ocean and raced in after it. It was good to be under water where it was real quiet and the sand was all white and rippled from waves, and all I could think of was getting that eight hundred bucks and giving some to Mom and taking the other half and going to New Zealand to find Dad. Then I was so scared I almost cried and choked on salt water and had to surface for air. Buggs looked at me like he wanted to know the scoop but all I said was "Don't ask!"

Mom had dinner at the restaurant with the writer who wasn't totally bad news because he was a vegetarian and Mom told me the writer would like to write something about me because I was so different from most kids that a lot of people might not believe kids like me existed and Mom said he wanted to talk with me with a tape recorder and I said, "For how much?" and he said, "How much you want?" and I said, "We'll talk later," because I had an idea and needed to talk to Buggs about it.

Buggs and me biked to Garrison Bight and watched the fishing boats come in. We drank Piña Colada drinks without rum on this houseboat where Buggs knew the bartender because he used to nail his Mom before she decided to be a lesbo so he served us good drinks. I told Buggs that I had a plan and that I'd pay him three bucks if he came down to the marina near Turtle Kraals probably on Thanksgiving Day and pretended to steal some fish from me. I told him it was only pretend because I only wanted him to fake hitting me and then ride away with the fish on the bicycle to a place where I would meet him later and if he promised never ever to tell anyone about it I'd give him another five bucks and he said he'd do it for nothing less than ten because it sounded like I was up to some trick so I said, after thinking about how much I could make, "Listen, I'll give you twenty-five bucks for the job. Ten before and the rest after, okay?" and he said, "Deal me in!" and was so excited that he shook my hand.

When I came back from school for lunch the next day Jetty told me he needed fish and that I should go out to *Tchandee* and pick them up and I said, "Gotta go tomorrow instead," because today was only Wednesday, and he said, "What's the fuckin' problem with today?" and I said, "I'm busy today, okay?" and he said, "Doin' fuckin' what?" and I said, "Ask me no questions . . ." and he said, "Listen, I'm fixin' fish for tomorrow because there's going to be a major freak show here after the ball game and I need time to garnish all the grub, you understand?" "I can get it first thing tomorrow," I said. "Snyder don't shrimp tomorrow, ass wipe!" he said. "It's Thanksgiving, remember?" All I said was "I got rock pile after school so I can't help you."

"What!" Jetty seemed really pissed off.

"I gotta clean up the art rooms because Duchintow the Sow caught me chewing grape gum in the hall and she's allergic to it so I got rock pile for three hours helpin' the janitor."

"You'll go tonight then," he said.

I looked away and tried to think fast because I figured on me and Buggs working the switch on Thursday just before the sale so now I didn't know what to do. "I dunno," I said.

"Look," Jetty said, "don't start with me. Snyder shrimps at night anyhow. I'll give you six J's and two records, okay?"

"Why not just have him leave the fish on board in ice when he docks and I'll pick 'em up tomorrow."

"Look, fuckhead! Try and get this straight. I gotta prepare food tonight, that's why. I'm doin' the bird and stuffing and yams tomorrow morning and the fish and salad and other shit tonight, you got that?"

"Okay, okay! Take it easy," I said. "It's cool."

I talked to the writer before I went back to school. I said if he'd take a run with me on Zodiac to pick up fish that I'd tell him all he wanted to know about me. Then I rode Bicycle to school and told Buggs we had to change plans and that if he helped me I'd give him five more bucks and he said, "Definitely!" So we played on the Jungle Jim and I told him he'd have to steal fish from me tonight and that we'd have to hide them overnight and that he'd have to deliver the fish tomorrow to Queer Pier where I'd meet him and he said, "No problem, boss!" So we talked about where we'd hide the fish and we thought a long time and then Buggs smiled and said how about hiding the fish in the soda refrigerator at the foodstand at the ball park, and I said it'd be too dangerous and he said nobody'd be there tomorrow and that we could put the fish in late tonight because I had a key so I said it wasn't a bad idea because we didn't want the fish to rot overnight. Then I told Buggs the writer would be with me and that he'd be a witness so Buggs should wear a stocking or something over his head for a disguise and he said, "What if he comes after me and stops me?" and I said good question, and then we figured we needed a witness but didn't want the witness to capture Buggs so he said maybe we should get Cruz the crazy Cuban to help us because he had a switchblade that his older brother the boxer gave him, and I said great thinking.

We found Cruz beating someone up in the love tunnel by the tetherball pole right

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

before the bell rang for afternoon to start and I told Cruz I'd give him five bucks if he helped me and Buggs steal some fish at the docks tonight and he said: "Shoe, why no!"

I stayed away from The House until six-thirty because I told Jetty I had rock pile. I ate tacos at Termina's with Sorolta and Avadi and Buggs and before I left I said to Buggs that I'd probably see him later and he said not unless he saw me first which is how it was supposed to work out so I said good luck and left on Bicycle for the Pier House where I found the writer and the blonde on the patio. The writer asked if the blonde could come along and I pretended I was Humphrey Bogart and said, "Who—Blondie here? Sure!" so we went down to Curry's Dock and we had to use a flashlight to climb safely into Zodiac and Blondie and the writer were a little loaded so when they got into Zodiac it almost flipped over and Blondie screamed and I could see in the flashlight that she was pretty old, a lot older than the writer, but you can never tell when sex is involved so all I said was "Watch your step!" like I was a skipper who wouldn't take any shit and Blondie said, "What an adorable little craft!"

When we reached the boat Snyder looked real pissed and said, "It's about fuckin' time, me lad!" and just threw down the fish and they landed on Blondie's lap and she started screaming, "Get them off me! Just get them off me! Please get them off me!" and we almost tipped again and then the writer asked why I came out this far to get these fish and I said, "That's nobody's business but my baby's." Blondie got it together enough to say that someone was probably using me as a runner, and she looked at me and winked and I said, "No talking to the skipper while craft is in operation," and I sped off and she said something about how her former old man used to deal and always used kids like me to help him smuggle and the writer said, "Jesus, that's it! Drug runner!" and all I said was "Don't let your imagination get the better of you."

Then we were at the Turtle Kraals in a secret place and I tied up Zodiac and we climbed the ladder that was slippery on the first few rungs because the tide was out. When we were on the dock I looked around but didn't see anybody. It was real dark and I lead the way with the flashlight and just as we got near the parking lot Buggs and Cruz jumped from behind a car wearing pillow cases over their heads and pirate hats on top of them and Cruz pointed his knife at me and said, "Geeme you feesh helse I keel you!" so I handed them over saying, "Jus' take 'm, jus' take 'm!" Blondie said, "Don't hurt him, please!" and the writer said, "This is too fucking much!" and took out his bottle of booze and took a hit.

Buggs took the fish from Cruz and Cruz pulled me by the arm and turned me around like in lifesaving and backed up with me with the switchblade in the air above me saying, "No move, no hurt, can you deeg it?" and I said, "Take it easy, amigo," because I was a little worried Cruz would actually slice me up to be convincing but he didn't and when they got to the bicycles Cruz pushed me away and I fell down to make it look good and then they rode off and Blondie and the writer ran up to me and helped me up and they asked if I was okay and I said everything was cool and then I said, "But Jetty's gonna be freaked about losing his fish."

We went back to The House and I told Jetty about what happened and Blondie and the writer told him the same thing and all Jetty said was "Cuban's on bicycles with a blade? What the fuck is going on!" And I said, "I'm just damn glad I'm not dead. What's some fish, right?" And Jetty flipped and screamed, "Oh really! So what am I supposed to cook for tomorrow's meal—shit pies!" I could tell the way Blondie looked at the writer that she was hip to Jetty and Jetty just sat down and smoked a joint in the kitchen and tried to figure it out. He looked at me a couple of times suspiciously and shook his head and once he said, "Ya didn't know these guys, did you?" and I said, "Course not. Jesus Christ, Jetty, whataya think I'm doin' anyway?" and he said, "It's crazy. It's fucking crazy!"

I waited until Jetty was cutting up sweet potatoes and the writer and Blondie were gone and then I said I was splitting and Jetty was too stoned to care and was just making a whistling noise out his mouth and shaking his head. I rode Bicycle to the stand and Cruz and Buggs were there with the fish so I gave Cruz his money. He hopped on his bicycle and made a siren noise in his mouth and disappeared in the high grass of the field behind the ball park.

I unlocked the door of the stand and Buggs carried the fish in and we took out the Coke bottles from the cooler and put them on the floor and then we put the fish in the cooler and closed it up. I gave Buggs his money and he said, "What are you doin' this for, Coke?" and I said, "You gotta grow up someday, right?" and I smiled at him like he should understand and he smiled back like he was hip. Then we made plans to meet at the stand at noon tomorrow and get the fish so that he could take them where I told him to and I said I'd give him another five and he agreed so we put the Coke bottles on the counter by the cash register and I locked up the place and then we rode through the tall grass.

Jetty asked me about the fish thieves at lunch and Stanley and Snyder were with him and they kept asking me if I'd ever seen the guys before and I said, "They had masks on! Ask the writer and Blondie if you don't believe me!" Stanley

"Just take a snort of this, man, and you'll stop messing up your head with that wheel, fire, alphabet bullshit!"

said, "What about sneakers or pants? You remember anything like that?" and I said, "It was totally dark out and they jumped us by surprise." And Snyder said, "I told you to be careful, didn't I! Why didn't you fight them off?" He seemed real angry so I said, "What's the problem? It's only fish missing," and Jetty said, like a volcano, "I knew this would happen. We should have hauled it one time directly," and Snyder said, "What the hell you send him out at night for?" and Stanley said, "How'd the fuckin' Cubes find out he was carrying?" and they all looked at me and I said, "Don't look at me!" Then I said, "Okay for me to split now?" and Jetty nodded and so did Stanley so it was a majority so I split.

I rode Bicycle to Queer Pier where guys in sunglasses lay six on a blanket large enough for three and I looked around for the drug dudes but they didn't show up and so I figured it was too good to be true with Jetty faked out and easy money right in front of me and I just stared at the ocean and looked around for them and around two I figured they'd chickened out so I started riding away but then I heard this car horn beep and it was the two dudes I was looking for so I turned around and followed them to a parking place and they got out and the brown-haired guy said, "You got the goodies, Coke?" and I said, "You got the bread, Fred?" and the blond-haired guy said, "Seven hundred, right?" and I said, "Eight hundred even, Steven!" and he said, "Oh, yeah, sorry." So I said, "Let's see it," so he went into their car and took out an envelope and showed me a stack of fifty-dollar bills and I counted sixteen of them. So I said, "Okay. Wait here. I'll be back." I started away on Bicycle and as I got around the corner I saw the blond guy walking into a phone booth beside the food stand and I got scared a second but figured I had to go through with it having gotten this far and for a minute I had trouble breathing and wanted to cry.

When I got to the stand I saw Buggs waiting and we went into the stand and got the fish and replaced the Coke bottles in the water that really reeked of the dead fish. I told Buggs that all he had to do was take these fish over to Queer Pier and give them to two guys who were in a yellow Fiat and if everything went well and he brought the envelope to South Beach where I'd be catching some rays I'd give him another twenty just as a bonus and he said, "I can dig it, boss!" Before he took off I handed him this note I'd written back at The House which read, "Goodies inside!" and told him to give it to one of the dudes and then he took off with the fish in the basket of his bike.

I followed him down White Street a block behind to where we played Demolition Maniacs and then I followed him to Queer Pier and hid behind some shrubbery across the street from the parking lot and when I peeked through the shrubs I saw the yellow van of The House

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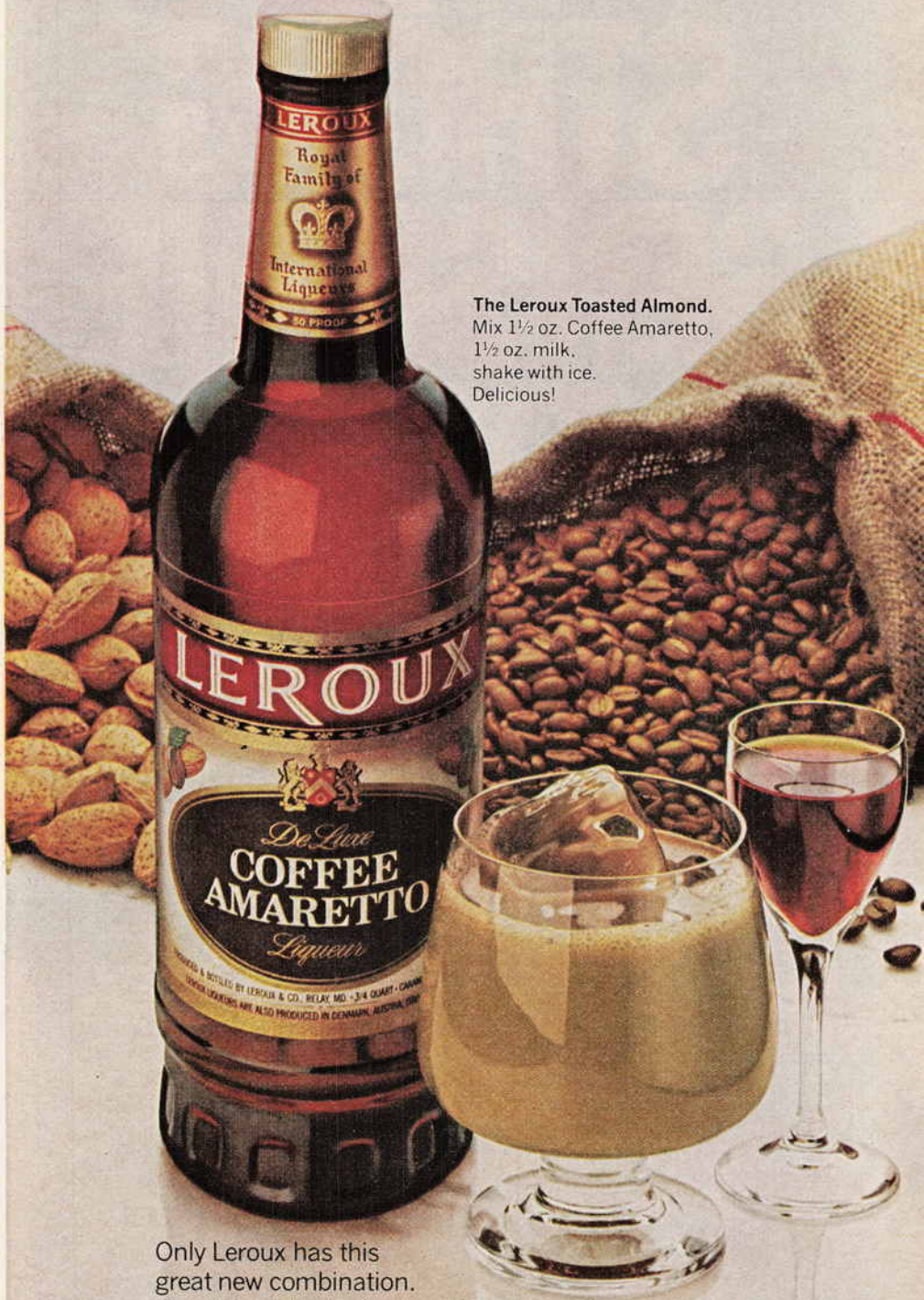

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parked next to the yellow Fiat and then I saw Mom and Jetty and Stanley and Snyder standing with the blond- and brown-haired dudes and Buggs was crying, saying, "Coke told me to. He told me!" and Jetty said, "This nice man called Coke's mom, Mr. Buggs, to say he knew her son was trying to sell him stolen property and that we might be interested in checking it out," and Buggs really cracked and said, "He bribed me, he gave me money!" and I couldn't figure out what went wrong or would happen and then I really couldn't believe it because Jetty was standing there with the fish in his hands and all at once the blond guy was holding a gun and so was the brown-haired guy and then three cop cars pulled into the lot with their sirens going and Jetty said, "Holy shit, a bust!" and then they were all being handcuffed and put into the cop cars and Snyder was laughing and saying, "Be cool, folks, it's entrapment city!" Mom looked really scared and lonely and they wouldn't let her smoke and when they put her in the cop car with Buggs who wasn't handcuffed I could see she was crying and looked tired and really lost and small surrounded by all those men with guns who never did anything for her except buy her drinks and nail her.

I raced back to Emmett's house where he was sitting on the front porch with his shirt off and his face lifted to the sun. I said I had a confession to make and he frowned and said, "Don't cry, Chris." I took one of his cigarettes and lit up even though I knew it was bad as shit for me and I told him the whole story and he just sat there for a few minutes and looked at his hands folded in his lap and breathed real slow and said he was afraid something like this would happen sooner or later and that it wasn't my fault but Jetty's and Stanley's and Snyder's and then he went inside and called a lawyer and then the lawyer came over and Emmett and the lawyer talked to me a long time and finally the lawyer called the cops and made some kind of arrangement with them to let Mom and Buggs free and then Emmett and me and the lawyer went down to the station and Emmett made me coffee milk and the cops gave me this confession form to fill out and now that it's all filled out the only thing I got to say is that I don't think people should be punished just because they sell stuff that makes people get by and hang in there which seems the only thing left to do in this age because it's 1980 and life's weird enough without us being bastards to one another. I mean don't get me wrong because I'm no Ray the Gay, but I think the cops and Jetty and Stanley and Snyder should just put their goddamn arms around one another and leave it to Jesus H. Christ to decide who's good and who should get screwed forever. O+

This is a portion of a novella that will appear in *Lifetime*, a collection of stories to be published by Random House.

His every fantasy was their command at

SCREWPLES

HUMOR BY DAVID GRAMBS

Benjamin Verne Gardner, now 19 and an Iowa hardware store clerk, had first committed self-abuse to a White Rock label (root beer, 12 ounces, no deposit), and the memory flashed before him as he spoke from the Manhattan YMCA phone booth.

"You see," he went on to Brenda Wilks, "my train back to Des Moines is Sunday night." That would get him safely home before his vigilant parents returned from the Church of the UFO Witness convention Tuesday. "And I'm interested in consuming, I mean consummating, various deluxe fulsome delights . . . erotic . . ."

After White Rock there had been the day he found a coffee-stained Tampax instruction pamphlet in Mrs. Lansing's garbage can, and of course the annual Montgomery Ward catalogue lingerie section (Juniors). And, from the Taylorville Public Library, *Basic Girl Scout Hygiene, Living with Radical Mastectomy,* and the pivotal *Ann-Margret Coloring Book II*. The curvaceous drawings of Ann-Margret led to other actress coloring books and feverish crayoning. Since high school it had been magazines, many raincoated from the local barber shop, and above all television and movies with achingly sexy actresses. Not just Jane Fonda and Dolly Parton and Sally Struthers and Loni Anderson but the jiggling Sunkist beach girls and the girl whose long finger stroked the erect Tickle deodorant stick.

Meanwhile, Benjamin's sex life was still entirely in his own hands, the right one mostly, and he chafed.

"I don't understand," Brenda Wilks said wearily from her desk at the Trocadero Massage Parlour. She had cramps and toyed with a tampon applicator. She was meant to be a great actress, maybe even one of Charlie's Angels, not a hostess at a Forty-second Street handjob palace. She only half listened, unaware that her caller was a desperate virgin whose sexual fantasies had by now dwarfed his rather average stroking technique.

Then Benjamin mentioned $600—his recent inheritance from Uncle Leon, the libertine outcast of the moral, saucer-eyed Gardner family—and Brenda dropped her applicator.

"You said six hundred dollars?"

"I don't know what your rates are—"

"And you say you want everything—in one weekend—Mr. Gardner? We have many services for the male gentleman. Could you be more specific?" Six hundred! That would buy voice lessons, clothes, maybe a decent acupuncture specialist for her hemorrhoids.

"Specific . . . yes. I mean, you know, everything in your ad in this paper, *Orjism*: "Fulsome fantasies, intimate lounging with lovely ladies of your nubile choice. . . ." Uh, what are your rates for the lounging . . . fulsome fantasies with . . . all the ladies?"

"I can see you're a discriminative gentleman of varied tastes, Mr. Gardner—allow me to call you Benjamin." She would need a setup—a penthouse? She would need Amy, Barbara. . . "Actually, you're in luck," Brenda continued. "We have—I manage—a very select weekend establishment for your fulsome lounging fantasies, and nubile ones as well."

"Gosh, that's great. What club is that?"

"The club? Yes. It's called—Screwples."

"Do you have music there, too—movie sound tracks?"

An hour later Brenda Wilks taxied to a vacated luxury building on East Seventy-third. There she closed a deal by haggling, wheedling, threatening, begging, and angrily fellating a Honduran superintendent with blackhead earlobes and Liederkranz-taco breath. Back home downtown, she phoned sundry attractive actress friends who had in common difficulty of finance and ease of morals. Then Lennie O'Brien, a bearlike Bay Ridge bartender who owned a van, and Tyrone, a gay actor she knew, helped her transport garments from a cousin's West Side costume shop.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL DENOOYER

Benjamin was startled at the gold-toothed smile of José Sanchez but relieved to see anybody under the tattered awning at The Diplomat and the Stewardess Towers.

"Sí, sí, right address for—Miss Brenda's club?" Sanchez cradled a sawed-off shotgun. He grinned, spat twice, and led the way into a fountained lobby highlighted by broken mirrors and red Polish graffiti.

A panting red-eyed collie sniffed Benjamin's leg before effortlessly mounting a female Lhasa apso bent over a spilt ashtray. Barks and yowlings echoed from below. Cursing, Sanchez raced to the edge of an open elevator shaft and fired a deafening blast downwards.

"Fucking cats."

Most tenants of the high rise had fled the premises after the third bombing of the Polish Pleasantry Service up the street. The rest had called their lawyers and evacuated after the Young Kielbasies, a new-wave Polish homosexual terrorist group, had unaccountably retaliated by hitting this building, armed with spray paint, poleaxes, and menacing portable radios tuned in at full volume to a Trenton, N. J., polka station.

"Last door," Sanchez said through a green toothpick. It was his first real work since the crazy Polacks' fuck-up, but worth $50 and a blowjob by the *gringa*.

"And this," Brenda Wilks said breathily, "is Barbara . . . Amy . . . Michelle . . . Karen . . . and Tippi. May we offer you a drink, Benjamin?"

Under the red-bulbed hallway light, she smiled as the girls, in see-throughs and merry widows, greeted Benjamin, who found their underwear sexier than that in the Montgomery Ward catalogue and was already nervously taking out his wallet. She and he had negotiated the Screwples Special Fulsome Fantasy package: 24 hours, Saturday noon to Sunday noon. The guy's eyes looked ready to lick postage stamps, but for six big ones—$350 of that hers—she'd see that the girls served their sole customer's every erotic whim. Bisexual actress friends Barbara and Amy both had big tits, and Michelle was desperate for the money. Tippi had won a Hummy in 1978 (Supporting Voice) for her orgasm-moan voice-overs for Monte Carlo Productions loops. Karen was an aspiring comedienne-impressionist and was driving them all crazy with her Miss Piggy and Quicker-Picker-Upper imitations.

The large apartment belonged to one Sidney Larde Ingersoll III, a much-decorated evangelist colonel in the Redemption Army who was conveniently out of town.

"Are there other, er, customers?" Benjamin asked on a sofa after the girls had momentarily retired. He already had a boner, palpitating like a thirsty dowsing rod. He wore a red bathrobe from the colonel's closet. His rum and Coke trembled slightly. He hadn't been this excited since big-breasted Rosalie Strepp's immersion baptism at the Church of the UFO Witness in Taylorville.

"Oh—yes. We have a few select clients coming. What's an attractive boy like you into? A nice massage? The French arts? Threesomes? Leather? Your fantasy is our command, Benjamin."

"I probably won't get this chance again back home, and it will be my first time. I think . . ."

"Don't be shy."

"Could I start with a plain intercourse first?"

Benjamin's first sexual act with a live woman was, Tippi subsequently reported, successful (if brief), in part because Tippi reminded him of the pretty redheaded actress who played the slurpy teenage alcoholic on the State of Iowa safe-driving commercials. Immediately he whooped for joy and did 40 fast pushups. He was no longer a virgin. He was an ass man, and a leg man and a tit man, too. Elated and heartened by Tippi's compliments, Benjamin recklessly thrust his face between Tippi's thighs to essay his first cunnilingus—what Uncle Leon had called "goin' eye to eye with the beard of God." But despite Tippi's best Hummy-winning moans, he kept panicking and coming up, gasping for air. It was an old childhood trauma.

"Well," Tippi said considerately, "if my mom had scoured my mouth out with a frayed old S.O.S. pad when I said bad words, I guess I'd never forget it either."

"I'm really sorry," Benjamin said. "I just couldn't breathe."

"Don't worry about it, Benjamin."

"Because I really liked looking at it real close like that. It doesn't really look like an S.O.S. pad. They're even gray."

"Thanks," Tippi said.

At the bar Benjamin brightened at seeing two other young men in terrycloth

bathrobes. Tyrone and Lennie had answered Brenda's urgent call, for $30 each, to stay over and pose as Screwples customers, Lennie far from happily. Brenda Wilks had never put out for him—was probably a JAP dyke—and he was missing a Yanks–Red Sox game. And he didn't like wearing a bathrobe around a homo like Tyrone, who kept winking at him.

"Fantastic place," Tyrone said robustly, sipping a vodka gimlet and admiring Benjamin's legs. "Best damn pussy in the Big Apple. Brenda's girls will do *anything*, won't they, Leonard?"

"Oh—yeah. Incredible gash, man," Lennie said over a Spiderman comic. The fucking flit was calling him Leonard.

"Wow," Benjamin said. He already felt like a veteran cocksman, though he was slightly disappointed that there were no Chinese girls, who you had to do it to crossways or something.

"Maybe," Tyrone said wickedly, "later we can all three get down together and enjoy, enjoy, enjoy!"

Benjamin eyed all the costumes around, for whatever fantasy he wished. Old military uniforms, swashbuckler's costumes, cowboy outfits, old-fashioned ladies' dresses. As he looked at a pair of high-button ladies' boots, he thought of stuck-up Mary O'Reilly back in Taylorville. Hadn't Brenda said something about leather?

Moments later Brenda led Benjamin and Michelle to a bedroom stocked with more costumes and closed the door. She listened for cracking whips or cries of pleasure while reading an authorized biography of Charlene Tilton but heard only faint brushing or scuffing sounds. Michelle emerged in a green blazer, argyle skirt, and black patent leather shoes.

"Leather? Shit. He wanted me to wear this schoolgirl rig and shoes—and shine the fuckers first. Seems he's always lusted after some Catholic chick at home. All he wanted was shoe reflections and a parochial handjob. He does it better than me—you should see his wrist muscles."

"Any major problems?"

"No. I think he's kind of cute. Oh—he wants Amy and Barb next. You wouldn't believe what for."

"What?" Brenda asked. She was hungry, and her piles were ticking again.

"A sea of barebreasted women. We got a sea for him?"

After some heated conferring, Michelle and Tippi joined bosomy Barbara and Amy on the carpet of a book-lined study beneath a mammoth painting of Moses parting the Red Sea. With the lights out and "Stayin' Alive" on, Benjamin excitedly snapped his fingers and cautiously wobbled back and forth over the four braless girls, who joined in for the choruses.

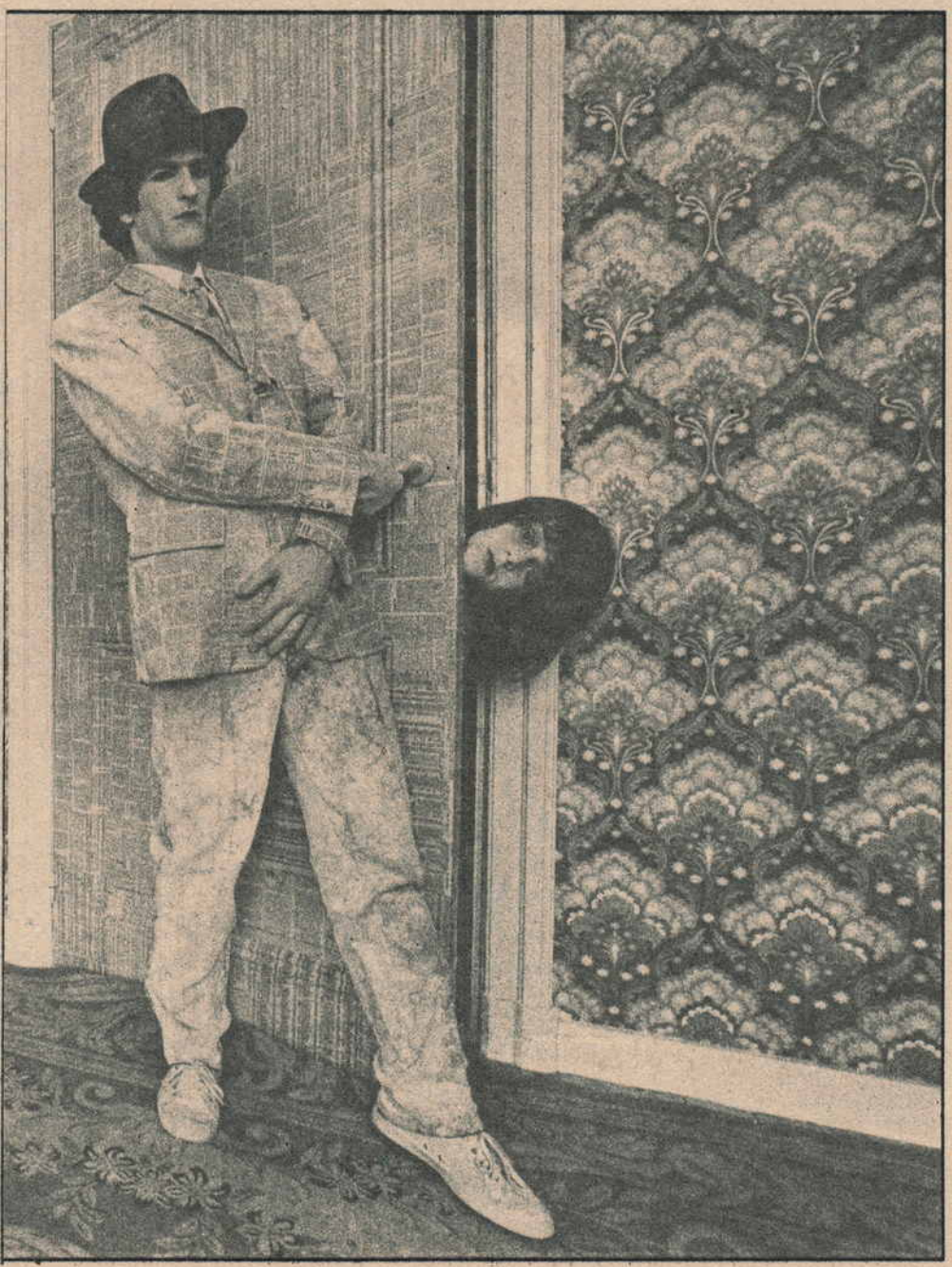
"Ah-ah-ah-ah, stayin' alive, stayin' alive. Ah-ah-ah-ah, stayin' alive, stayin' alive!"

While Benjamin showered with Karen and Tippi to the background of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," Brenda stacked up more of his favorite sound track albums and sent Tyrone out for four green-pepper pizzas and three six-packs. When Lennie O'Brien asked why he wasn't getting some ginch like Benjamin, she retorted that he was getting $30 and promptly joined the girls for pizza. A refreshed Benjamin, not hungry for food, did pushups between sips of a rum and Coke.

"That Brenda—you gotta try her, man," Lennie said. "Greek. She's dying to take it Greek from any guy."

"But she's the manager. Does she—"

"Sure she does, man! But she likes you to just surprise her—you know, switch holes." He dropped a small pinch of white powder into Howard's rum and Coke.



For years after Benjamin Gardner made his Sunday train back to Iowa, Brenda Wilks would wonder exactly why and when things got noticeably out of hand. In time she decided it was probably when always impromptu Karen made too good an impression—of Charo.

"Far out!" Benjamin said as Karen stood naked on the bed, giggling and chirping illiteracies like a lisping Cuban machine gun. When she pulled on a Charo-like wig, he mounted her forthwith, or rearwith. Admirably, she stayed in character with birdlike sounds until he came. But he continued his piledriving strokes, his eyes more saucerlike than usual. He leaned forward over Karen's shoulder.

"Can you do Cagney, too?"

After midnight the girls found sleep difficult at best; even Karen, who was somewhat beat from pleasuring Benjamin sexually as Gloria Bunker, Howard Cosell, and Helen Keller. They could hear strange mewlings and babylike wails from upper floors, and periodically the angry shouts of Superintendent Sanchez and what sounded like booming cannon fire in the stairwells. Then Brenda Wilks was awak-

ened by an angry Tippi, who had been awakened by a restless Benjamin. For four more $50 bills from Benjamin it was agreed that the girls were on fantasy duty through the night. Benjamin's eyes, Brenda noticed, were flying. On rum and Cokes?

As New York slept, Benjamin Gardner didn't and the girls of Screwples were called one by one or two by four to serve in his Fulsome Fantasy package. Atmosphere was provided by several sound track albums, most repeatedly *Star Wars* and the Love Theme from *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre.*

Michelle, somewhat angered from sleepiness at having to wet her hair, dripped on a bathroom stool for mutual blowing activities as Benjamin intently tried to recall Warren Beatty's moves in "Shampoo." After a short break and a couple of joints, he had Brenda dress all the girls in tight jeans and prance topless up and down the long hallway, crooning the Underalls and Jordache jingles and swinging their bottoms vigorously. Benjamin sat on the floor for the best angle until he couldn't stand it any more and threw himself upon Tippi and de-jeaned her.

Following a postmidnight snack break, Amy changed into southern crinolines, but Benjamin found himself going impotent from her meaty Brooklyn accent. Instead he drew her, Barbara, and Michelle into a large hallway closet. There in the darkness the three yawned while he feverishly pawed and dry-humped them. Benjamin had occasionally fantasized the opportunities of a crowded New York City subway. After Amy and Michelle exited, Barbara good-naturedly volunteered to stay inside, don a blindfold, and be sexually radicalized as a brainwashed but cravenly horny Patti Hearst.

Both Tyrone and Lennie—promising to be back at 9:00 A.M.—had left when Karen put on a Lawrence Welk album. Brenda dozed briefly despite increasingly raucous moans and laughter and the thunderous crash of one of the antique beds—Benjamin, in two large washcloths, was robustly shtupping Michelle as the Incredible Hulk. Moments later she heard a furious pounding at the front door. There she encountered a livid and sputtering Superintendent Sanchez. His flamingo polyester bathrobe was heavily dusted with ceiling plaster.

"What whore circus you make here?" Sanchez fumed, shaking a fist. "You have beds gang-fucking my ceiling? Shit this!" He stared incomprehendingly at Benjamin, who had tinted his body from head to toe with green dye.

"What about your gunshots at those poor cats?" Brenda shot back. "You think that's not noise?"

"I gunshot your pussies, whore *gringa!* Make fuck—even Polack hump or mother fuck. Not make war on floor. Shit this!"

Benjamin seemed to have no interest in sleeping, and with Amy soon utilized a *Drums of Olatunji* album and one of the colonel's Redemption Army pup tents to play Governor Brown with Linda in Africa, missionary-style. Amy attempted to warble a bit of "Heat Wave," but Benjamin seemed dissatisfied and crawled out.

"I'm sorry I don't sound more like Linda Ronstadt," Amy said apologetically. But did Linda Ronstadt screw better than her?

"It's not that," Benjamin reassured her, rummaging through a costume rack. "It's just that . . . well, it's hard to feel like Governor Brown without reporters and aides and all around. Hey, look at this!" He grabbed a Western suit off the rack and found a large white Stetson. "Lucy darlin', would you be a real sweetheart and fetch Mama and Sue Ellen down to the drawin' room for a wee bit of sexy business with ole J. R.'s big Texas wiener?"

Benjamin was a big fan of J. R., TV's kingpin womanizer, and for the next hour had four of the girls playing "Dallas" by rattling tumblers of bourbon, looking vacuous and depressed with lots of lip gloss, drawling monotonously, and finally depantsing him listlessly.

Some time later Brenda Wilks heard hysterical female yelping from the parlor. There she found Barbara and Karen—nude except for lampshades, jockstraps, and some clumps of kohlrabi—leaping up and down before a grinning Benjamin in a starchy black SS uniform. They squealed, knelt, and tickled his Prussian fly as he counted out play money. Benjamin had always been aroused by desperate imbecile women, most of all by those on "Let's Make a Deal." The whole room reeked of the worst Colombian. "Sorry about the noise," said Karen, who was clearly enjoying herself. "By the way, is there any yuckky pea soup around here?"

Brenda didn't know from pea soup at 4:00 A.M. but bolted out of bed minutes later to floor-shaking thumping sounds and a snarling, inhuman voice. But it wasn't Superintendent Sanchez. It was Karen, and she was rasping obscenities. ". . . bunghole cocksucker son-of-a-bitch! Your mother's dingleberries! One handjob to go, hold the pickle. Exorcism? Ha! Gimme that big papal prick . . ." At a front bedroom door she found the girls staring in wonderment as Karen—her face and baby doll covered with green slime—and Benjamin fornicated thumpingly on a bouncing fourposter, on which rocked several empty Campbell's soup cans. Karen was really getting into Linda Blair, and so, of course, was Benjamin, by extension.

"Jesus, give us a break, Karen!" Michelle volunteered, then stormed with the others back to bed and imminent sunrise.

At 8:30 A.M. Brenda Wilks stumbled to the door to let in Tyrone, who had brought along two leather friends from an all-night club called The Macho Bidet. Her cramps were gone, but her hemorrhoids cried out for more Preparation H.

She was surprised to find Benjamin still awake on the floor of the study in his red bathrobe, leafing intently through a notepad. He felt he had had his money's worth, but there were still a "few things."

"That other customer, Lennie, told me about them," Benjamin said, turning a page. "Here . . . a Pap Smear Job, a Sloppy Seconds, a Short-Arm Inspection . . . and is there something called a Murphy?"

After Brenda elucidated several mysteries of terminology, reassured Benjamin that he had already had a Hong Kong Around the World from Tippi, and cursed Lennie O'Brien, Benjamin expressed a final wish—for an orgy. "You know," he said, "with all the girls, rolling around with grapes and bananas, and you, too, Brenda. And some other guys, too."

"Guys?"

"I think I may be one of those bisexuals. Did you know Socrates was one, and the choirmaster at the Church of the UFO Witness, before he went to prison?"

"When did you discover you were bisexual?" Brenda asked.

"I'm not sure. I think it was when I was in the bath with Karen and she kept talking like Hal."

"Hal?"

"You know—the computer in *2001.* Karen did C3PO, too, and Ethel Merman, and I started thinking of men."

And so it was that all gathered and groped in the low-lit contact-high air of Colonel Ingersoll's Moses study to the musical background of "Born Free" and the lush and wistful Sick Theme from "Cruising." Lacking authentic Roman togas, the girls looted the colonel's linen closet for bed sheets, and an exhausted Brenda arrived back in time with a carton of bananas and dates but no seedless orgy grapes—Benjamin agreed that Sun Maid raisins would have to do.

Tyrone and his two leather friends needed no coaxing to participate, and when Lennie O'Brien arrived, he couldn't believe his luck. "Come on in, love. The water's fine!" Tyrone called out." But Lennie had already thrown himself avidly on Michelle before his Bishop Mulloy High jacket was even off. Barbara and Amy were passionately into a heavy Sapphic number and were pleasantly surprised at being joined by Tippi. Everybody knew Tippi was usually a morning grouch.

Presently the lights went out, and "Born Free" groaned and died on the stereo. Downstairs Superintendent José Sanchez's second shotgun blast at a huge tomcat had missed and hit a fusebox. Brenda Wilks had just gotten down on her hands and knees to retrieve a lit roach. Immediately and deliriously, Benjamin Gardner, who had excellent night vision, kissed her shoulder, raised her Fieldcrest percale toga, and ardently entered her *à la grecque.* Brenda's cry rent the steamy air, as did Lennie O'Brien's laughter.

"Go get her, Benjamin!" he cheered.

But Lennie's boisterous guffaw was short-lived, and he felt around his proud Irish beer belly the affectionate and incredibly strong arms of Tyrone, Wendell, and Moose.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A ROMANTIC OR A REALIST?

WHAT'S YOUR LOVE-STYLE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see
if you have your feet on the ground or your head in the clouds

PSYCHOGRAPH

Ever wonder why most poets are men? Maybe it's because males—not females—are the real romantics in our society.

If you don't believe that, take this psychograph. You may be surprised to find out you're more romantic than you thought. Over the years studies by psychologists have indicated that men are more likely to take a romantic approach to matters of the heart than women are. Men tend to fall in love faster and more often than women. Females, on the other hand, tend to take a pragmatic, hard-eyed, realistic view of relationships. These findings have prompted one researcher to conclude that "man, not woman, may be the romantic animal."

Well, there goes another myth up in smoke.

Psychologists have not been all that brave about investigating the unknown terrain of love and affection; they prefer less emotionally charged areas like "friendship" and "interpersonal attraction." Yet the studies of love that have been carried out invariably show men to be more romantically oriented than women. (To be precise: the research shows that "realistic" lovers outnumber romantics in both sexes but that the number of romantic males is significantly higher than the number of romantic women.)

Back in the mid-1940s Llewellyn Gross of the University of Buffalo devised an 80-item questionnaire to measure attitudes of romantic love. After that, however, research in the field lagged so badly that 16 years later the prominent researcher H. F. Harlow could say, "Psychologists have failed in their mission. The little we know about love does not transcend simple observation, and the little we write about it has been written better by poets and novelists." As late as 1970 Harvard psychologist Zick Rubin, who has done outstanding work in this field, was still echoing Harlow's words. "Social psychologists," said Rubin, "have devoted virtually no attention to love."

Still, there have been a few intrepid souls who have followed the lead of men like Rubin and Gross. In the late 1960s, for instance, David Knox and Michael Sporakowski of Florida State University constructed an 87-item romanticism scale and used it to produce an excellent survey of the attitudes of college students toward love. (Men, of course, once again emerged as the starry-eyed romantics.)

Researchers like these have laid down a base of data that enables us to construct this psychograph. It can tell you whether you're a romantic or a realist in your relations and relationships with women.

Each question consists of two statements. Select the one that more closely reflects your real feelings.

1. (a) If you were truly in love, it would be impossible to enjoy sex with anyone except your lover.
   (b) Sex and love don't necessarily go hand in hand. You can deeply love one person and still enjoy sex with someone else.

2. (a) If you're in love with someone, you should be able to confide in her about anything.
   (b) No matter how deeply you're involved with a woman, there are usually some things that are best left unsaid. Too much honesty can kill a relationship.

3. (a) No matter how much you love someone, you can't (and shouldn't) overlook her faults if they really bother you. If you don't deal with them, they'll eventually sabotage your relationship.
   (b) When I'm in love with a woman, I don't even see her faults. If I did notice them, I'd find it easy to overlook them.

4. (a) Beauty is essential to a lasting love. If you don't think your woman is beautiful (no matter what others might say), the relationship can't last.
   (b) Beauty, as they say, is only skin deep. If you're looking for a long-term relationship, other qualities are infinitely more important.

5. (a) If you are getting married and your parents voice serious objections, you should listen to them and evaluate carefully what they say. They may be seeing something you're missing.
   (b) Lovers' primary responsibilities are to each other. If you love each other, you shouldn't listen to anybody's objections.

6. (a) When I'm in love with a woman, I can get extraordinarily jealous.
   (b) Jealousy is an immature emotion. If two people are sure of their affection for one another, there's no need for jealousy.

7. (a) Sex, while a crucial factor in love affairs, can be of relatively minor importance in some cases. It's possible to love a woman for years without having great sex with her.
   (b) Great sex is a sure sign of a strong, lasting love.

8. (a) If two people come from widely divergent backgrounds, it's difficult for an enduring relationship to develop. Love alone can't overcome economic or social differences.
   (b) Real love can overcome any obstacle.

9. (a) The ideal marriage partner would be a woman who's calm, nurturing, mature, and flexible.
   (b) The ideal marriage partner would be a woman who's endlessly mysterious, impulsive, and exciting—someone who does outrageous, unpredictable things that will keep the relationship alive.

10. (a) Love can occur several times during the course of your life.
    (b) True love comes only once (or, perhaps, if you're lucky, twice) in a lifetime.

11. (a) Love just happens. One minute it's not there; the next minute you're madly in love.
    (b) Love develops gradually. It grows as you become more familiar with a woman. There's really no such thing as "love at first sight."

12. (a) Love affects your judgment. You're likely to do strange, crazy, and erratic things when you're in love.
    (b) Love is an admittedly strong emotion, but it shouldn't affect your judgment.

13. (a) Science will never really be able to understand love. It's something that just *is*; you can't really explain it.
    (b) If researchers set their minds to it, they could probably come up with a scientific explanation of why one person falls in love with another. *Everything* can be explained if you devote enough time and intelligence to it.

14. (a) You can have good, strong marriages without love. The arranged marriages of other cultures prove that viable relationships can develop even though the two parties

weren't in love when they married.
(b) Marriage without love would be like a death sentence. If the two people don't love each other from the beginning, they'll never be happy.

15. (a) Somewhere out there, an ideal woman exists for every man. You just have to find her.
(b) Human beings are capable of falling in love with any number of people. There are probably dozens of women in the world that the average guy could be enormously happy with.

16. (a) When I'm in love with a woman, I want to protect her, to guard her from harm or unhappiness.
(b) No matter how much you love a woman, you can't shield her from the world. She's an adult, not a child.

17. (a) When two people are in love, they have to give each other a certain degree of freedom. They both need to be able to do things by themselves.
(b) When I'm in love, I'm possessive. I want us to do just about everything together.

18. (a) If I were deeply in love with a woman and she left me, I don't think I'd ever get over it.
(b) Getting dumped by a woman you love may not be the most pleasant experience, but you recover. It's something that usually happens to everyone.

19. (a) No matter how much I loved a woman, there are certain things I could never forgive her for.
(b) I could forgive a woman anything if I loved her enough.

20. (a) If you are attracted to a woman but find that you don't like any of her friends, that's a good sign that you probably don't have a lot in common and won't be able to develop a deep relationship.
(b) I don't care if I hate every one of my lover's friends. If she's the woman for me, that won't make any difference to either of us.

21. (a) When I'm in love, I assume it will last forever. If it doesn't, I just figure I made a mistake and picked the wrong women.
(b) Even when I first fall in love, I assume it will end sometime. Nothing is forever. The chances of any affair's turning into a lifelong love are mighty slim.

22. (a) I enjoy being close to the woman I love, but I also enjoy my time away from her.
(b) When I can't be with the woman I love, I'm depressed. Everything seems dull and unsatisfying.

23. (a) When love comes, it engulfs you like a wave all at once.
(b) Love is a subtle emotion. It can sneak up on you. You can slide into it without your ever realizing what's happening.

24. (a) If a relationship is going to survive, the man and woman should share a number of interests.
(b) Love is enough. It can make two people who have no other interest in common happy with each other.

25. (a) It takes time to know whether a woman you're attracted to is really right for you.
(b) If a woman you're attracted to is really right for you, you know it immediately.

SCORING

The list below shows the answers that would be chosen by the most romantic, least realistic man. Give yourself four points for each of your answers that coincides with these. (A high score on this psychograph is no "better" than a low score. We are measuring two opposing personality traits, neither of which is inherently more valuable than the other. Your score is merely a way of pinpointing your place on the romantic/realist spectrum.)

1. a	6. a	11. a	16. a	21. a
2. a	7. b	12. a	17. b	22. b
3. b	8. b	13. a	18. a	23. a
4. a	9. b	14. b	19. b	24. b
5. b	10. b	15. a	20. b	25. b

If you scored 80–100 points:

You are an extreme romantic. The research literature shows that normal, average heterosexual men outnumber women in this scoring category. You place a high value on emotions and probably believe that feelings, not intellect, are the best guide to living a successful life. When it comes to women, there is a good chance you like them young, pretty, "feminine", impulsive, and innocent. The sexual side of your relationships with women is extremely important to you. Your reaction to a woman is immediate: you either love her or you hate her. When you fall in love, you're the type of guy Tin Pan Alley has written songs about for generations. You daydream about your woman, you act erratically, you gaze into her eyes longingly. Some people would look at your love and say it's saccharine and juvenile, but for you it's exciting and endlessly fascinating.

52–76 points:

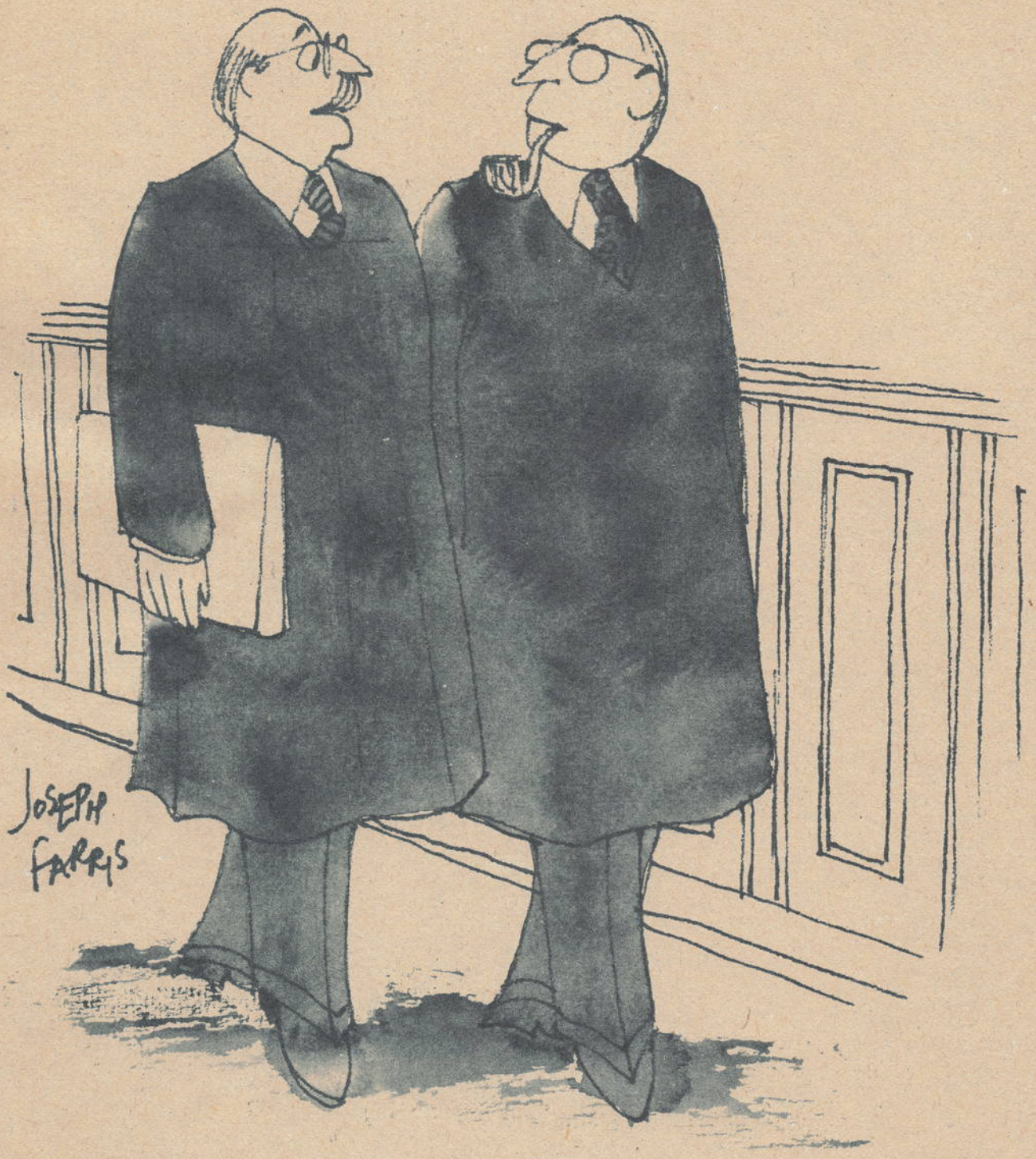
You share most of the characteristics of men in the preceding category, but you don't exhibit them to such an extreme degree. You're the type of guy who will bring flowers to a lady, but you won't grovel at her feet if she throws them back in your face. When you're attracted to a woman, you tend to be jealous. You resent it if she seems to have much of a life of her own apart from you. However, you're not likely to get paranoid about her outside activities as the man in the above category might. The best way to characterize you would be as a "rational romantic."

24–48 points:

You, on the other hand, are a "romantic rationalist." You take an even-tempered, common-sense approach to your relationships, but you're not made of granite. You are not, for instance, tempted to read the sports page during an intimate candlelit dinner. But you believe that the most successful male-female relationships are founded on mature consideration and sharing. You are interested in a woman's emotional stability and intellectual competence. You don't like highly "feminine" women who need "protection." Studies have shown that men in this category are less happily married and more likely to have extramarital affairs than romantic men. This is probably because they don't feel that strong gut-level attraction.

0–20 points:

You are the complete realist in matters of the heart. Your emotions never get the better of your intellect. You like strong women who are as independent in their lives as you are in yours. You are so rational that you have trouble understanding people who are more passionate than you. You're the type of guy who could sit in front of the tube watching a ball game while the most beautiful girl in the world gave you head. Very stoic. You make an excellent long-term companion for a woman, but you're not likely to sweep her off her feet.



"I had a terrible nightmare last night. I dreamt everyone settled out of court."

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

about the KGB and its involvement in terrorism throughout the world? And what about the man working for his country 50,000 miles from home, down in some hole in a ship in 130-degree temperatures for 13 hours, trying to sleep when he gets a chance as his rack rolls and pitches in the gray, floating fortress he calls home?

Obviously, our government isn't perfect, but from what I've seen of the rest of the world and from the influx of refugees, I believe we have something going for us. We have a lot to be proud of here. Many of our ancestors gave their lives in helping to create this country, and many more gave their lives to preserve the freedom we enjoy today. We have the freedom of deciding whether we want to continue to exist as the nation they fought for or instead to destroy ourselves.

A democracy such as ours is not natural. It takes everyone, working together, to make it a success, and when it is threatened, it takes everyone working together to protect it. Sacrifices must be made, and in today's world military service is one of those sacrifices. If, because of the belief that we can coast through life, we wind up in a confrontation with the Soviet Union, the people who ran from their duties might as well keep running, because there may not be much to come back to. No, it's not too late yet, but it's getting closer, and we're still arguing about it.

Meanwhile, I'll be proud to be doing what I can, and I keep my hopes up that one day soon my fellow Americans will be ready to join us.—*Barry Shane Berger, U.S.S.* Halsey, *San Francisco, Calif.*

Confusion says

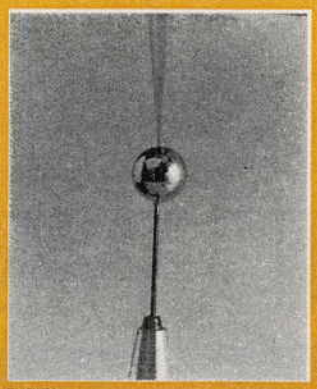
I have just read "The China Sindrome" in the September issue, and I'd like to direct my comments to Mr. Bill Lee, Pulitzer candidate for objectivity.

Sir, you are the quintessence of the "ugly American," who never really disappeared. Please read your history books. When the Chinese have choices, we choose with wisdom. When there are no choices, we try to choose with courage. It takes courage to trust a computer-publicist, cost-accounting, mercantile, simplistic, evangelical, hypocritical Caucasian in the U.S.A. Inscrutably yours.—*Foo Man Chu.*

Bill Lee replies:
I can honestly say, Mr. Chu, that never in the course (inter- or otherwise) of my brief stay on this planet has anyone ever referred to me as a "computer-publicist, cost-accounting, mercantile, simplistic, evangelical, hypocritical Caucasian in the U.S.A." And as for my being "the quintessence of the ugly American," my wife has learned to live with that. She slides a bag over my head and pretends I'm Robert Redford.

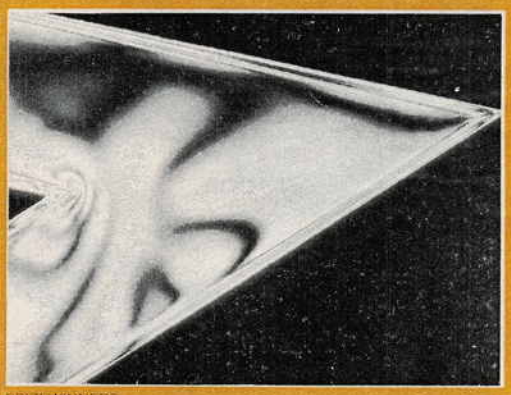
THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE DECEMBER 20



FUSION

FUCHS



PRIZEWINNERS

FICTION

FUSION—The energy secret of the sun itself. Is fusion the ultimate solution to our energy problems or is it the quixotic excess of rampant technology? For 30 years physicists have tried to duplicate the searing conditions that exist in the heart of a star. Now they claim success is near and limitless energy lies almost within our grasp. What will a fusion-powered world be like? Who will profit from fusion energy? What are the political payoffs of this energy dream? This month's *Omni* examines the fusion story in full: its promise, its problems, and the people who are striving to harness the infinite energy of the stars.

TESLA POWER—The shortest route to practical fusion may be a tour through technological history. Robert Golka claims Nikola Tesla, pioneer of our AC electrical system, may have been on the right track in 1899. Tesla made artificial ball lightning, the rare spheres of electricity that inspire many UFO reports. Golka has just duplicated Tesla's work and thinks he can build a fusion generator within five years—if the Energy Department gives him the chance.

INTERIOR VISION—A gallery of paintings by Ernst Fuchs reveals the genius of visionary art in *Omni* this month. A leader in the Viennese school of Fantastic Realism, Fuchs explores the human condition sublogically, through hypnotic images of great intensity. Fuchs takes the viewer into a hallucinatory realm that combines allegory with a perception of man's future condition. Don't miss this spectacular portfolio in the January *Omni.*

PRIZEWINNING PHOTOGRAPHY—The best of nearly 6,000 entries reflect the amazing talents of *Omni* readers as we present the results of our first photography invitational. The most accomplished effort, our Grand Prize winner, is showcased. Other skillful submissions from around the world make up a stunning pictorial of phenomenal sights in the January issue of *Omni.*

SCIENCE FICTION—A tale about a man who constructs "A Cage for Death" highlights *Omni*'s January fiction. John Keefauver's hero in "Body Ball" searches for the ultimate gamble, and a scientist in Bob Buckley's story "Where No Man Goes" races against time to fulfill a recurring dream.

These new playclothes
let her know that you're not here on
business; it's strictly for fun.

WEEKEND WARRIORS

Just because you're shoehorned into a dull business suit five days out of the week doesn't mean that you're a fashion dropout. No one understands this better than the new wave of sportswear designers. They've let loose with some contemporary designs so you can dress like yourself—instead of looking like a Brooks brother. These fashion forecasters may seem too avant-garde for your clothing style right now—it may not play in Peoria—but regard them as harbingers of the rest of 1981. Genuine flyer's jackets, with the added panache of a white silk scarf, will make you the hero of Main Street, even if you never come close to a cockpit. Match one up with fatigue pants, and you're ready for the Lafayette Escadrille.

Sportswear becomes yet more playful with pastel colorings that emphasize the new relaxed look. "Picture" sweaters, reminiscent of the forties but with a modern, geometrical style, fit right in with the lighthearted approach of today's high fashion. The cowboy appeal is far from dead; while most western wear is worn by men riding the stock exchange rather than the range, you'll find that western weekend wear is full of Tex appeal. All in all, these are the fashions to be wearing if you want to be the first one on your block to be flying the colors of spring/summer '81. It doesn't take an all-weather coat to tell which way the fashion winds are blowing, but you'll find the raingear shown here as rugged as it is stylish. The leathers are pricey but long-lasting. Just think of fashion disguised as art and imagine the return on your investment.

Authentic aviation gear (this page) is becoming a cult item among sophisticated fashion customers. This authentic leather fighter pilot jacket brings back the look of the handpainted 1940s bombers, silk-screening motifs on the back. This jacket saying "Hollywood at War" (about $250) is worn with red cotton six-pocketed fatigue pants (about $40); both are by Aeronautica Ltd. Her dress by Bowman Trading Co.; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

At left (opposite page) a blouson zip-up jacket with a zip-off hood combined with pull-on pants ($85), designed by Ron Chereskin for State-O-Maine. Underneath it is a turtleneck ($150) by Giovannelli. The other rainwear item is a jumpsuit trimmed in white ($100), by Camouflage, N.Y.C. The angora turtleneck ($45) is by Jean-Paul Germain. Both men's boots are by Roots. Her jumpsuit by Climax; boots by Tony Mora for Beverly Feldman.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY LE BAUBE

Active playwear emerges for spring 1981 in versatile looks for both street and sport. Here's a sport suit that updates the cotton sweatshirt in a loose knit with coordinating jogging pants ($80), by Van-Martin for Himself. Cotton sweatband by Jockey; watch by Porsche. Her blue suede top by Tony Mora for Beverly Feldman; pink-cotton shorts by Sweats dd.

Hair stylist Wayne Herndon; Makeup Patricia Bowden

The geometric motif on sweaters and shirts returns. Here is a cotton-and-nylon sweater featuring "the man" motif ($90) by Gianfranco Ruffini. The white cotton pull-on pants with elasticized waist ($48) are by Van-Martin for Himself; moccasin loafers by Frye. Her white suede shorts by Tony Mora for Beverly Feldman; cotton sweater by Adrienne Vittadini.

Ladies' clothes styled by Andrea Bieber; all artists of Masterworks Glamour Management

The appliquéd and jewel-studded black leather snap-front blouson jacket with white leather fringe and piping ($640) is worn with leather pants ($600) and studded boots ($185); outfit by Tony Mora for Beverly Feldman. Neck bolo by Nick Philolius. Her dress, belt, and boots are by Tony Mora for Beverly Feldman.

This black-and-white nappa leather snap-front jacket shows off gold-eagle motif appliqués ($500) and is worn with black leather pants with gold piping ($500); outfit by Tony Mora for Beverly Feldman. Black and white boots are by Judy Buie for Texas at Serendipity, N.Y.C. Her outfit is also by Tony Mora; shoes by Charles Jourdan.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 198

GOVERNMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

$3,000 or more a month.

And en route to that pension, the demands are not heavy. A spokesman for the Civil Service Commission said that for calendar year 1978—the last figures he said were available—only 9,950 of the 3 million bureaucrats were fired, and most of these dismissals, he said, "were for peeing on their desks or punching the boss in the nose, something like that." Only 119 were fired for what is euphemistically called "unsatisfactory performance," meaning laziness, stupidity, and incompetence.

Under our restructuring, there would be a ceiling on employment equal to that of 1850—one bureaucrat per 40,000 citizens. That would give us a total bureaucracy of about 5,500 persons—an average of about 1,000 bureaucrats per cabinet department. At least, that's the ceiling we would start out with—it might be too extreme. But even if we wound up with a bureaucrat-citizenry ratio of post–Civil War days—for a total of 44,000 bureaucrats—that would be a breathtaking reduction. Why, 44,000 is one-twenty-fifth the number of civilian employees you will find today in the Pentagon alone.

And another thing: there will be no civil service. There will be no employment "security." Civil service doesn't protect the sharp employees; it protects the deadheads. We will let every federal worker know that his/her job hangs by the thread of public approval. One surly answer, or one too many long weekends, and out they go on their ass.

The departure of the civil-service system will, of course, also mean the end of those lush federal pensions. Federal employees can look forward to retiring with the same risk as the rest of us. If the Social Security system hasn't become bankrupt, they can retire on that. If it has, they can take their tin cups to the street like other ordinary Americans.

And by the way, there is one other little blessing from all this: we can do away with that phony Harry S Truman Scholarship Foundation, which taxpayers today are funding to the tune of $30 million. You know what the foundation does? It hands out tax-free $20,000 scholarships to train young people to become bureaucrats. That we don't need.

GET RID OF BUILDINGS AND CARS AND THINGS

When we get rid of most of the bodies, we will naturally get rid of most of the things that those bodies have been using and occupying.

Today the federal government owns 406,494 buildings (at last count), containing 2.6 billion square feet. That's enough square footage to make 300 World Trade Centers or 1,250 Empire State Buildings. The world's largest office building is the Pentagon, which alone is as big as three Empire State Buildings. Its corridors run for 18 miles—nearly the width of the English Channel.

On top of that we spend $1 billion to *lease* buildings. Although the General Services Administration, the federal landlord, admits that $2.6 million a year is wasted on rent for office space it isn't using, the GSA is budgeted to spend $100 million more than last year to lease an additional 7.6 million square feet.

Why do the bureaucrats think they need so much room? Because they send millions of forms for citizens and businesses to fill out, and when those forms come back in, they have to be filed away somewhere. Thus each year the bureaucracy is inundated with 4.5 million cubic feet of new records that cost $8 billion to print, shuffle, sort, and file. There are 8,000 record systems scattered throughout the bureaucracy, and buried within them are data ranging from how many soldiers were hospitalized in World War I for trenchmouth to how many cows died of bloat in North Dakota in 1927 to how many navy reservists have been issued toothbrushes.

> Each year the bureaucracy is inundated with 4.5 million cubic feet of new records that cost $8 billion to print, shuffle, sort, and file.

We will do away with most of those files via one of the natural elements: fire.

And either by selling them off or tossing them onto the bonfire of files, we will also get rid of practically all the army of computer robots. As the bureaucracy's level of intelligence sank ominously in recent years, leaders of the establishment tried to make up for the decline by substituting computers. They did it with a vengeance. At last count, the federal government owned 20 computers costing $1.5 million or more (and leased three others), 120 computers having a cost between $500,000 and $1.5 million (leasing nine), 392 computers costing $200,000 to $500,000 (leasing 23), 1,467 computers costing $50,000 to $200,000 (leasing 50), and 5,426 computers costing less than $50,000 (leasing 132), for a grand ownership total of 7,425 (plus the 217 leased computers).

And let's not forget the furniture bill we can avoid by getting rid of our bureaucratic beehives. During the past decade the GSA, which has become something of a specialist in fraud and waste, spent $1.2 billion for new furniture, most of which was either stored away in warehouses and forgotten (the government keeps no inventory of its furniture) or used to replace perfectly good furniture, which was thrown out. Obviously, the furniture contractors were giving the GSA a beautiful kickback.

The federal government owns a half million vehicles—sedans, station wagons, buses, trucks. This means that a bureaucrat is behind the wheel of 1 out of every 260 vehicles owned by Americans. If you lined the federal vehicles up bumper-to-bumper, they would stretch from New York City to Jacksonville, Fla.

The bureaucrats drive these cars and trucks more than 4 billion miles a year—the equivalent of every one of the 10,000 "senior" civil servants driving around the world 20 times.

The bureaucrats spend $1.2 billion of our money tooling around on wheels. That comes to 30 cents a mile, which (even though the government gets to shop wholesale) is 20 percent more than the American Automobile Association estimates the typical motorist spends per mile.

The bureaucrats are pretty careless with all those vehicles, too. It costs us $1.5 million a year just to repair the cars the bureaucrats tear up in accidents.

When our new government goes into operation, a few hundred VW Rabbits should be enough for the bureaucrats to get around on very comfortably. If they need more, they can use their own cars and we'll give them mileage pay (closely monitored).

GET RID OF ALL SUBSIDIES

I mean *all* of them. Using figures compiled by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, one can conservatively estimate that federal subsidies cost the taxpayer $190 billion a year. Most of the subsidies are aimed at destroying the free-enterprise system through risk-free manipulation of the marketplace. In 1978, for example, wheat farmers were paid not to plant 11 million acres. The Agriculture Department will spend a record $1 billion this year to buy and store dairy surpluses—although federal warehouses are already overflowing—so that dairymen can create an artificial scarcity and charge consumers an extra $1.4 billion. Through cash subsidies the federal government guarantees a minimum price for 20 farm commodities, and 90 percent of this money—about $1.5 billion a year—goes to the largest ten percent of the farmers, the agribusiness giants like Tenneco, Gulf, Chevron, and Getty Oil Company (you're right: the oil companies have also become our biggest landowners and farmers). So far the government has lost $52.5 billion on its farm price support programs.

These same landowners, exploiting a law passed at the turn of the century to encourage homesteading by small farmers

in the West, receive from the federal government free water that is valued at $1,540 an acre every year.

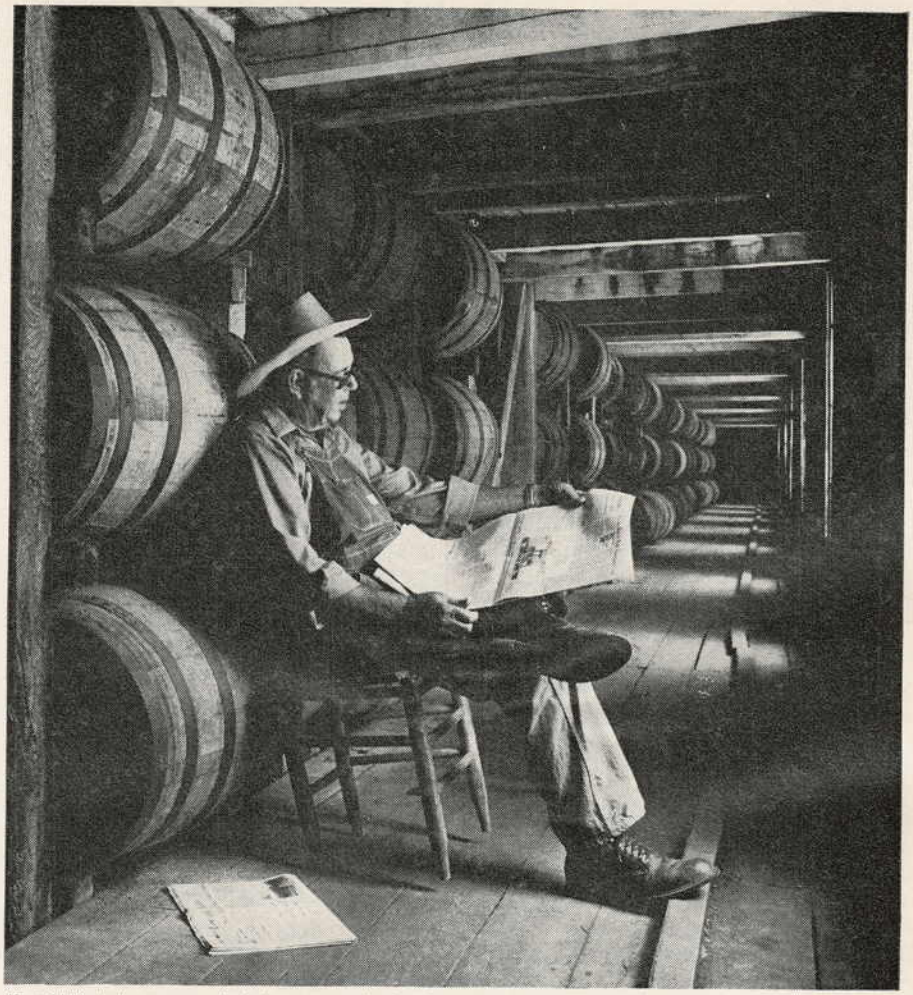
One of the neatest pieces of subsidy performed by the Department of Agriculture—important not because the sum is large but because the fraud is so symptomatic—is the $3.2 million Beekeeper Indemnity Fund. It allows the feds to buy (just what the country needs) dead bees. Five beekeepers in Arizona collected $1 million from that fund to give their bees a proper funeral.

Next to the subsidies heaped upon the military and on the farmers, transportation industries get to wallow in the deepest trough of dough. Perhaps the best example is Amtrak, the allegedly "independent" passenger railroad service that was put together by the bureaucrats as a way to relieve the railroad industry of its responsibilities to the riding public. Far from being independent, Amtrak is subsidized with nearly a billion dollars every year. (Why should people not served by Amtrak be taxed to support it?) To put that in perspective, just bear in mind that when an Amtrak lobbyist climbs aboard an Amtrak train in New York to come to Washington to squeeze more subsidies from the government, he pays only 40 percent of the cost of his trip. The other 60 percent is subsidized—as it is for *every* Amtrak rider—by the American public.

A great deal of the federal subsidies are sly, under-the-table jobs. One of the most prevalent of these is the federal-loan guarantee. By endorsing a note for a borrower, the federal government can drastically reduce the rate of interest the borrower would otherwise have to pay. This is especially true of risky borrowers, such as Lockheed, for whom the government endorsed a quarter-billion-dollar loan in 1971, or Chrysler, for whom the government has (at this writing) promised to endorse a $750 million loan. Such government assistance dangerously distorts the credit market specifically and the free-enterprise system generally. It downgrades companies that have good management; they have to go to the credit market and pay full price for money. It upgrades scatterbrained companies and gamblers who, because their failures threaten the economy, receive favored treatment from the government.

The federal government is responsible for a sixth of the lending and a fourth of the borrowing in America—proportions that inevitably lead the populace to think that there is no danger in borrowing and lending because "the government will pick up the pieces." Unfortunately, that's exactly what the government too often does. It has endorsed $63 billion in student loans—and, because of defaults, it has had to pay back the banks for 18 percent of those loans.

The subsidization of poor people by the federal government, though admirable in concept, is as out of control as a Holy Roller convention. Federal welfare pro-



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AGING JACK DANIEL'S WHISKEY calls for hot summers, cold winters and a few men like Lawrence Burns.

Summer's heat causes our whiskey to seep inside the barrel's char. (Here's where it gains body and color.) Our cold winter air brings it back out. And barrelmen like Burns keep track of this gentle activity year after year after year. For a whiskey, there's no better resting place than a Jack Daniel's warehouse. And from the looks of Mr. Burns, there's nothing wrong with it for a man.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
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Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

grams ("income maintenance," they are called) that absorbed 4.1 percent of our taxes in 1960 today soak up 69 percent. One of every 25 U.S. households is aided by a federal housing subsidy. In fact, housing subsidies are America's fastest-growing welfare program, costing U.S. taxpayers $5 billion today and, if unchecked, $10 billion by 1985. Example: at the Taino Towers in East Harlem, rents, which include utilities and central air-conditioning, are $60 to $300 a month. HUD picks up the rest of the bill—an average of $500 a month for each of the 656 apartments. When the food stamp program was launched in 1964, only 367,000 needy Americans received help. Today 20 million Americans—about 1 out of every 11—get food stamps at a cost of $9.7 billion. There's a special supplemental food program for women, infants, and children that cost $14 million when it started up in 1974 but will cost $903 million this year. The cost of Medicare, the federal health insurance for the aged, has doubled every four years since it was launched in 1964 and this year will set us back $34 billion.

In 1961 the government started the Economic Development Administration with $90 million to be spread around in Appalachia and other depressed areas. Today the EDA has a budget of $3 billion—that's about 33 times what it started with—and, thanks to Congress, 85 percent of the nation is now rated as "depressed" and eligible to receive these handouts. Obviously, the government has gone crazy with kindness (kindness that, whatever it does for poor folks, sure as hell ultimately winds up in the pockets of physicians, realtors, drug manufacturers, and grocery chains). It keeps on shoveling out benevolences without paying any attention to where they land. Not long ago the Department of Health admitted that at least 24 percent of its Medicaid funds had been misspent, on such clever fellows, for example, as the South Carolina doctor who charged the government for pulling healthy teeth from poor children. As for the $3.6 billion we will spend to give 25 million children school lunches this year, federal officials acknowledge that 17 million of the kids are from nonpoor homes and don't need our help.

Perhaps some of the welfare programs should be brought back eventually—but brought back carefully, slowly, and on the side of stinginess. But for now it's best to junk them along with all other subsidies—to businesses, to cities and states, to unions, to farmers, and to foreign governments. Just wipe them all out for the nonce.

GET RID OF ALL HUCKSTERS AND PROFESSIONAL LIARS

At first blush, it might sound as if I'm suggesting that we fire everyone in government. But I'm talking about only those who are paid specifically to lie, to propagandize, to hoodwink—in short, the public-relations experts. The Office of Management and Budget admits that the government spends at least $1 billion a year on these propaganda hucksters, but the Associated Press has done some studies that would indicate the cost may be twice as high. Nobody knows for certain, because the cost of puffery is very well hidden in the cracks and crevices in the budget. One thing is certain: the federal government spends twice as much for official public relations as the combined news budgets of the Associated Press, the United Press International, all three major television networks, and the ten largest daily newspapers. The Defense Department alone spends more than $30 million a year on 1,500 military and civilian public-relations workers to mislead, hide information, misdirect, and puff the military's virtues. In the government as a whole, there are about 20,000 public-information and public-affairs workers, moviemakers and broadcasters, writers, editors, and advertising specialists spinning progovernment fables. Their salaries range up to $53,000.

> Smart-alecky, highly paid congressional aides are the hidden rulers of this country. Their number has grown to 18,000—300 percent larger than in 1960.

Another part of the federal government's con game includes the making of movies. The feds have dipped into our pockets for more than $1 billion to buy motion picture, television, and radio equipment and to build or rent studios. They spend a half-billion dollars every year—a bigger budget than Hollywood's—to produce such Z-rated movies as how to brush your teeth (at last count, the government had 22 teeth-brushing films on file) and how to get a thrill out of hydrofoil racing. In one two-year period, the government's drug abuse agency turned out 52 movies on why a person shouldn't use dope. Many of the scripts were carbons of other scripts.

We would wipe out all that. There would be no more television spots featuring such simple-minded slogans as "Take Stock in America" (Savings Bonds), "Don't Be Fuelish" (Department of Energy), and "Remember—Only You Can Prevent Forest Fires" (U.S. Forest Service).

GET RID OF CONGRESS

It costs us $1.3 billion a year to maintain Congress in the style to which it has made itself accustomed. Its members spend $503,900 just to keep a heavy supply of doctors and pills on hand at the Capitol in case they do a little honest work and get ill from it. Apparently to protect themselves from irate taxpayers, the federal politicians employ 1,181 cops to patrol the 181-acre Capitol grounds. (This doesn't count the District of Columbia police.) That's a larger force than you'll find in Atlanta or San Diego. And when it comes to office space, wow! In the past 20 years two new Senate office buildings (covering eight acres) have been built, although during that time the number of senators increased by only four members. The latest office building will have a per-square-foot cost that is 400 percent higher than that of the new Citibank building in New York City because the senators insisted on two bathrooms per member, 16-foot-high ceilings, a rooftop restaurant, a rooftop tennis court, $2.9 billion worth of marble, $1.5 million of wood paneling in the offices, and another gymnasium (the senators already had two).

Sen. Howard Baker once suggested that what the nation needs is "citizen legislators"—men and women who serve only half the year in Congress and stay at home working at other jobs for the other half of the year. That would be an excellent beginning. In fact, we would all be better off if we whittled the legislating time down to three months a year. The less time our politicians meet, the fewer laws we will have to put up with. When the federal legislators meet during 11 months out of the year, as they do now, they just sit around thinking up ways to cause trouble.

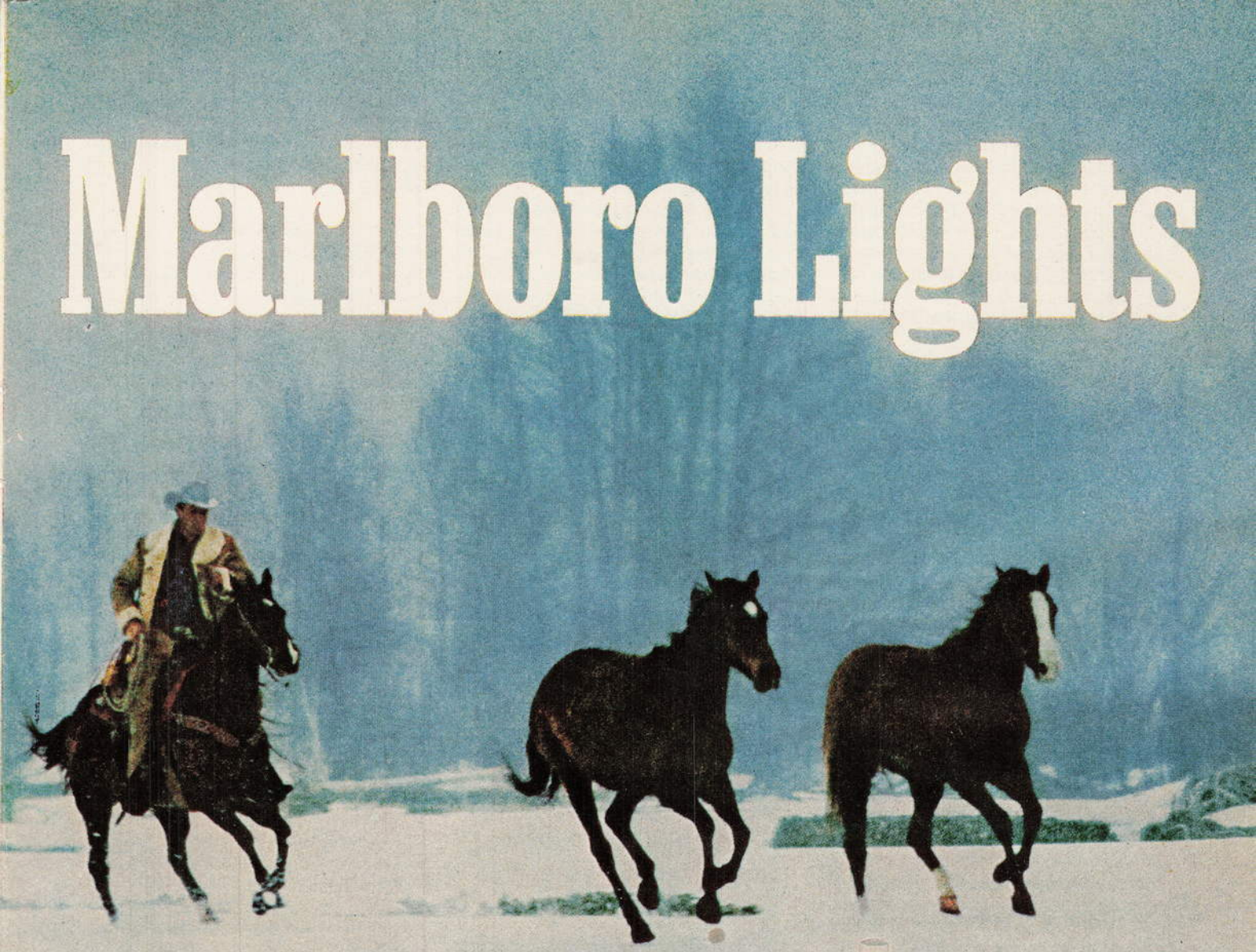
Former Speaker of the House Joseph W. Martin, Jr., recalled in his autobiography that in the 1920s (when Congress met only half the year) the House Foreign Affairs Committee spent an entire week debating one, and only one, topic—"the question of authorizing a $20,000 appropriation for an international poultry show in Tulsa. This item, which was finally approved, was about the most important issue that came before the committee the whole session. From one end of a session to another, Congress would scarcely have three or four issues of consequence besides appropriation bills."

Now *that's* the style of life we want Congress to return to. It might even leave members with enough time to read the bills they vote on. Not long ago the House Commission on Administrative Review found that an average member of the House is so rushed that he can spend only 11 minutes a day reading the letters and legislation that cross his desk.

In addition to dismissing Congress for at least half the year, and preferably for three-fourths of it, we could also cut down its size.

Realistically, at least two states should be eliminated: Alaska, where the federal government owns nearly 91 percent of the land, and Nevada, where the feds own nearly 88 percent of the land. Apart from the fact that the Mafia probably finds it convenient to deal with the Nevada legis-

Marlboro Lights



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lature and the oil companies find it equally easy to manipulate the Alaska legislature, there is no logic to their existence. They should revert to being federal territories. It is absurd to have the American people burdened with the four senators and two congressmen from those two scrubby "states" that hardly exist. It is also absurd to let the 400,000 people of Alaska pocket $4 billion a year in oil royalties, a bonanza that recently allowed them to abolish their state income tax and pocket a couple of thousand bucks per adult; that oil belongs to all of us.

On the point of getting rid of states to get rid of politicians, it might also be a good idea to wipe out Idaho (where the federal government owns 64 percent of the land) and Utah (65 percent). Surely the thought of sending Sen. Frank Church packing is an extraordinary incentive.

In trimming Congress's size and time in session, we can simultaneously slash its staffs. Congressional aides are even more villainous than members of Congress, and the total number of aides has grown to 18,000—300 percent larger than in 1960. These smart-alecky, highly paid congressional staffers are the hidden rulers of this country. They deal with the lobbyists, shape the legislation, tell their bosses how to vote and why. And, worst of all, they sit around thinking up new spending programs for their bosses to sponsor. Journalist Walter Pincus, himself a high-power legislative aide in the 1960s, warns that "to justify their $30,000 to $40,000 salaries, staffers now push their senators and congressmen into all sorts of new fields. Attempting to do more, Congress is doing less. . . . If there is one place to start attacking the fat that now bulges over 'big government' in Washington, I think it's the legion of high-paid congressional aides."

GET RID OF WASHINGTON

Or at least get rid of it as the nation's capital. One reason why our federal officials have such an unreal idea of how to govern the nation is that they operate in such an unreal environment. Washington is the Big Rock Candy Mountain of employment. When other parts of the nation are suffering severe recession, Washington feels no pain because its biggest industry is not shoes or autos, which people can stop buying, but government in a hundred varieties, which the American taxpayer, whether he likes it or not, is forced to pay for in larger quantities every year. White-collar government workers in the Washington area take home $700 million a month. In addition, checks go out to 60,000 military personnel and 100,000 civilian and military retirees living within the long shadow of the Capitol.

The Defense Department alone pumps nearly $2 billion a year into Washington-area contracting firms, thereby subsidizing 700,000 jobs—more jobs than the Washington construction industry provides.

And then there are the political subsidies. Congress is enormously generous with the lesser political machines that operate in the vicinity. There are more than 3,104 counties in these United States, but Washington, D. C., and its six suburban county neighbors receive ten percent of all federal revenue sharing.

The District of Columbia alone receives 42.5 percent of its $1,962 billion budget from U.S. taxpayers living elsewhere, and it spends this money with mad abandon. Each member of the British parliament has one staff assistant; each member of the District council has 10. The district has only one-third the population of Houston, but it has twice the number of city employees. Washington has more policemen per capita than does New York City.

Having created a federal city of such hyped-up prosperity, Congress seems to have become deranged by its own environment. If the budget-writers did their job away from the artificial prosperity of Washington, they might do better. If Congress sat in Peoria or Kansas City or Abilene, it might benefit from the relatively restrained and frugal atmosphere of those cities. Recently Wisconsin Governor Lee Sherman Dreyfus, complaining that "people in Washington are really out of touch," suggested at least half seriously that in this electronic age federal legislators might do their jobs just about as easily and with a much better perspective if they stayed in their home states and, with their constituents looking over their shoulders, voted by pushing buttons hooked up to a central scoreboard. That idea is not likely to gain much popularity in Washington.

> The federal government spends twice as much for public relations as the combined news budgets of the AP, UPI, all three television networks, and the ten largest daily newspapers.

Nor would the equally good idea of having a rotating "national capital"—this year in Atlanta, next year in San Francisco, the following year in Detroit, and so forth. Let the truncated bureaucracy (after all, we are talking about only a few thousand, after our democratic revolution takes place) remain in Washington to utilize a few of those buildings we've paid for. But make Congress a traveling three-month or, at most, six-month show, meeting in a different "capital" every year. And let the congressmen do their legislating where American Legion conventions and livestock shows and boxing matches are normally held, where the atmosphere is permanently permeated with the odors of sweat and sawdust and stale popcorn and urinal cleansers. It will encourage them to get their work done fast and get out of town. And it will help put a modest touch, and a realistic, grass-roots price tag on the legislation that emerges.

EPILOGUE

I can hear you saying it now: "Swell. Let's do everything you suggest. Let's get rid of most of the government. But how?

The key rests with those 535 jokers called Congress. Before there was a presidency, there was a Congress. Before there was a Supreme Court, there was a Congress. Before there was a bureaucracy, there was a Congress. It was the first branch in existence. It was there to count the electoral votes for the first president and to help George Washington organize his administration.

And just as Congress created our original political sins, it can also bring about their end. If we can win Congress over to our way of thinking, the rest will be easy. Congress has the power to unmake everything it has made or any fraction thereof.

The way to win the hearts of Congress—as history has repeatedly shown—is through its greed and vanity. We can feed its greed by treating members as bounty hunters. For every $50 billion they cut from the budget, by dismissing bureaucrats and dismantling programs and purging their own sycophants, we will give each member an extra $10,000 a year in salary. By cutting $500 billion—five-sixths of the budget—each member would thereby reward himself with an extra $100,000 a year.

That would more than double his/her salary. The salary bonuses would cost us $54,300,000—a trivial amount indeed, when one considers the $500 billion that would be lifted from us. Indeed, if Congress insists on being even greedier, let's give the congressmen twice or three times that much for proportionate cutting of the federal budget; it would still be a marvelous exchange.

As for pandering to congressional pride, that can be easily taken care of with a medal. All people, but especially Americans, are suckers for doodads they can hang on their chest or stick in their buttonhole. We'll give Congress something for both: a medal for their dinner jackets and a ribbon for their everyday buttonholes. We'll give the medal a swanky French name, the *Ordre de la liberation économique* (with apologies to Charles de Gaulle). Cast in pewter, the medal will show a dismembered octopus framed in a circle of dead leeches. The ribbon boutonniere will be green with yellow edges, signifying the character of Congress.

On the capitalist cocktail circuit of the future, that medal might achieve the status that the Order of Lenin and the Victoria Cross have achieved in other climes. For the valour of thrift, our pompous warriors deserve no less.

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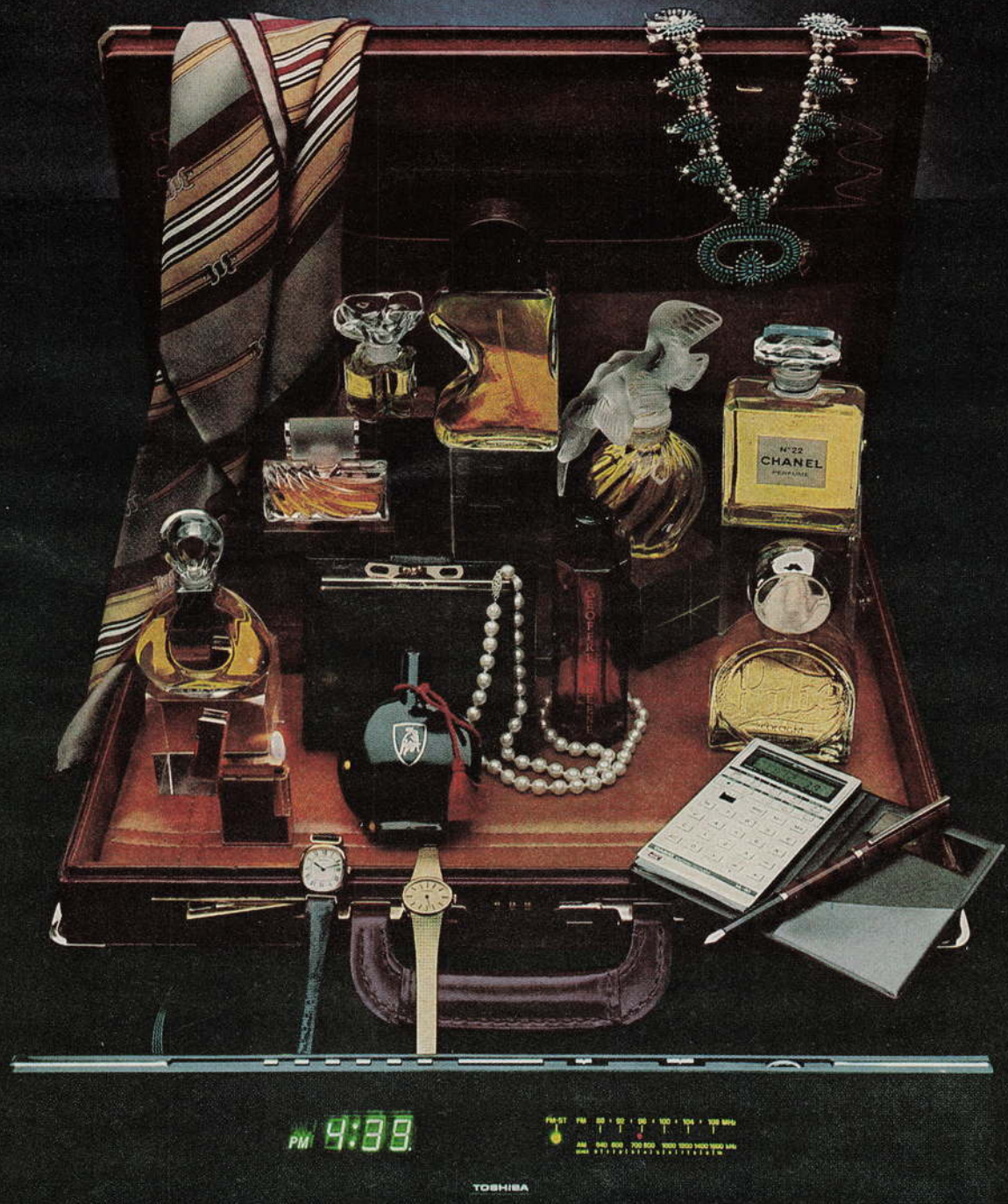

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT KLIGGE

If her spirit is as irrepressible as Christmas itself, if her smile lights up like Rudolph's nose, if the twinkle in her eye is as merry as old St. Nick's, she deserves the best in presents. Perfume is always appropriate and appreciated, especially if you sneak a peek at her bureau to see what she's running low on. Otherwise, anything extravagantly expensive is always enthusiastically received. Cater to *her* self-image. If she sees herself as a supersharp business woman, the frilly blouse you would love to see her in is off the mark. A classy and classic briefcase shows much more thought and may win you a little something extra under the mistletoe.

Women's gifts (clockwise from upper left), shown in Ventura's briefcase ($210): necklace from Gila River Arts & Crafts ($1,450), Chanel #22 (4 oz., $200), Fabergé Babe (4 oz., $9), Casio calculator ($49.95), S. T. Dupont pen ($280), Toshiba clock radio ($149.95), Longines Creation D'Art ($1,600), Bulova lizard watchband ($99.95), S. T. Dupont lighter ($360), First by Van Cleef & Arpels (1 oz., $100), scarf by Saks Fifth Avenue ($45), Scoundrel by Revlon (½ oz., $45), Oscar de la Renta (½ oz., $70), Woman by Jovan (½ oz., $45), L'Air du Temps by Nina Ricci (3⅓ oz., $250), Red by Geoffrey Beene (8 oz., $30), pearls from Cultured Pearl Assoc. ($800), Kif by Lamborghini (1.3 oz., $26), Cardin calculator ($95).

If your Ms. Satan decides that she wants to play Ms. Santa, don't be shy about dropping hints lest your medicine cabinet be weighed down by one more unopened bottle of the cologne you hate or your tie rack forced to accept another hideous tenant. "Men are impossible to shop for!" goes the Christmas lament, echoed by girl friends, wives, mothers, and secretaries. Make their lives a little easier. Cast longing looks at your best friend's gold-plated toothpick or elephant foot wastebasket or whatever it is you're coveting. If nothing comes to mind, the gifts pictured above may inspire you to new heights of acquisitiveness.

Men's gifts (clockwise from top center), shown in Ventura's attaché case ($210): silver belt from Gila River Arts & Crafts ($1,187), cashmere-and-wool scarf from Dunhill ($100), the Sony Walkman ($199.95), sandalwood cologne from Crabtree & Evelyn ($11), Norelco 640 recorder ($345), pen from S. T. Dupont ($260), Canon Palmtronic LC memo ($59.95), watch from Bulova ($165), Longines watch ($2,400), MOMO Volante steering wheel ($121), Crabtree & Evelyn soap ($5.50), cassette deck from Nakamichi ($1,500), Sharp calculator ($89.95), razor and brush from Crabtree & Evelyn (set, $39), S. T. Dupont lighter ($330), gloves from Yves St. Laurent ($22), and Dunhill cigars ($5.50 a box).

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MOUNTAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

The cops had arrested them and had confiscated their car. Well, these guys got out on bail, and they simply broke into the area behind the police station, stole their own car, and raced it that weekend.

"This is the type of guys you were dealing with," Tuthill says. "Oh, there may have been a few real desperadoes, but they were few and far between. Most of them were guys like Bob. And some of the guys of that era were fantastic drivers. You can't downgrade them a bit just because there still wasn't a whole lot of organization. As for driving skill, they had it. On or off the track.

"Those early races were heart-stoppers, just like their off-track escapades. Nobody would give an inch, and if you didn't get out of the way, they'd run over you. When the flag dropped, you'd think war was declared. They went anyplace there was an opening—down through the pits, in the grass, the infield, anywhere."

But for every Curtis Turner or Junior Johnson who became famous as a race driver, there was one whose daring was limited to the highway. Clearly the best of the wheelmen was Otis Walker.

"Otis would let you pull right up beside him," says a veteran probation officer. "Now don't get me wrong; you had to work your ass off to *get* there, because he was always going like the hammers of hell. But he'd wait until you got right up beside him—and you were usually going as fast as you could possibly go—and he'd look over at you and grin, and that's the last you ever saw of him. He'd do it every time. Nobody ever knew what he had in that car.

"I was chasin' him one night and stayin' up with him pretty well, and I had already figured on just runnin' him till he broke, because he was really loaded with 'shine—the springs were really sagging—and I figured that if I chased him long enough, he would blow a supercharger or something. But all of a sudden, we came up on this running block. You know what a running block is?" he asked.

Without waiting for an answer, he explained: "A running block is where they get four cars out on the road, two in front of you and two behind you, and they just block you in and keep slowin' down until they get you stopped. That's a running block. They set it up with two-way radios.

"Well, we came up on the two cars in front—they were state troopers—and they were doin' maybe ninety. They didn't know who I was, because my car sure wasn't marked; in fact, it was a forty Ford coupe, just like Otis's. I looked in the rearview mirror, and here came the other two cars up behind us. I guess they figured we were both runnin' whiskey.

"I thought, 'Shit, I don't want ol' Otis to get caught this way,' but I didn't any more than get the thought in my mind when I saw these two balls of smoke come from behind Otis's rear wheels, and I knew what he had done. He had caught second gear, and he was heading right for the front two cars. He hit the one on the right first, on the rear quarter panel, and then he hit the one on the left in the same place. Well, they had been driving about four feet apart so they could use up all the road, and when Otis hit them, one car went in one ditch and one car went in the other one. It was the damndest piece of driving I have ever seen.

"I figured right then if a man's good enough to do that, damn if I'll run him till he's crippled. So, when he put it into a broad slide and skidded off to a side road a little way up, I stayed right on the main highway. The two cops who had been behind us came around the turn and saw me and took off after me. I stopped a few miles down the road and showed them my badge. 'Goddamn,' I said, 'I was chasin' him, too, but I'm a sumbitch if he didn't get clean away.'

"I saw Otis a few days later," says the probation officer. "He wasn't carrying any shine. So he stopped, and he said, 'I really 'preciated that. You know, when I slid in that side road, every tire was cryin' a different tune.' "

It sums it up pretty well. The whole scene became a game. A game of cops and corn, with great respect for the drivers on both sides. The wheelmen built fast cars. The Feds built fast cars. The wheelmen drove with their lights off on the dark, winding roads. The Feds learned to drive with their lights off. And when a runner didn't have a load of 'shine, the Feds left him alone. It was a respect that combatants hadn't had for one another since the time of the World War I fighter pilots. But just let the Feds see sagging rear springs, and the chase was on. And if they caught them, they went to prison.

"Otis Walker had the lightest touch I've ever seen," said the old-time Fed in a sort of nostalgic postscript about the legend who died when the drive shaft dropped out of his Caddy-powered Ford at about 120 miles an hour. "He drove with one hand—just a couple of fingers, really—and he's the only man I ever saw who drove a wet road like he drove a dry road.

"You could tell what kind of a driver a man was just by looking at his tires—we used to use the old five-rib Firestone racing tires," he added. "If they were smooth clear across and the edges weren't rolled, you knew he was good. If you saw rolled edges, you knew he was afraid to let the car slide very much. Otis's tires were always smooth clear across, and the edges were as sharp as a knife. You could have laid a square across them," he said.

Nobody has been able to explain satisfactorily why the taste for white lightning has lingered into this generation and why men keep making it, knowing damn well that they will probably spend some time in the federal penitentiary.

Goodloe sits on his porch and ponders how he has made it for 40 years. "I dunno," he says, as he takes a drink from a bottle of store-bought liquor, makes a face, and runs the back of his shaky hand across the gray stubble of a beard on his chin. "Sugar's better 'n thirty dollars a hundred, and corn, hell, corn's gone plum outa' sight. It's hard to say. Why do you like homemade biscuits better 'n them kind that comes in a cardboard tube?"

Good logic again.

"I s'pose it's taste. And maybe tray*de*-tion. Why, I drink as much as half a gallon a day when I'm on a drunk, and it don't make me sick as this stuff." He holds up the bottle, shakes it a little, and looks for the lingering bubbles that aren't there. "The good stuff has a kind of sweet taste to it. And you know, if, say, you're married and got a wife and three or four babies, there ain't no factory in Ferrum gonna' pay you more 'n three, three and a quarter an hour. Hell, you can't make it today without some other income."

According to an ABC agent, a man can make as much as $750 a week as a wheelman, just for three runs a week, and he can make three times that if he makes the liquor. Still hands can make $300 a week. It is also rumored that everybody in Franklin County has, at one time or another, been involved in the non-tax-paid liquor business, either making it, running it, or covering up for those who do.

The area was settled by Scotch and Irish, and they started making moonshine for much the same reason they do today, to survive. The rugged mountain land was good only for timber, and once that was cut, it took 50 years for it to grow back. Cattle were too costly. So the settlers found that grain was the answer.

The mountains inspire the people who live in them. It makes one wonder whether a cool breeze through a stand of white oak might supply whatever it takes to make greatness. Perhaps the ATF director should stand up there for a while, because he says, "The moonshiner of folklore does not exist. Moonshiners are criminals. They are tax thieves who cheat federal and state governments."

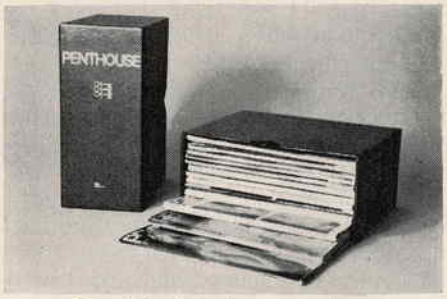
Somewhere in that statement there is probably an element of truth. Somewhere in there. But at least one ABC agent disagrees: "They're not criminals; they're law violators," he says.

They are also inventive.

"One of them built a helicopter a few years back," says the agent. "It was a crude Rube Goldberg–like device, but it flew, and it gave him a commanding view of his valley to keep an eye out for revenooers. And did you know that the square, five-gallon metal can was invented in Henry County, because it was just the right size to stack in the back of a Ford coupe?" He speaks with the sort of offhand respect one gets from seeing someone do a job really well.

"Moonshine has kept Franklin County backwards, though," says a probation of-

THE PENTHOUSE CASE AGAINST TIME



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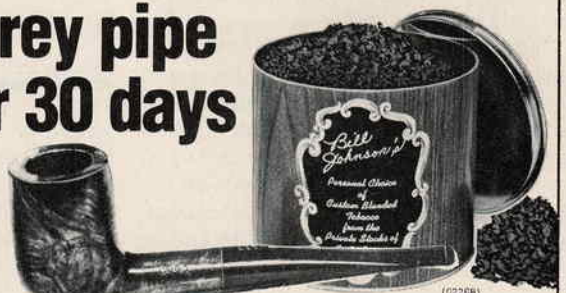

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ficer. "The young people have not bothered to educate or skill themselves, because their people have always been in the whiskey business, and that's what they're going to do, too. But I don't know; maybe it's not that bad after all. If people have to struggle and the scars aren't too great, maybe it makes them stronger. But the scars of hardship are often great."

But you can't say they give up.

"Lissen, I heered of a new still that's heated by 'lectric and cooled by an air conditioner." It was Goodloe talking again. "Hell, man, all you gotta do is jes' set back and push them buttons. And maybe someday—there's talk of it, you know—they'll make it in the back of a big ol' eighteen-wheeler as it's runnin' down the road . . ."

It is the stuff of which dreams are made here in the mountains.

But the dreams of the 84-year-old moonshiner in Henry County were different: "You reckon a man will ever be able to make likker again without hidin'?"

There is in the mountains a belief that there are two forms of lightning, white and red. A fire started by the strike of white lightning, they say, cannot be extinguished; it must burn itself out; but a red lightning fire is easily put out. With that legend in mind, one can easily see where they got the name for the drink. Another legend is a man named Buford Lee.

Buford is 66 and has been arrested several times, but he still persists in making white liquor. He is rawboned and straight as a ramrod, not at all the kind of man to take lightly. An ABC agent speaks affectionately of him:

"It's odd, but Buford Lee has never pulled much time, because of his *act* in court. When he is working around a still, he moves like a kid, stokin' the fire and tendin' the mash, but when he comes to court, he shuffles along like he's on his last leg. He drags himself in, and the judge takes one look at the long, white beard, and all his children taggin' along, and he doesn't have the heart to send him to jail. I mean, with all those mouths to feed."

Several of Buford's 12 children have been named after federal judges. One of them tells this story about the old man:

"It's been four, maybe five years now, but the revenooer people found one of Daddy's stills, and they was bustin' it up with axes—jes' breakin' it to bits. Well, Daddy says, 'If you all'll give me an axe, I'll help you.' One of the revenooers asked why the hell he would help bust up his own still, and Daddy told him, 'Well, it has to be done, don't it?'

"I mean, if he's caught, he'll help you, but you first gotta lay a hand on him and say 'You're under arrest'; otherwise, he'll run like hell."

But somehow Buford learned to trust me. Maybe it was because I knew *Curtis*. Maybe it was because I grew up in the hills of West Virginia, and hill people have something in common, no matter where they meet. But whatever the reason, he showed me exactly how to make moonshine.

To make 80 gallons of moonshine, which is the yield from an 800-gallon capacity submarine or blackpot still (so named because that's the color the fire turns the metal), Buford uses 800 pounds of sugar, 200 pounds of grain (corn if you really want good whiskey), and eight pounds of yeast. He begins the process of mashing in right in the still itself, and 72 hours later, it has fermented as much as it is going to (which, it turns out, is about 12 percent alcohol at this stage).

Buford knows nothing about chemistry, nor does he give a damn, but what actually is happening is that the starches in the grain are being converted into sugar and the sugar into alcohol. This is why, by adding sugar to the mixture, he is speeding up the enitre process by more than 50 percent. After a few hours of mashing in, bubbles begin to break the surface of the mash and form foam that raises the surface level of the mash several inches. The mash bubbles steadily with a vigorous motion, giving it an appearance of boiling, until about midway through the process, when the action subsides. The level drops back to normal, and all action stops. The mash is ready to run.

> Ralph Hale, they sent him to prison for three years. He's got a wife and three babies, works day and night.

While all this action is going on, Buford prepares the fire—a propane stove under the submarine still.

When the mash is ready to run, he returns to the still site, loaded with plastic jugs, some fruit jars (for the best of the run), a few cans of Vienna sausage and pork and beans, a couple of moon pies, and a six-pack of 16-ounce Pepsis, because he will be there for about 12 hours. He lights the fire under the still and puts the cap in place on top of it. He is careful to keep the temperature even, because he doesn't want the mash to boil rapidly and scorch. Alcohol boils at 173 degrees and water at 212 degrees; so he knows that he must keep the temperature somewhere between the two, because he wants alcohol steam, not water steam.

When the live alcohol steam rises to the cap, it passes through a pipe and into the doubler barrel, which Buford and most moonshiners call a "thumper," because that is exactly the sound it makes. It empties, through the tube, into the bottom of the doubler. Tremendous heat builds up in the doubler, and before the steam passes out the top through an outlet pipe, the vapor has undergone the same effect of being double-distilled. It leaves the doubler and is forced by the high pressure of the steam into a coil or "worm," which is submerged in cold water, causing the steam to condense into whiskey, beginning with a few drops and soon quickening to a steady flow. (Some of the new moonshiners use an automobile radiator instead of a coil.) By testing the first run of "hot whiskey," Buford finds that the finished product tastes just as its name implies, hot and sharp. It also feels slick when rubbed between his fingers and will burn with a clear blue flame.

When the run is completed, his two still hands add more sugar to what is left of the mash and they throw in a little more grain to start the mash working again for a second run—and later they repeat it for third and fourth runs. Each run is a little weaker than the one before, but by mixing in some whiskey from the first run (which could be as high as 180 proof or 90 percent alcohol), they can bring it all up to an acceptable 100 proof.

At just the right time, with the bottling done and the entire run in cases ("cased off," they say), Big Walter shows up with the snarling Dodge. He helps them load up the 'shine, and he heads off for Roanoke.

The dust is still settling down on everything, from where Big Walter's spinning tires had been only a second before, as he reaches the bottom of the hill and does a big, looping four-wheel drift through the gate. The back end of the Dodge lines up perfectly for the gravel road, and Big Walter flashes a big ham hand out the driver's window, the forefinger raised in the air. He snaps it in the general direction of Roanoke, and in a second more, the car is gone in a spray of gravel.

For a minute there, it looked as if there was a tear in the corner of each of Buford Lee's steel-blue eyes. "Hain't many of them kind of drivers left no more. And damned if he don't remind me jest the least lil' bit of Ol' Pops; that's what we called Curtis," he said. "But then, you know that, don't ya'?" He didn't expect an answer. He stared down the road for a long time after the Dodge was gone and all the dust had settled. You could tell that for a while, at least, the clock had spun back a decade or two, to a time of two-speed Columbia rear ends and Caddy-powered '40 Ford coupes.

"Cheers, Pops," I said to myself as I popped the rental car into first and did a drift through the gate that would have been perfect if I hadn't just nicked the right-hand post.

And I hoped old Buford Lee was saying: "Tolerable there, West Virginny. Tolerable."

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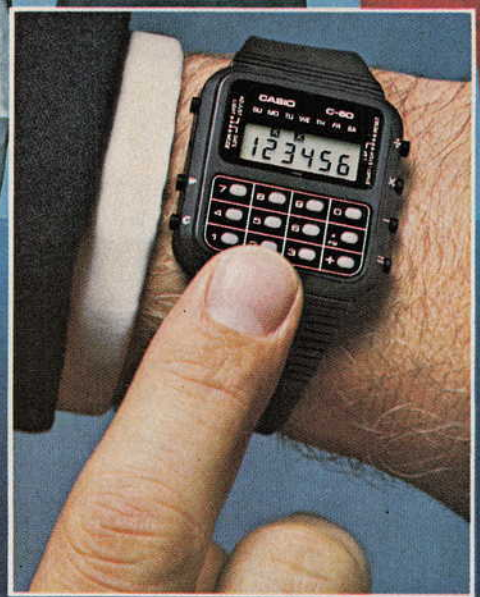

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THE COUPLE THAT PLAYS TOGETHER

"For the couple that needs variety and wants their love to last. . ." Jennifer Ryan presents an intriguing new solution that could spice up your love life.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

reach an orgasm since she needs a lot of physical and often emotional foreplay, whereas many men could easily fuck a rubber doll or artificial vagina.

I was once talking with a woman who had had four children but in 20 years had never experienced an orgasm. When I asked her if she had read my books, she confessed that she had but said that she could never do the things that I described! When I asked her why she had never tried masturbating, either by hand or with a vibrator or with some assistance (husband's tongue or hand or a water spigot), she resolutely shook her head and said, "No, I would never do a thing like that." I replied, "But it just might do the trick if done well by your loving husband, and you might achieve your orgasm after all these years." Her answer was "But what if I finally reach that brain-shattering orgasm and then—God knows—never again have another one? I would be frustrated for the rest of my life!" There was no convincing this woman that if there was one, there might be *more*.

At least your girl friend is trying; too hard, maybe, but at least she's hanging in there. When you go down on her, in addition to flicking your tongue around her clitoris, also use your lips and gently suck on her clit. See if you can get her to climax right in your mouth. While you are doing this, caress her breasts and stroke her belly, or put your finger in her mouth and let her suck on it. You can also try doing it 69 style. Maybe the thought of your approaching orgasm will turn her on so much that she will automatically explode. The porno flicks might actually be distracting her attention from what's going on in her own bed.

BELLY-BUTTON BEAUTIFUL

I would like to share with you, and inquire about, a fetish I have, if you want to call it that: I am a navel freak. I do like boobs and asses and all that, but for me the biggest turn-on is a smooth, gently rounded tummy with a big, deep-set belly button in the middle. I claim that it is an exposed navel that makes clothing such as belly-dancer costumes, bikinis, hip-huggers, etc. as sexy as they are, and I don't have to tell you why I try to attend every Dallas Cowboys game that I can! But it seems to me that the navel has been pretty much ignored, or at best treated as an object of humor rather than of sexual attraction.

Possibly it is because the navel is unpredictable. Sometimes, when I am on a beach with a woman, I will gently play with her belly button, running my finger around the edge and sometimes tickling the inside. Once I was on the beach with a slightly plump girl who had a really huge navel. I put a piece of ice in it that was shaped like a diamond. During lovemaking, I like to tease a girl's navel with my

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tongue. Female responses to all this range from none at all to gales of laughter. Whether it turns them on I can't say—I know it turns me on!

I would appreciate your comments on my letters, for I am sure I am not alone in my feelings.—J.J.

Because of its proximity to the genitals, a woman's navel is like a secondary vulva to some men. In the past, women fiercely concealed their navels; now they display them in perfect freedom on beaches and in other public places, in spite of or because of their erotic effect on men.

Stimulating the navel with your tongue or rubbing body lotion or suntan oil in and around it can be very sexually arousing to both men and women. Women that have to undergo a heavy stomach operation or receive a cesarean often beg their surgeons to make sure they leave a so-called bikini scar, which is a line that borders on their pubic hair and leaves the rest of their belly untouched and the navel as appealing as ever. Belly dancers often insert a ruby or other precious stone in their navels, and some tribes in India do so as well.

The navel, as well as the crack of the buttocks, is a great turn-on to many men, and in some instances an inventive lover has poured drops of champagne in either of these love creases and then devoured the liquid. Tickling a navel with your tongue, slightly scratching around it, or teasing it with a feather or a flower or a piece of grass may arouse hidden ardor in your lover.

SQUEAKY CLEAN

My girl friend of two years, whom I'll call Holly, is a pleasant, sensitive person. Our love for one another is emotional, mental, and physical. The moments we share in each other's arms are moments of ecstasy, and when we fuck, we fuck as if there were no tomorrow.

The problem began three weeks ago after attending a concert at the New York Philharmonic, when Holly and I were enjoying a bottle of delicious champagne at an exclusive Manhattan club. While getting pleasantly buzzed and discussing the erotic sounds of the concert, we were staggered by the attractiveness of a couple whom the maître d' had seated at the next table. Our jaws dropped at their beauty, and I suppose we then knew how others felt at first seeing Holly and me.

Apparently, they must have overheard our conversation, because they (I'll call them Graham and Cynthia) asked if we had been to the concert. We said yes and asked them if they would like to join us at our table. They did, and we must have spent two hours talking about anything and everything. It was approaching 1:00 A.M. and the club was closing when Graham and Cynthia invited us to their penthouse suite. It was a great idea, and we gladly accepted.

I don't know if it was the champagne, the soft music, or their unbelievable attractiveness, but when Graham began to caress my Holly, and Cynthia started stroking my member, we not only failed to resist but excitedly returned the touches. Although we had never discussed doing anything like this before, our clothes were off in seconds and we were really going at it.

While I was stroking Cynthia, I noticed that Graham was going down on Holly—and he hadn't even made her take a shower! Holly then returned the favor by giving Graham some nice head. If I thought Graham's going down on her was incredible, what I saw next was incomprehensible: after Holly had finished sucking him, Graham bent over and kissed her—without even making her wash her mouth out! When Holly gives me a blowjob, I always make her wash her mouth out five times and then make her take a long shower before I'll kiss her. Moreover, anytime I go down on Holly, I insist that she take a long bubble bath beforehand and then use a peppermint-flavored douche for 15 minutes.

Well, that was the night our problems began. Now, when other men look so longingly at Holly, I can see her returning those looks. She seems to say with her eyes, "I want a man who will go down on me anytime and who will kiss me right after I give him head."

Xaviera, I don't want to lose my precious Holly, but I am still afraid to follow Graham's bold example.—R. B. T.

"Want to know something, guys? Today marks the thirtieth year that old Albert T. Weatherfeld has out-fucked the Internal Revenue Service."

You are so bloody American, it's incredible. It is quite all right to like your woman clean and to have her take a shower or bath before having sex, but once in a while I guess it is nice just to do it whenever you feel like it—in the middle of the day, on the beach, in the woods, in the car, in a cabin, in a tent during a weekend camping, or even in the snow . . . without taking all the precautions. As long as she bathes regularly, like most people, which is usually once a day at least, I don't think that you will catch all kinds of diseases if you suck her pussy or kiss her mouth immediately after you get randy and get at it unwashed.

I myself am somewhat of a cleanliness bug and, particularly in the case of uncircumcised men, have an aversion to sucking cocks that have not been washed shortly beforehand. But to rinse my mouth five times and douche with all kinds of artificial flavors so that, for God's sake, none of the true feminine odor remains—that is outright ridiculous. If you, her loving husband, fill her mouth up with your sperm, why should you think it dirty to kiss her mouth afterward? After all, the dream of every man is to have his lover suck his cock and swallow all his come at once. Maybe she should leave a few drops for you to taste yourself so that you can know exactly what you pump down your wife's

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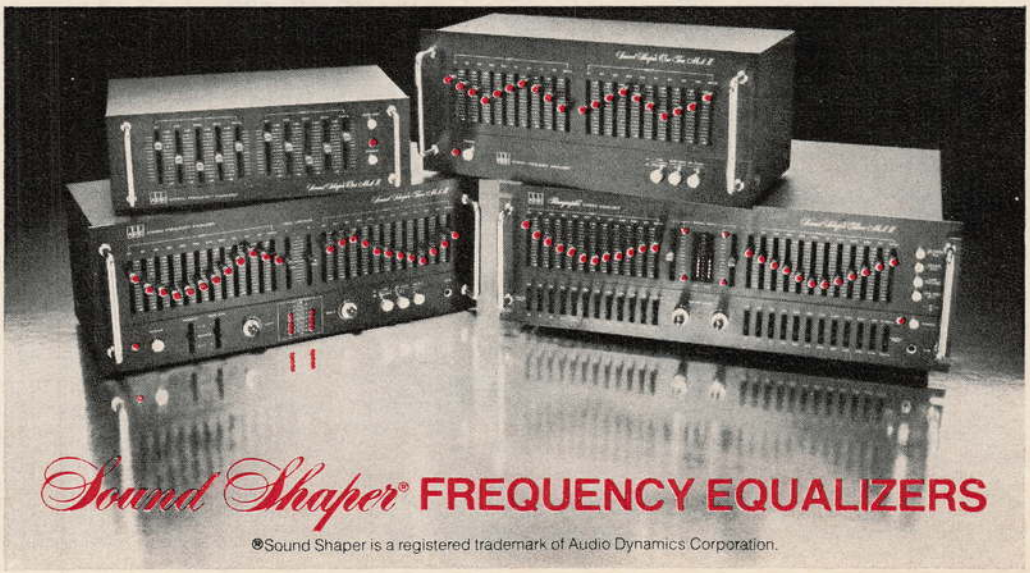

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throat each time that you ask her to give you a blowjob.

Luckily, there are still people, like the writers of the two previous letters, who have no fear of the taste of sperm and even get turned on by it. In other words, your behavior is totally exaggerated. As much as I love taking baths and showers with my partners, sometimes I get the greatest kick out of going to orgies with a large number of people present. Once I smell the raunchy odor of sperm and sweat mingled together, I am able to suck at least half a dozen pussies with or without come and then continue to suck and fuck another dozen men. It is then that I feel the natural animal instinct that is within all of us (even you, I am sure) that calls for action. Sometimes, afterward, I feel a bit dirty and degraded, and I will then soak in my bathtub for a good half hour and let the impressions of the evening sink into my mind after the impressions of all those sperm-filled pussies and cocks have filled up my thoughts.

So, in order not to lose your Holly, your relationship really ought to become a bit more give-and-take. Occasionally you will have to live up to her wishes and maybe even go out and attack her when she least expects it. A clean pussy is one thing, but a pussy without any female odor or natural juices is a rather sterile experience. Sperm does not really taste like ice cream, after all.

STARTING OVER

At a country-club party recently, my wife, Rachel, and I stepped out for some fresh air. We had seen some good friends do the same, so we followed. We cut through a garden area to catch up with them. But we saw another man approach, and the three of them entered the old maintenance building.

Rachel and I started to follow them in but stopped short when we saw Claudia raise her dress, showing much more than her legs. She then unbuttoned her dress and slipped out of it. Since it was a warm night, Claudia had worn only a bra, garter belt, and stockings. Her husband came over and unhooked her bra, letting her full-grown, melonlike breasts fall free for the stranger to see. We could easily see Claudia's full nudity from our vantage point at the window.

The stranger placed his hands on her breasts and felt her pussy. Soon Claudia fell to her knees and unzipped the stranger's pants while her husband looked on. Out came the largest dick Rachel and I had ever seen. It must have been more than ten inches. Claudia began sucking it and playing with herself as Matthew pulled out his average-size dick and began stroking it. Soon she leaned over a bench and received the other man's dick doggie-fashion. She was obviously enjoying it but had not spoken a word since entering the shed. In a matter of seconds, all three of them had orgasms. Matt shot his load on the floor while watching the stranger shoot his load all over Claudia's pussy. The unknown man then handed her a handkerchief to clean up with and slipped out the door. Rachel and I had to really scramble in order not to be seen.

The more I thought about it, the more the idea of Rachel being fucked by another man as I watched appealed to me. Rachel was very turned on by this idea but was afraid and nervous at the same time. Then, about three months ago, an old friend who now lives in Europe came to visit us. He was staying with us for two nights. The first night, while lying in bed and playing with Rachel's pussy, I asked her if she wanted Jerry to be the one. She didn't promise me anything, but the prospects looked good when she decided to have the kids stay at her parents the next night.

So, that evening after dinner, as we were all sitting around talking, Rachel excused herself to take a bath. I followed her into our bedroom and asked her if she wanted to go through with it. I felt her pussy and found she was ready and wet. A smile and a slight nod expressed her nervous "Yes!" I returned to the den and related the scenario of Matt, Claudia, and the stranger to Jerry and told him how it had turned us on. Jerry was more than happy that we had chosen him as the one to fulfill our fantasy.

Soon Rachel returned, wearing a sexy gown and a robe. I dimmed the lights and put on some soft music. I reassured Rachel that Jerry was more nervous than she was and told her how much I loved her. I eased her down beside him, and he started feeling her through the gown. Then she stood and slowly dropped the gown to the floor. Her prettiest hidden charm is her nearly hairless pussy, with an elongated clit and large cunt lips. I was very proud as she stood nude before Jerry.

He then undressed, and Rachel started sucking on his dick. It was her first other than mine in her whole life! Soon they were in the 69 position on the floor, and then they moved on to fucking. At first she just lay there as he probed her pussy, but then she began moving to meet his every thrust. I was so engrossed that I did nothing but watch. Then I took over and gave my wife her second orgasm.

I guess I am a voyeur at heart. Is it common for a man to want to watch his wife have sex with another man? I love her even more now.—M.G.

I think we all do have a voyeuristic instinct. After so many years of a stable but, as you said, conservative marriage, a change is better than a rest. You two are obviously comfortable and secure with each other, so why not indulge in some novelty sexcapades? Maybe someday you will watch her make love to another woman as well. Who knows? You may both become raving swingers, but first start with a discreet *ménage-à-quatre.*

"Good! At least we know he isn't throwing his allowance away on candy and junk food."

WHEN SOMEONE GIVES YOU CUTTY SARK, BE GENEROUS AND GIVE A LITTLE BACK.

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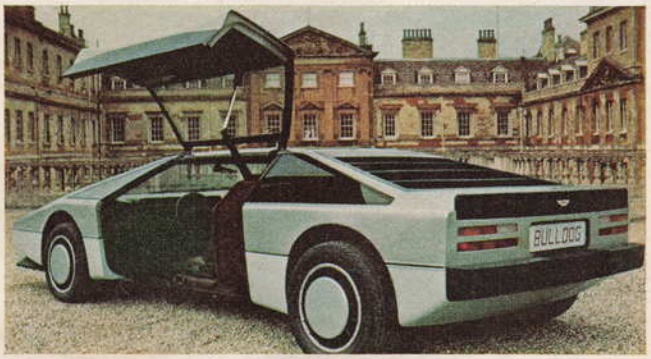
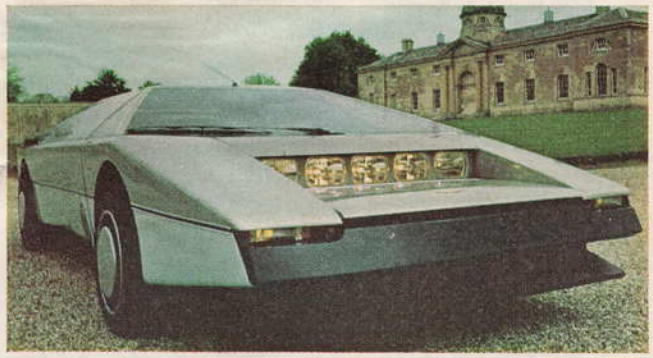
If the 1980s are to be the era of grim austerity that the doomsayers would have us believe, an automobile like the Aston Martin Bulldog would seem as relevant as yesterday's newspaper. At first glance, the construction and unveiling of a two-ton, two-seat supercar powered by a twin-turbocharged, double-overhead cam V-8 seems—during the Age of the Tiny Urbocar—to make no sense. When even the very rich are discreetly slipping into more fuel-efficient vehicles, how can this 190-mph axhead of a car, this staggeringly nonutilitarian Bulldog, be anything other than another awful blunder by the down-and-bleeding British car industry?





With a good deal of cunning, that's how. Consider: an automobile emerges as really important by virtue of only a few routes. It can, like the Porsche 911, win a whole stack of races, in the process capturing the hearts and minds of the racers and their imitators, the sports car freaks. Or it can, like the Chevy Impala, win the sales race on the showroom floor and the undying affections of both the dealers and their steady customers. Or, finally, a car can demonstrate some principle so effectively that a few key people in the worldwide auto industry snap to attention and see in it a way to solve problems that most of the less-automotive-informed world know almost nothing about.

Peter J. Sprague, chairman and savior-in-chief of Aston Martin Lagonda (1975), Ltd., has targeted the Bulldog on the latter course. His supercar is important, not because he expects it to win races or sell well—the 4,100-pound curb weight and $500,000 pricetag tell you that—but because it is a billboard for the styling, design, and fabrication prowess available at his factory in Newport Pagnell, England. In aerospace parlance, the Bulldog is a technology demonstrator, built, like the General Dynamics F-16 fighter, on spec.

At least, the official line is that the Bulldog resulted from a luncheon meeting between British Leyland boss Sir Michael Edwardes and Aston Martin managing director Alan Curtis. Edwardes suggested that an Aston-Jaguar sports car would be interesting, and Curtis commissioned William Towns—stylist of the AM Lagonda hypertourer—to do some drawings, which finally found expression in metal early in 1979. Unofficially, however, rumors persist that the Bulldog was commissioned by the young sheikh of Oman but that his involvement ceased when he mysteriously stopped answering his mail. In this version, Sprague & Co. turned a half-finished playboy's toy into a showcar rather than eat the chassis and design work already done.

There's more to this car, however, than its controversial origins and oddball name. (Bulldog was the project code name, applied because Director Curtis flies a Scottish Aviation Bulldog; after a while, given the car's promote-British-engineering goal, the name seemed apropos and simply stuck.) What you can see—the spaceship styling, the gull-wing doors, the five headlights hidden behind the upper nose panel, the vast black-glass area—tells you a good deal, but it's what you can't see that sets Towns's supercar apart.

Of primary importance are the Aston Martin design trademarks mixed into the Bulldog formula. In keeping with AM tradition, for instance, Towns designed the Bulldog to be built on a chassis of steel sections, in this case thin-walled tubing of four- and two-inch diameters. The fore and aft bulkheads are connected by three larger-section tubes, the outermost being set well inboard to allow the gull-wing door sill to reach right up to the seat rail, easing entry and exit. Cross-braced tubing forms a rollcage in the cockpit, and light subframes support the hand-formed aluminum bodywork, itself another Aston Martin trademark. The nose section houses the lights, a large and nearly horizontal radiator and dual electric fans, brake cylinders and servo, and the air-conditioning condenser. Lifting the hinged rear bodywork exposes the 5.3-liter DOHC V-8, crowned between the "vee" by its Bosch mechanical fuel injection and flanked under each cylinder bank by the twin Garret AiResearch TO4B turbochargers (set to blow at 12 psi) and their snaky plumbing. A Zahnradfabrik Friedrichshafen 5DS 25-2 five-speed transaxle, with inboard racing disc brakes on the half-shafts, delivers the 7.5:1-compression engine's X-rated horsepower to the 11-inch wide Compomotive alloy wheels and Pirelli P7 tires. And those wheels ride on yet another Aston tradition—a De Dion rear suspension. Up front, unequal-length wishbones make up the suspension, and rack-and-pinion steering turns the 8.5-inch Compomotives and P7s.

Inside, although a belt of walnut runs round the cockpit, and although a lavish use of Wilton wool carpeting and choice Connolly leather reinforces the Bulldog's John Bull image, all is fu-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222

Photographs by Robert Dowling

The Aston Martin Bulldog is the world's first $500,000 state-of-the-art road machine.

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BY STEVEN L. THOMPSON

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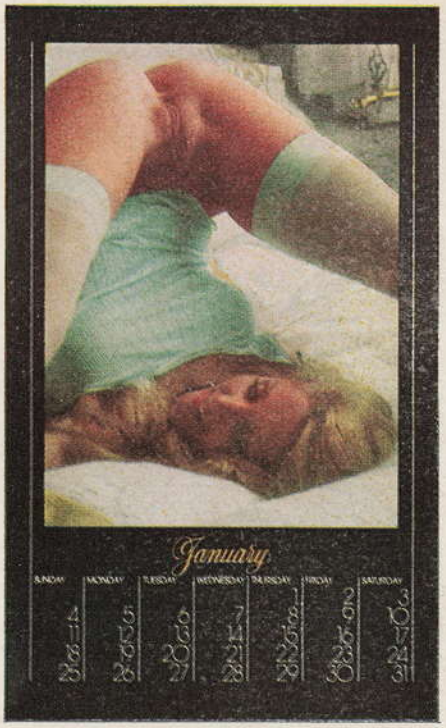

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LAETRILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

back them up. This was the antiquated report of the Cancer Commission of the California Medical Association ("The Treatment of Cancer with Laetriles," *California Medicine*, April 1953). It was republished, under a new title, in 1963, apparently to make it seem more timely in the new attack on Laetrile at that point. A careful study of this influential report makes it evident that the authors were opposed to Laetrile from the outset, no doubt convinced that it had to be worthless, since it was the product of an independent tinkerer not even possessing an M.D. degree. They *did* note that the substance offered them was amygdalin and not the glucuronic analogue described in the patent. No matter, they blithely pronounced, the analogue would have been too toxic to be tested on humans, in any event, a conclusion that was utterly unsupported either by experience or by theory.

Whatever the case, they did not have to deal seriously with Laetrile, because Krebs was now offering the world amygdalin, a substance that had no theoretical anticancer underpinnings and one that the authors of this report were eager to denounce lest anyone be diverted by it from radiation, surgery, or the other "proven" therapies. It seems evident from an analysis of this study that amygdalin probably did not turn in any stunning results, though certainly it was not adequately tested to justify any definitive dismissal. Every promising effect that did turn up was systematically discounted. The palliative (pain-killing, appetite-restorative) effects that were frequently noted by the doctors who participated in the study were all dismissed by the authors of the report as "subjective" and unworthy of follow-up. Similarly, they asserted that "in no instance could any recognizable effect of a chemotherapeutic agent be observed in the histology of these various neoplasms." This was a witting lie, for when the raw data were perhaps unwittingly affixed to the 1963 reissue of the report, there was evidence that some of the six pathologists, who had also participated in the study, had discerned *possible* amygdalin-related chemotherapeutic effects, for instance, that "hemorrhagic necrosis of tumor is extensive. . . . An interpretation of chemotherapeutic effect might be entertained," and so on.

Given the fact that the two principal authors of this report were two of the leading cancer researchers of their day, it is even more appalling that they indulged in these multiple dishonesties and, in the process, purposely or ignorantly overlooked the potential value of the glucuronides. One of these men was Dr. Ian MacDonald, an internationally famed cancer surgeon; the other was Dr. Henry Garland, a well-known radiologist. Both were often in the news in the 1950s for their tireless effort to discredit the data that were beginning at that time to link tobacco with lung cancer.

It was the report of these two "eminent" and "respected" physicians that, as much as anything else Krebs did, helped to bury the ingenious idea contained in the Laetrile patent. Drs. Garland and MacDonald set the tone for all those other "responsible" investigators who came along later: Krebs had no proper medical credentials and must therefore be a quack; Laetrile was nothing other than amygdalin, which had been around for decades and had nothing new to offer; it was important to convince the public that Laetrile was worthless lest cancer victims waste valuable time with it.

Meanwhile, the Krebs forces did nothing to call attention to Laetrile's origins. They were now fully committed to amygdalin-as-Laetrile. Soon the "freedom-of-choice" hysteria swept the nation, with the John Birchers and other hyperorganized types moving in to declare that the sick and dying should be able to use apricot pits or any other goddamned thing they pleased without interference from the "cancer cartel" and its servant, the FDA, regardless of whether apricot pits et al. were worth anything or not. Given the hopelessness of so many cancer cases,

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this line of reasoning was often difficult to dispute. But as the movement to legalize amygdalin emerged triumphant in state after state, Laetrile, which so far had existed only on paper, got hopelessly lost in the whole bizarre affair.

All might have been lost had it not been for the fact that the mother of a young Israeli cancer researcher was dying of her malignancies in 1976. Dr. David Rubin, a graduate of Hebrew University and the Hadassah Medical School in Jerusalem, watched hopelessly as all of the standard therapies failed his mother. When there was nothing left, he decided that he had nothing to lose by flying to Mexico to investigate for himself "the notorious substance" that had been so much in the news for so long. After some weeks there he was astonished to discover that the drug seemed to confer significant subjective benefits even upon more advanced terminal patients. He noted the persistent pain-relieving effects, restoration of appetite in some cases, and so on. These effects—not to be confused with tumor-reducing effects, which he observed to be in short supply or nonexistent over the long run—induced him to begin a more intensive investigation. It ultimately led him, with the help of Andrew McNaughton and the McNaughton Foundation, to the original Krebs patent. By this time, Dr. Rubin was convinced that amygdalin was no cancer killer; still, it had properties that fascinated him. It seemed like a good idea that had somehow gone wrong. The patent added to his conviction that he knew precisely where it had gone wrong. There it was right before him—the instructions for making a glucuronic analogue of amygdalin.

His hopes sank, however, as he followed those instructions. They didn't work. He tried a number of approaches that also failed and then hit upon a method for *bio*-synthesizing the substance, which was itself an ingenious development. Those steps that seemingly couldn't be accomplished in the test tube, Dr. Rubin decided, could be carried out in a goat's liver. The livers of goats, he happened to know, contain a very high activity of an enzyme called glucuronyl transferase, which is capable of conjugating glucuronic acid with a broad spectrum of toxic substrates (in a process of neutralizing them and preparing them for safe excretion from the body). Furthermore, goats are one of the few animals that will happily eat bitter almond leaves. These leaves are laden with an analogue of amygdalin called prunasin. The mandelonitrile (cyanide) component released by prunasin through the unlocking action of beta-glucosidase in the liver and gastrointestinal tract of the goat was in turn locked up again by the liver through conjugation with glucuronic acid, creating a compound that could be excreted in the urine and thus safely removed from the body.

By extracting this compound from the urine, Dr. Rubin had finally created Laetrile—a cyanogenetic glucuronide, a substance that, theoretically, should work potently against those cancers that contain high concentrations of the enzyme beta-glucuronidase. Dr. Rubin gathered as much of the brown precipitate (the substance called mandelonitrile beta-glucuronic acid, or DMBG) from the urine as he could and began treating a few cancer patients for whom all other therapies had failed. He was circumspect about publicizing these preliminary results, which were, however, so promising that word leaked out: all four patients who were treated with two grams of DMBG daily experienced rapid and pronounced objective remission from cancer. Despite his elation Dr. Rubin was insistent that no public conclusions should be drawn from these very preliminary findings.

As word of Dr. Rubin's enterprising work spread and was picked up by the cancer underground, misunderstandings flourished and soon the powers-that-be turned their biggest guns against the Israeli researcher, using the old, familiar smear tactics. Throughout the summer of 1977 letters and telegrams, copies of which are in my possession, flew thick and fast between the ACS, the FDA, various Israeli health authorities, and a few selected science publications. This epistolary bar-

rage was unleashed in typical overkill fashion, apparently arising out of the fear that the Israeli work might at last lend some legitimacy to the controversial drug.

When Dr. Rubin granted an interview to KPBS, the public television broadcasting station affiliated with San Diego State University, to discuss the glucuronide theory in anything but sensational terms, Dr. Donald Kennedy, the commissioner of food and drugs, attacked the researcher. In a letter to Dr. Jeffrey Kirsch, the director of KPBS Science Office and the man who conducted the interview (the only public interview Rubin had ever granted in the United States), Dr. Kennedy charged first that Dr. Rubin had "misrepresented the official nature of his relationship to the cancer research program in Israel." The commissioner called attention to letters the FDA had received from Israel, one stating that Dr. Rubin's "claims" to have carried out his amygdalin/glucuronide research at the famed Hadassah Medical School were "fraudulent."

What the commissioner failed to point out in this letter but what is made evident by the correspondence in my possession is that it was the FDA, not Dr. Rubin, that made these fraudulent claims. The FDA actively solicited and provoked denunciations of Dr. Rubin by misrepresenting his position to the Israeli authorities. Never, for example, did Dr. Rubin claim that he had carried out any of this research at Hadassah, his alma mater. Nor did he, contrary to a charge contained in another FDA letter, claim that Laetrile was under "official" investigation in Israel.

In response to Dr. Kennedy's complaint that Dr. Rubin had misrepresented himself, Dr. Kirsch and Dr. Hugh Gardner, an American Association for the Advancement of Science media intern who had assisted with the interview, stated that "at no time did Dr. Rubin ever represent himself to us as being affiliated with Hadassah Hospital, either in the full interview or the broadcasted excerpt. Off-camera, he stated explicitly that he was *not* doing his research at Hadassah." They added that he had never stated or even implied, either, that Laetrile was under "official" study in Israel.

Fortunately, once the FDA lies got sorted out and the record set straight, Israeli authorities proved resistant to this shabby attempt to destroy the reputation of yet another honest, innovative researcher. There have been no further attacks from the FDA. One would do well, however, never to forget the most remarkable passage of Dr. Kennedy's August 5, 1977, letter to KPBS, for, once again, a highly appointed "medical authority" was given the opportunity to react constructively to an idea that, by its intrinsic merits, commands—on the face of it—careful scrutiny. And once again said authority was transparently interested only in denigrating and dismissing the idea. Kennedy, sarcasm intact, wrote on that date:

"The most ingenious aspect of Rubin's latest hypothesis [implying in the full context of the letter that Rubin was somehow responsible for all of the ad hoc, previous hypotheses of Krebs and company!] is that it married, through a liver enzyme, the identities of the old compound with the new. The described experiments, in which beta-glucuronidase activity is actually measured in biopsy specimens and in which prunasin was fed to goats and the derivative compounds extracted from the urine, are extremely difficult ones. Furthermore, the results contradict all expectations. Because each would have required isotopically labeled precursor compounds, no biochemist would accept such results without a detailed account of the labeling used. You cannot possibly expect the cancer research community to evaluate these findings unless you are prepared to cite published descriptions of the experiments."

Apart from the fact that Dr. Kennedy, though requested to do so, never did explain why Dr. Rubin's results "contradict all expectations," other pronouncements of his must have sounded a bit silly to biochemists. Tissue assays of beta-glucuronidase pose no real difficulty through the use of phenylglucuronate; the precipitation of glucuronate conjugates from the urine of prunasin-fed goats is accom-

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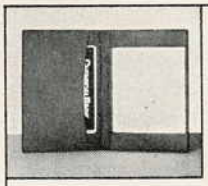

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plished, without magic, by means of lead acetate; and determination that the DMBG is indeed present in the precipitate can certainly be achieved *without* isotopic labeling.

Apart from the obvious fear of "legitimizing" Laetrile through the glucuronide work, there is no doubt discomfort in some circles arising from the fact that the Israelis have succeeded where others, in recent years, have failed. For it develops that the National Institutes of Health at one point *did* quietly commission Merck Pharmaceutical Company to try to accomplish synthesis of the real Laetrile, following the instructions in the old Krebs patent. After three years of effort, Merck had produced a mere six-tenths of a gram of the substance and then given up. Researchers at the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation similarly threw in the towel after a concerted effort. A group at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Rubin reports, more recently *has* produced a small quantity of the substance, using a cumbersome approach that recreates the bio-synthetic glucurynol transferase mechanism *in vitro* (in the test tube). Curiously, this group did not even try to demonstrate the substance's potential anticancer effect but instead concentrated on trying to show that it is "mutagenic," i.e., dangerous.

If the fear is that Dr. Rubin's work is just the latest means of winning respectability for amygdalin, then "orthodoxy" has truly taken leave of its senses. Dr. Rubin makes it clear that he has no brief for amygdalin. He is grateful that the amygdalin controversy led him to the glucuronic compounds, but these, he stresses, are quite different from amygdalin. Indeed, he has already begun to anger some of the "true believers" by stating that amygdalin, in his view, has no future as an anticancer agent, though it might possibly be used as a palliative adjunct with other therapies.

Dr. Rubin and his associates in the Israeli Medical Research Foundation, established to synthesize and investigate potentially cancer-killing conjugates of glucuronides, have now been successful not only in achieving a true (non-bio) synthesis of DMBG that is reproducible but also in creating and synthesizing numerous other glucuronic conjugates. The process of obtaining patents for a number of these substances is in an advanced stage in many countries of the world. It will no doubt come as a shock to both some of the advocates and opponents of amygdalin to learn that among the panoply of glucuronides that the Israelis have been working with is one called 5-FU-G. The substance 5-FU is one of the mainstays of cancer chemotherapy. It is in the front ranks of the "proven" therapies the ACS is so fond of touting. (And little wonder where 5-FU is concerned, since the ACS owns 50 percent of the rights to it.) Ask anyone who has taken 5-FU and he'll regale you with its nightmare gallery of side effects. No doubt about it; it's a real cell killer. Unfortunately, it is almost as likely to kill normal cells as cancer cells.

But marry 5-FU to a glucuronide and you have an entirely new, relatively tractable beast. Cynics will call this the political marriage of convenience of the century (it *does* boggle the mind to see, however indirectly, the ACS and Laetrile forces thus wed), but Dr. Rubin gives little thought to such things. As far as he is concerned, this union is entirely pragmatic. He will happily hitch any good cell killer to one of his glucuronic carriers if it will result in selective cancer-cell death. The 5-FU-glucuronide, early tests indicate, can be given in doses far higher than those in which 5-FU can safely be administered alone. Initial tests reveal results far better than those obtained with 5-FU alone and without, for example, the often pronounced bone marrow depression that accompanies 5-FU treatment.

The potency of many of the glucuronic conjugates, Dr. Rubin reports, can frequently be increased through induced hyperglycemia of cancer patients. Hyperglycemia increases tumor acidification; the greater the acidification, the greater the activity of beta-glucuronidase. The Israelis expect that different conjugates will be used against different types of cancers but note that about 20 percent of all cancers do not exhibit high beta-glucuroni-

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dase activity under any circumstances. Among these are the leukemias and the melanomas, both of which will be immune to attack by these substances.

Animal studies using a variety of the glucuronic conjugates have recently been conducted by independent researchers at the famed Weizmann Institute of Science—commissioned by the Israeli Medical Research Foundation. The toxicity tests revealed nothing untoward and helped clear the way for the granting of a license for clinical trials, now under way. Efficacy tests in animals, according to one Israeli Medical Research Foundation spokesman, "yielded results that we had hoped for and expected." The spokesman added, however, that these tests were not definitive in the sense that they were not conducted "double-blind."

Excellent as the animal results apparently were, Dr. Rubin refuses to cite them, saying, "I do not want to open myself to attack from those who will say we are making premature claims. And why talk about mice when we will soon be able to talk about humans?"

The clinical trials, like the tests at Weizmann, are being carried out by researchers *not* affiliated with the Israeli Medical Research Foundation. "We do not want to be accused of biasing the results," Dr. Rubin explains. He stresses that the glucuronides will not be available for use outside these restricted tests for some time.

Dr. Rubin also emphasizes the contributions of many other individuals in this work, not only in Israel but also in other countries and over a long period of time. He notes that discoveries related to beta-glucuronidase go back many decades; he gives Krebs his due "for a brilliant idea," notes that Dr. Manfred von Ardenne of East Germany and others pioneered the tumor-acidification techniques that are part of the treatment, and observes that Japanese researchers and others have begun working with glucuronic conjugates as well. The Israeli contribution has been one of rediscovering an old idea, bringing all of the pieces of the puzzle together, devising reliable means of synthesizing effective glucuronic conjugates and finding additional means of further potentiating the anticancer action of these substances while providing further protection of normal organs and tissue from the toxins they release. In the process of pursuing this research they have also discovered that some other diseases—notably psoriasis—are characterized by high beta-glucuronidase activity that may make them vulnerable to attack, as well.

Meanwhile, in the United States, the National Cancer Institute, after years of refusing to give amygdalin clinical trials, finally approached a legal representative of the Israeli Medical Research Foundation, requesting permission to test some of their glucuronides, along with amygdalin. The Israelis regarded this request as presumptuous, and inappropriate, particularly in view of this government's previous attempts to discredit Dr. Rubin's work, not to mention the NCI's attitude toward unorthodox research in general. Moreover, the Israelis could discern no logical, scientific reason for lumping the glucuronic conjugates with amygdalin. What is needed now is to make clear the *differences* between the two. The fact that DMBG is Laetrile in no way weds it to the pretender amygdalin.

The Israeli answer to the NCI was swift in coming. "We developed the substances in Israel," Dr. Rubin says, "and we will test them in Israel."

Reflecting on the bizarre history of the great Laetrile controversy, Dr. Rubin says "yes, absolutely" when I ask him if establishment medicine wasn't one of the principal authors of this tragedy. "They should have recognized the potential. One opportunity after another was lost." And Krebs? "He's to blame, too, of course. Krebs, I think, became imprisoned by his philosophy, by this idea that the answer to all of man's ills can be found in nature. The real Laetrile has not yet been proven the drug of choice in cancer. But if, in the near future, we shall prove the clinical efficacy of this or one or more of the other glucuronides, we shall then officially begin to mourn twenty-five lost years because of a philosophical error." ○+

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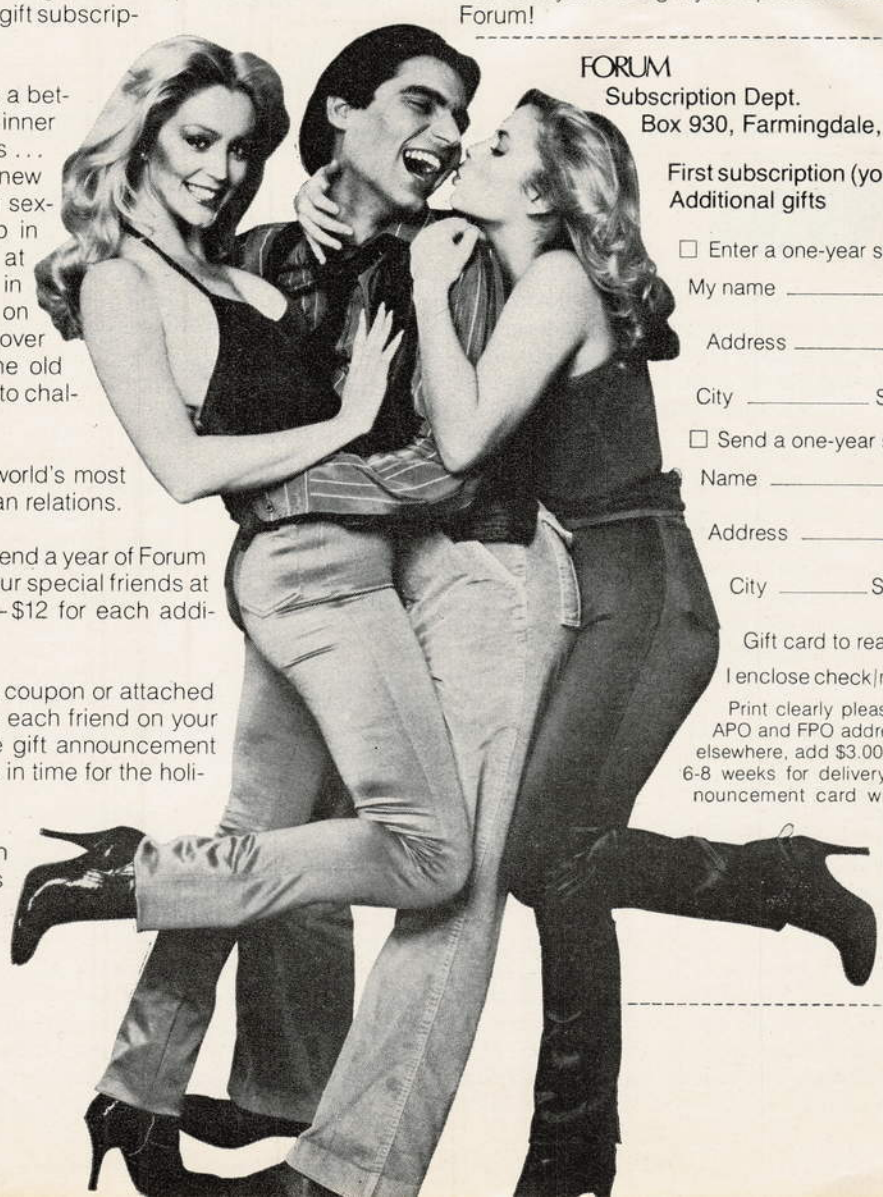

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stoned, especially when you have to study for an exam the next day. As the night wore on, I decided to take a study break before I went on cramming the dry materials into my head. So I decided to head out to the nearby bar for a drink and reward myself for studying for an exam.

I hopped on my Honda CBX and in a flash arrived at the bar. There I saw four gorgeous, well-tanned girls with long, silky dark hair. I said to myself, "I think I just found an excuse not to study too hard tonight!" I followed them into the bar. The nearest girl turned around and asked me, "Can that motorcycle really fly?" I replied "Sure, if you want, I will give you the ride of your life." She said immediately, "Let's go!" But I told her, "We might as well get a drink since we are here." So she introduced me to her friends, and we both had a drink while we exchanged glances across the table. Shortly after, she got up and told her friends to wait for her and said to me, "Let's go!"

Outside, I noticed the blue terry-cloth top she had on, outlining a small but firm pair of tits (I could even see the little nipples peeking at me) and a skintight pair of straight-legged Levi's, which showed small, round buttocks. What I saw in front of me was enough to let me blow off my studying for the night. We got on my CBX, and I said to her, "Hold on tight. You are gonna get the ride of your life." Off we went into the warm night breeze.

We got on the highway, and I opened the throttle up a little there. We were doing almost 90 mph. She peeked over my shoulder and shouted, "Faster!" So I gave a little more gas, and were cruising at 120 mph down the road. She was really holding on to me tight. I felt her tits pressing against my back and the wind screaming by my ears. She leaned her head softly on my back, and her arms encircled my waist and suddenly moved down to my thigh, searching for my rod. So I slowed down a little and asked her what she thought of it. She replied, "It is really impressive." I told her that I had something that was more impressive if she would like a feel of it, and she didn't even let me finish my sentence. There she was grabbing for my semihard nine-incher, which was getting uncomfortable in my Levi's. So I changed the direction we were going in and headed back toward my apartment.

While she was trying to get the knots out of her hair, I rolled up a joint and lit it. I passed it to her after I took a good, long toke. I started to put my arm around her with the intention of kissing her, but I missed her shoulder and got her breast by mistake. She didn't exactly push me away, so I lightly brushed my fingers over her nipples through her terry cloth shirt. She then gave me a long, warm kiss, with her hot tongue probing the inside of my mouth. I pulled her top off with one hand.

There I saw a fascinating pair of tits, with dark silver-dollar-size nipples staring at me. I started to suck on one of her swollen nipples, tonguing and licking it until it was hard as an eraser. She let out a soft moan. I then worked my way down to her belly button, licking and kissing her dark-tanned skin ever so slightly. Then I reached for the button of her jeans, but she motioned me to stop. Instead she unbuttoned my shirt and started to kiss me again. She kissed my cheeks, my neck, and tongued my ears. To my surprise she was kissing my nipples and sucking them slightly. A strange feeling crept up from deep down in my stomach, and she caught it with a warm moist tongue on her way down to my shaft. Then, all of a sudden, she got up and walked to the refrigerator and got some ice cubes out of the ice tray and put them into her mouth. Then she came back and spat them out before she knelt down on the floor and grabbed my butt and encircled the head of my penis with her tongue. The coldness of her mouth was electrifying. It made me draw a deep breath, and the feeling was indescribable, so intense that I thought I was going to shoot my wad then. She moved up and down my shaft a few times and put the ice back into her mouth while I unbuttoned her jeans, pulled the zippers down,

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and with her help peeled them over her ass. She then went back down to my pulsating shaft, moving faster up and down with the same cold sensations. I was in seventh heaven. And before long I was mixing "come on the rocks" in her mouth.

We lit another joint, and then I caressed her beautiful body under the moonlight shining through the window. I decided to give her the ride of her life, and I began to spread her legs. I caught a faint but very pleasant odor, which really excited me more. Her cunt was glistening with moisture. I kissed the inner part of her thigh. She had her eyes closed, and when I started to tongue her labia, she arched her back and was shaking her head from side to side. I then found her clit and was biting on it slightly. She was moaning louder and breathing hard. I fondled her clit for a little while and darted my tongue in and out of her vagina, tasting that sweet juice while she grabbed my head and pushed me closer to her hot honey box. I felt her tense up and knew that she was getting to the climax, so I started to lick her clit again. She exploded like a bursting dam. My face was wet with her come, so she kissed me and then licked it clean.

I wasted no time at all and positioned myself on top of her and started to tease her by rubbing the tip of my penis against the opening of her vagina. But she couldn't wait at all and grabbed my rod and guided it into her love canal. I pulled it out and put it back in about halfway. I did this for a little while and then rammed it all the way in to the hilt. Slowly I pulled it all the way out and rammed it all the way in. She yelled, "Faster!" So I increased my speed a little bit, and she raised her ass and was meeting every thrust. She held me close to her and was kissing me madly. By this time she was bucking in a frantic motion. All of a sudden she froze and screamed, "O God!"

I didn't let her have a chance to catch her breath but just pumped faster and faster into her. She held on to my back, raised up, and started to suck on one of my nipples, sending electrical spasms down my spinal cord. With her vaginal muscle tightening up, I felt my orgasm was building up to a level of no return. I was pumping her so fast that when I came I couldn't stop. She was so wet that I had to get off her and find a towel to dry her up a little bit so we could go on fucking and sucking like two crazy animals in heat. Finally, I remembered that her friends were still waiting for her at the bar, and the head of my penis was numb after all that high-speed fucking. So we got cleaned up and went back to the bar. Her friends were waiting outside, since the bar had closed, and one of them asked us, "What took you so long? How was the ride?" She simply replied, "It was really impressive!" with a sly grin on her face.

Of course, I didn't pass the exam the next morning and have to take the course over again in the fall. But I sure won't mind taking her for another ride on my cycle.—*Name and address withheld*

Try it!

I would like to share an experience with you that my girl friend and I had recently.

It was late one weeknight, and Maria and I were getting high and watching television. The phone rang, and it was a good friend of mine, Ralph. He explained how he and his wife, Tracy, had just returned from an X-rated movie that dealt with group sex. He asked if we would like to come over and drink some wine and talk. We had always been intrigued by the thought of a threesome with another girl, but we had never thought about another couple. We were reluctant at first, but we decided to go.

When we arrived, they were already pretty loaded and we started to do some catching up. The talk came easily, and pretty soon we were all losing our inhibitions and getting very horny. Maria and Tracy disappeared into the kitchen after some more wine while Ralph and I drifted into some stereo talk. About ten minutes later it dawned on us that the girls had never returned with the wine. Ralph got up quietly and peeked into the kitchen. His eyes lit up, and he started grinning from ear to ear. I sneaked over to take a look for myself. The sight was beautiful.

The girls had started without us. Their shirts were pulled up, exposing their breasts. They were both exploring each other's bodies, caressing and licking their nipples, which had hardened from the excitement. When they realized we were watching, they became embarrassed and made us go back and sit down. From the living room we could hear their footsteps to the bedroom. We both agreed to stay out for a while and let them have their fun.

The minutes passed like hours, and we both had hard-ons bulging out of our jeans. Ralph became restless and started pacing the floor, rubbing his cock through his jeans. We couldn't stand it any longer, and we went to the room. We opened the door and found Tracy and Maria naked on the bed. They were kissing and rubbing each other's pussy. Our first reaction was to strip our clothes and jump in bed.

We climbed in and grabbed for anything. I had one of Maria's breasts in one hand, and I started licking Tracy's cunt. I looked up and found Ralph with his head buried in Maria's pussy, savoring her sweet juices. I felt a hand grab my cock and then the warm, wet sensation of Maria's mouth, which made me groan with pleasure. The aroma of pussy was filling the air as the pulsating mass of bodies, constantly moving, gave me a sensation that was indescribable.

We moved into a semi-sixty-nine position, where we had each other's genitals in our mouths, licking, biting, sucking—anything we could think of to create pleasure for each other. Ralph began fucking Maria in a circular motion, his balls slapping against her ass. When Tracy noticed this, she turned over and slipped between their legs, licking Maria's pussy and Ralph's balls and cock. I was temporarily left out, so I began masturbating and watching the action, rubbing Tracy's pussy with my free hand. I worked my way in, and we all reversed the process. I then felt my balls being licked by Maria as I stroked Tracy slowly. The loving went on, and we found ourselves paired up with each other's partner. Ralph was fucking Maria hard and fast, her body jerking from the swift motion. Tracy had mounted me on top, and I was trying to watch everything—Tracy's tits bouncing and her body gyrating in a dancelike motion and Maria screaming with pleasure and pulling at Ralph's ass. The session drove on and on until we were so tired we stopped to have some wine and a few bhangs.

We have had several encounters since then, and each is better than the last. If anyone out there is reluctant to try group sex, try it! We all four think you'll be pleasantly surprised!—*Name and address withheld*

Starting with a bang

I am a pretty, 21-year-old former small-town beauty contest winner (35-23-36), who until two weeks ago was also a frustrated virgin! For reasons unknown to me, my dates would always stop at the fore-

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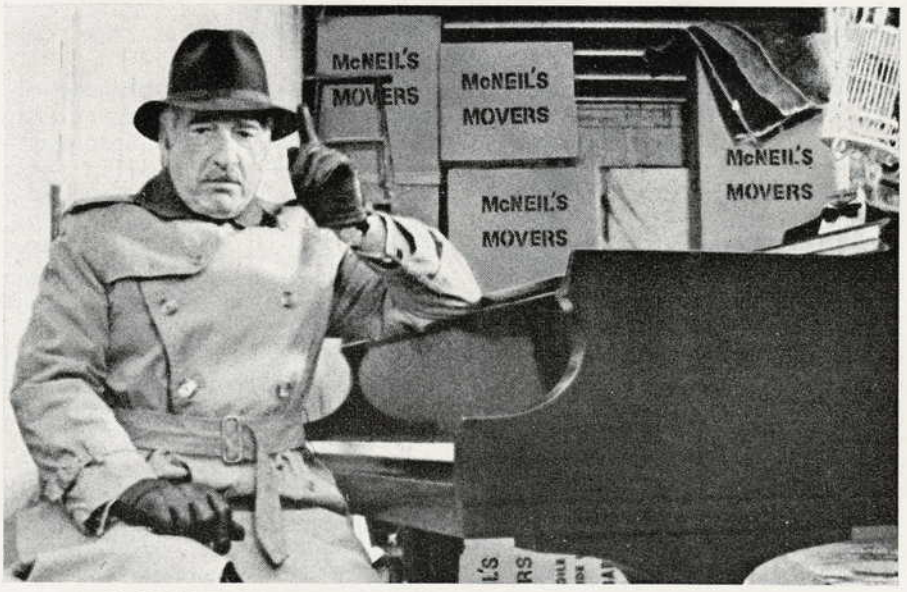

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By Victor Borge

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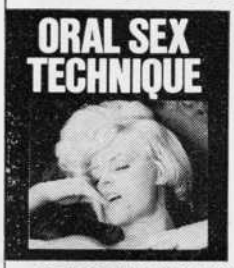

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play stage. I guess they all figured I'd say no. Were they ever wrong! Being fingered and sucked is nice, but I was dying to have a cock in my throbbing love canal. Being somewhat shy, I never openly pursued my desire. So, while my older sister, who's three years older, was out being laid, I'd be settling for jerking off or sucking a guy while he returned the favor for me.

Well, that all changed when I graduated from college and went to spend some time with my cousin in Miami. We always were close and open with each other. Tammy had taught me how to masturbate when I was 14, and sometimes we'd finger each other's cunt. She knew how much I wanted to lose my virginity and said that for a graduation present she was going to make sure I did.

She took me to the beach and paraded me around in the skimpiest-crotched bikini I had ever seen. Noticing all the men staring at me, Tammy said, "There must be hundreds of guys here who'd sell their balls to fuck you, Cathy! All you have to do is pick one you like and ask him." It took me several days to get up the courage, but finally I spotted my "perfect" man and mustered up the strength to walk over to him and introduce myself.

After the usual awkward small talk I told him of my problem and asked him to fuck me. What he did surprised the hell out of me. He shot up from his blanket and ran over to another guy and said, "Bob, let's go home." Just my luck! I picked someone gay! Tears in my eyes, I went home with Tammy.

Telling me not to be discouraged, she took me to the beach again the next day to show me how it's done. After lying in the sun for a couple of hours, Tammy told me to observe. She walked over to a good-looking guy nearby and said, "Hi. You look like you can help me." While saying, "I have a burning itch I bet you can help scratch," she pulled aside her bikini bottom to expose her shaved pussy briefly. They disappeared for half an hour to a secluded area. When she returned, she had that "just fucked" look on her face and said, "See how easy it is!"

That picked me up, and I was determined to leave the beach deflowered. After we spent about two hours of scrutinizing the crowd for a likely candidate, four of the most gorgeous guys sat down close by us. Tammy saw my reaction and told me to go for it.

With butterflies in my stomach, I managed to walk over to these love gods and introduce myself. They were Tim, who looked like a wrestler; Mike, who looked like a typical surfer; Barry, a law student; and Richard, who was slim but had sexy bedroom eyes. After relaxing a bit, I stood up and told them of my problem and asked, "Which one of you would like to deflower me?" I flashed them a view of my throbbing, wet vagina.

Naturally they all said yes and started rubbing my inner thighs and suggested we go off to the other end of the beach. I invited Tammy to our little party. She agreed to come and watch but told me this was my big day. I came from just thinking about getting four guys at once while searching for a private spot. Finding one, the guys put down a blanket and laid me down on it, slowly stripping me and licking me from head to toe. I thought my clit would explode when Richard breezed his tongue over it while sticking a couple of fingers inside me. Tim pulled out his meat and slipped it between my lips. I sucked him until he came in my throat. Mike was jerking off while Barry was teasing my nipples. Not knowing which guy to choose to be my first, I had Tammy flip a coin to decide. Mike won and took his place between my legs. Tammy took off her bikini bottoms and fingered her shaved snatch as Mike teased the lips of my cunt with his dick. He opened me wide and eased the head in my pussy while Barry pinched my engorged clit. I jumped and pushed my hips up until Mike's cock completely disappeared inside me. I was in heaven as Mike slowly but forcefully pumped away. I came twice before Mike pulled out to shoot his load all over my burning bush. Finally I'd been fucked.

Barry was next and entered from behind, with me on all fours. Unexpectedly he pulled out and spread my flowing

juices all over my anus. He reached under me and played with my clit as he slowly pushed his cock into my tight back door. It hurt so good as he worked in and out. Then he pulled me against him and rolled over to give Tim access to my cunt. I could never have imagined what having a cock in the ass and the pussy at the same time would be like. I came four or five times as the guys got into rhythm. They both shot their semen deep inside me.

Nearly exhausted, I plopped back onto the blanket. My pussy remained wide open, and my throbbing labia looked like they were breathing with each heartbeat. Richard finally removed his briefs to reveal an enormous cock (nearly 12 inches long and at least 8 inches around). He said, "My turn," and got between my legs. Not surprisingly, Richard couldn't begin to enter my tight love tunnel. Dejected, he started jerking off and got up as if to leave. Then I reminded him of my promise to fuck each of them and said I aimed to keep that promise even if I busted my cunt trying.

Tammy came to our rescue and took Richard's cock and smeared the head all over my opening and teased my clit. Vainly she tried to ease the big head inside. Tim suggested stretching my cunt by stuffing fingers inside. Tammy eased two, then three, four, and finally all five of her fingers inside my pussy while the guys caressed my breasts and clitoris. Carefully, Tammy opened her fingers until her whole hand disappeared up to the wrist. After twisting her fist in my stretched but happy cunt, she pulled out and quickly tried to stuff Richard's cock in me. This time she could get part of the head in but not all of it. After five minutes of careful pushing, his cockhead was in, and the rest of his prick quickly followed suit, and he was pounding against my womb. About three inches of his cock remained outside my gaping opening. I felt so beautifully stuffed and passed out when Richard exploded deep inside me in a mind-shattering orgasm.

Somehow Tammy got me home that afternoon, but I finally got my day in the sun.—*Name and address withheld*

The girl most unlikely to . . .

My name is Julian, and I'm a high-school senior. I learned something at a friend's party that I never could have learned in the classroom, and I think your readers might be interested in my experience.

There is this girl at our school who, if she could come back as something else in another life, would come back as a sweater tagged 100 percent virgin wool. She used to carry the same label on her person until I removed it.

Now to the events of that night. The most beautiful girl in school (whom I'm a close friend of) invited me to a party she was giving that night. I naturally accepted and arrived at Gail's house about 7:30 that evening. About an hour later I noticed something that told me it was going to be a very long and weird evening. Steve was standing by the garage when Gail walked

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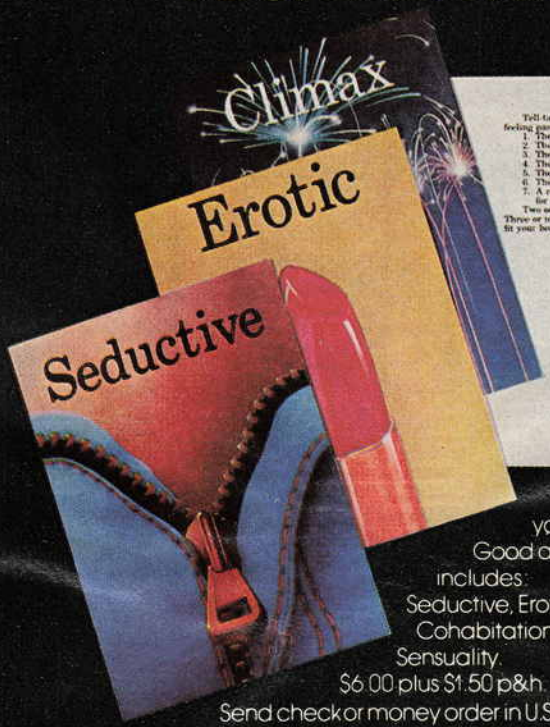
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over to him (she was already half drunk) and, sticking out her left index finger said, "Steve, is my finger broken?" He looked at her strangely and said, "Uh, no, Gail, it isn't." Then she asked him if any of her other fingers were broken, and he said no. Then Steve reached for Gail's right hand, but as he did he also starting squeezing her right breast.

After inspecting her hand, he let it drop and immediately asked to see her other hand again, never releasing the hold he had on Gail's tit. In fact, by the time he had her left hand back in his hand he also had his right under Gail's T-shirt, actually massaging her breasts. I say "actually," because if she had been sober, this move would have gotten Steve in so much trouble that he would never have gotten out of it. This was making me become very hard because I would have given anything to trade places with Steve. Little did I know what life had in store for me later. She then said fine and pulled away just as Steve got his hand back.

Well, about a quarter to eleven Steve (another guy, not the tit squeezer), Robert, and I started to throw a football around. Now thoroughly drunk, Gail wanted to play, so we started throwing her the ball. She started off fine but on about the fifth pass thrown to her she missed and fell down. I walked to her and kneeled down to talk to her (my first real chance that night) when all of a sudden she reached up, grabbed me, and started kissing me.

This caught me totally off guard, but I soon found myself kissing her back. As we kissed, I steadily became harder and longer, longer and harder. I thought I was the only one becoming excited, but then I felt my leg getting wet from the come-soaked crotch of her gym shorts.

I reached down to her shorts with one hand and started pulling them down while my other hand was lifting up her T-shirt. My lips quickly made their way down to the set of tits I had only before dreamed about. After a few sucks I went right for her cunt, and I found it as I had wanted it, clean shaven. I ran my tongue around the inside of her vagina so many times that I thought it would fall off. I swallowed all the come that Gail could muster. I swallowed so much of it that I felt like I had just finished a smorgasbord supper.

By now I had my pants down and was using my seven-inch organ to probe for her magic box. I quickly found it and slipped it in as far as it would go while my lips found their way back up to her beautiful breasts. Getting inside Gail was like a dream come true. It was everything I expected it would be. I went up and down inside her in time to her pelvic heaves. We were pounding out a feeling so strong that all could feel it, but we moved to a beat only we could hear.

After what seemed like the thousandth time of going up and down in ecstasy, I came with the most incredible orgasm in the history of man. But we were so completely involved in each other that everything happened at once. I came, and the second I did Gail screamed in ecstasy and pure delight and came in a flood that literally swamped my shaft.

When we finished, I rested while still inside her. It was only then that we realized what had happened. I had made love to the girl of my (wet) dreams on the grass in her backyard, and we had done it in front of our closest friends. It wasn't until I looked up that Robert said, "Well, Julian, the girl most unlikely to get laid just did." Then everyone applauded.

Since that night Gail and I have made love at least once a week, and we haven't stopped yet. I pray that we never do.—*Name and address withheld*

Becoming very close to the neighbors

Being four unemployed college dropout bachelors living in a townhouse in Rhode Island, we spent many lonely nights reading *Penthouse* "Forum" and fantasizing but never believing that it would happen to us.

One muggy spring evening we were cooling off with a few drinks while reading "Forum" and listening to Hot Rod Stewart on our stereo. Because the music was a little loud, we did not hear our doorbell. We were then surprised by our recently divorced next-door neighbor, who had

walked up the stairs to our living room to ask us if we would please turn the music down. Ted responded by lowering the volume and apologetically asking her if she would join us for a drink. She reluctantly declined, saying she had a girl friend over and should return home. Thinking quickly, I suggested that she bring her friend back over, since we had already disturbed her. Hesitating for a moment, our smiling guest responded by saying, "Fix two big glasses, and I'll be right back!"

Waiting in anticipation, Ted and Steve blended up a batch of daiquiris while Mitchell and I picked up the empty beer cans from the floor. By then Sara and her friend Vicki reappeared at the top of our steps. Now let me describe these babes to you! Sara stands about five feet four inches tall, has long brown hair, brown eyes, and a body that would make you fight for Uncle Sam. She had on a tight, yellow T-shirt and blue gym shorts that barely covered the bottom of her shapely buttocks. Now Vicki was a little more petite than Sara, but proportioned just right. She was wearing a low-cut white dress that didn't leave much to the imagination.

After they sat down and were enjoying their drinks, Sara picked up the *Penthouse* we had been reading and casually flipped through it, asking us if there were any good letters in this month's issue! She then began to read the first letter aloud. Upon completing that one, she began to read the next one, which was even hotter than the first. Mitchell and I were sitting directly across from Vicki and could see her dark nipples starting to protrude through the thick white material of her dress. We could tell that Sara was enjoying it from the way her voice quivered with excitement when she said, "That sounds fun. I wish I could try it some time." As Vicki looked around the room at our bulging crotches, she said, "Why not now?"

Without hesitation, we all agreed and began to disrobe. Mitchell and I moved over to Vicki and started sucking and massaging her breasts. Steve and Ted wasted no time in helping Sara out of her blue terry cloth gym shorts, revealing a skimpy pair of black, crotchless panties. Steve started vigorously sucking on her erect nipples while Ted passionately devoured her snatch. By now Mitchell and I had Vicki on the floor with her legs spread, accepting Mitchell's hot, pulsating nine-inch member to the hilt, while her playful tongue danced over the head of my crank. Vicki was now moaning and rocking with pleasure from the thrusting of Mitchell's joystick. She couldn't seem to get enough!

I was almost ready to come, but I wanted to prolong the feeling forever. As my thrusts into her mouth were becoming more rapid, I felt her fingers stroking my balls. I screamed, "I'm coming!" as I shot my wad into her receptive mouth. She then sucked harder than ever before and drained my tool of its last few drops. All the while Mitchell was still pumping ferociously. He moaned, and I knew he was close to orgasm. Vicki grabbed my arms tight and moaned, "It hurts so good!" as Mitchell shot his love juices into her steaming cunt. She bucked with delight and came violently. We then rolled over and caressed and kissed one another.

Meanwhile, the position on the coffee table was unbelievable! Ted, on his back, was sliding his rock-hard penis in Sara's wet box while Steve entered her rectum from the rear. After what seemed like an eternity Ted arched his back and exploded into her as Steve did the same. After a short rest, we all continued loving one another into the night. Since then, we have become very close to our neighbors and have enjoyed our nights at home.—*Name and address withheld*

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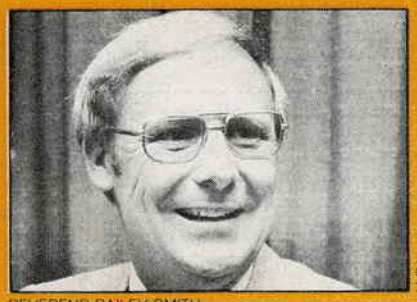

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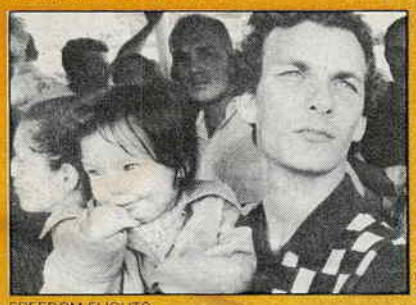

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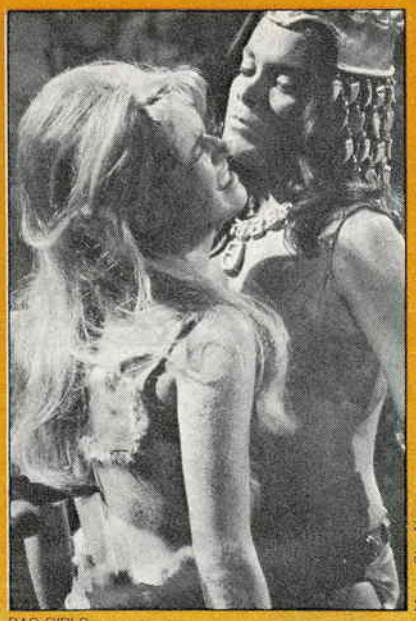

BAD GIRLS Movie Star News

Onward, Christian Soldiers—No matter who won the election in November, one powerful group of Americans couldn't lose—the right-wing evangelists. In our December issue we discussed the con men and rip-off artists among the new generation of television Bible thumpers. But far more dangerous are the political-religious fundamentalists who, using the campaign of Ronald Reagan as a moral crusade, have declared war on civil liberties in the United States. According to reporter L. J. Davis, these people intend to "bring about God's kingdom in the form of a theocratic dictatorship" by gradually controlling key votes in Congress. Even if the Reagan crusade falters, they will be back again in 1982 and 1984. Davis was present in Dallas when the Reverend Bailey Smith, one of the evangelical leaders, declared, "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew. . . . Christianity isn't a religion; it is the truth!" Davis's article is must reading for anyone who wants to protect our freedom from homegrown Ayatollahs.

Freedom Flights—A firsthand report on Cuba today and why its youth do not support Fidel Castro. An estimated 80 percent of the young are against the Communist party. "I was in the military service for three years, earning seven pesos a month," charges one Cuban youth now living in Miami. "They call it a military, but I never touched a rifle. It was forced labor. You were a slave." The fighting in Angola, Russian privileges in Cuba, and Fidel's imperialistic ways are other major sources of complaint. Adds one Cuban teenager: "They tell you that the children are the future. But what future is there going to be if the children are starving?"

Bad Girls—Martine Beswicke, Mary Woronov, and Barbara Steele are the queens of B movies, where women always catch the worst of it—low-budget films in which rape is ambient, sex is common coin, female vampires abound, and hitchhiking women get hands up their skirts every time. How do the actresses feel about their quickie chores? "I never minded the back door," notes Mary Woronov, star of *Sugar Cookies*. "It looked just like the front door to me, and I'll tell you something: it still does." Barbara Steele, veteran of many Italian horror flicks, is more philosophical: "When I do those films, I feel like I'm committing something against myself." Take One.

Black Leader—When Martin Luther King, Jr., was shot in Memphis in 1968, it was an aide, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who cradled the dying man in his arms. Jackson went on to inherit the mantle of leader of the civil-rights movement after King's death, first heading the economic projects of the SCLC (Southern Christian Leadership Conference) and then serving as leader of PUSH (People United to Save Humanity). Jackson exhorts blacks to forget the injustices of the past and present and to take the future into their own hands. He sees that future tied to the ability of young blacks to develop their own political power and economic control. In the February interview Jackson discusses the position and predicament of blacks in America today.

SUPERCAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 205

ture-think. Behind the tiny, thickly padded wheel, a row of six LCD indicators keeps the driver up to date on his speed, percent of fuel remaining (in the four aluminum fuel cells, placed behind the cockpit), engine rpm, oil pressure, voltage output, and water temperature. Flanking the digital display are the General Motors air-conditioning controls and a Panasonic unit containing digital radio, cassette player, and clock. The passenger's only diversion in the Bulldog cockpit is the glove box.

The Bulldog rides like a race car, and it shifts like a race car. Which is to say, not only does it handle well, with little body lean, but also the control efforts are very high, from shifter to steering wheel. Serious turbo-lag complicates threading the Bulldog through traffic, as does its awful visibility; with no outside mirrors, limited through-deck vision, and the fact that the whole nose is invisible from the cockpit, depth—and, for that matter, threat—perception is very difficult. Despite layers of Vernaware insulation, the engine is *loud* at its irregular, coughing idle, and it gets louder with every millimeter the throttle is depressed. At the end of ten minutes' worth of city driving, with the engine barking away inches behind your ears like some reborn CanAm monster motor, you sense that the only way you could enjoy driving the car would entail keeping it on the pucker side of 190 mph. At the end of 30 minutes, you aren't sure that even *that*, or the ten seconds required for the Bulldog's 0-100-mph burn, is overwhelming enough to warrant the price tag.

Most enthusiasts would argue that neither is sufficient—that the Bulldog is overweight and underthought for a true GT "supercar," that the turbo-lag, the lack of space, and the fixed side windows relegate it forever to show-car status. Likewise the nonenthusiasts at those auto shows can only gawk and shrug and wander off to buy another Chevy. Thus two out of three groups that can launch a car into eternity are not likely to do so with the Bulldog. Moreover, the third group—the industry itself—is so secretive that even if well-dressed gents from Osaka or Detroit were even now signing deals to use Newport Pagnell as a kind of supersophisticated "bespoke" (custom) machine shop, the rest of the world wouldn't know of it for years.

There *is* more to this machine than hoopla and "carbiz" high jinks, though; for as long as car-crazy sheikhs or car-making chairmen produce fantastic visions like the Bulldog, and as long as both enthusiasts and Chevy buyers can gaze in wonder at such devices, it's impossible for the doomsayers to crow in victory over the death of the world's love affair with the car. And the end of *that* affair is also the end of the dream of unfettered individual mobility.

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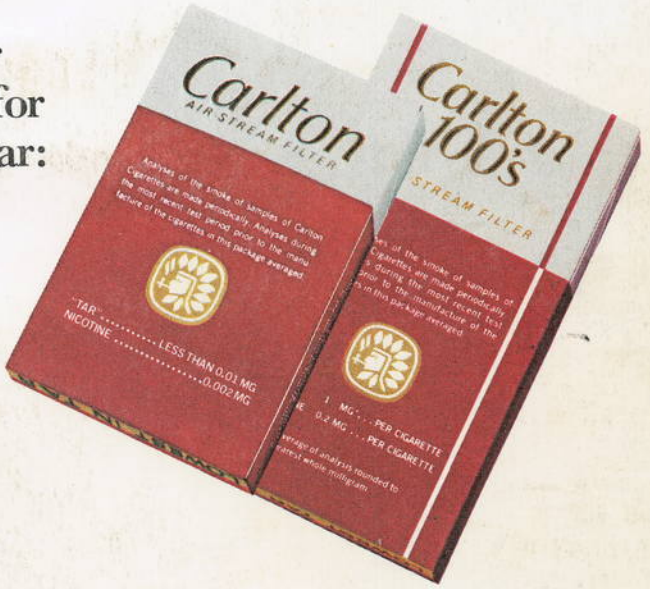

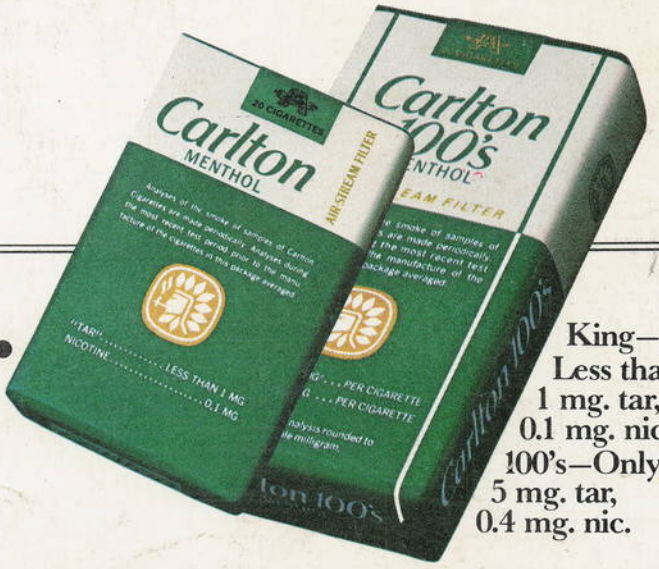

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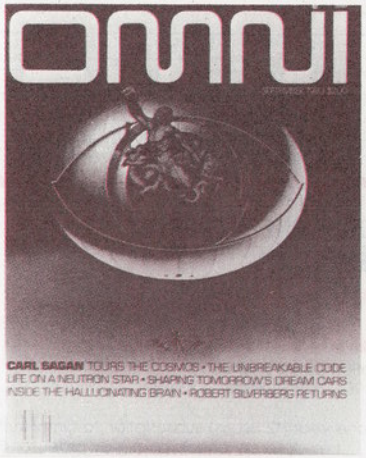
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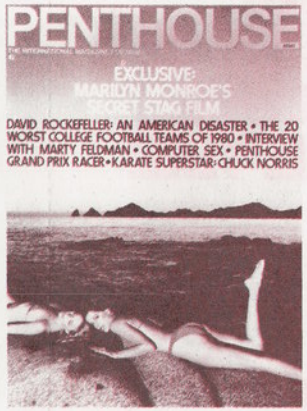
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